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NICARAGUA, AND THE PROJECTED AMERICAN INTEROCEANIC CANAL.

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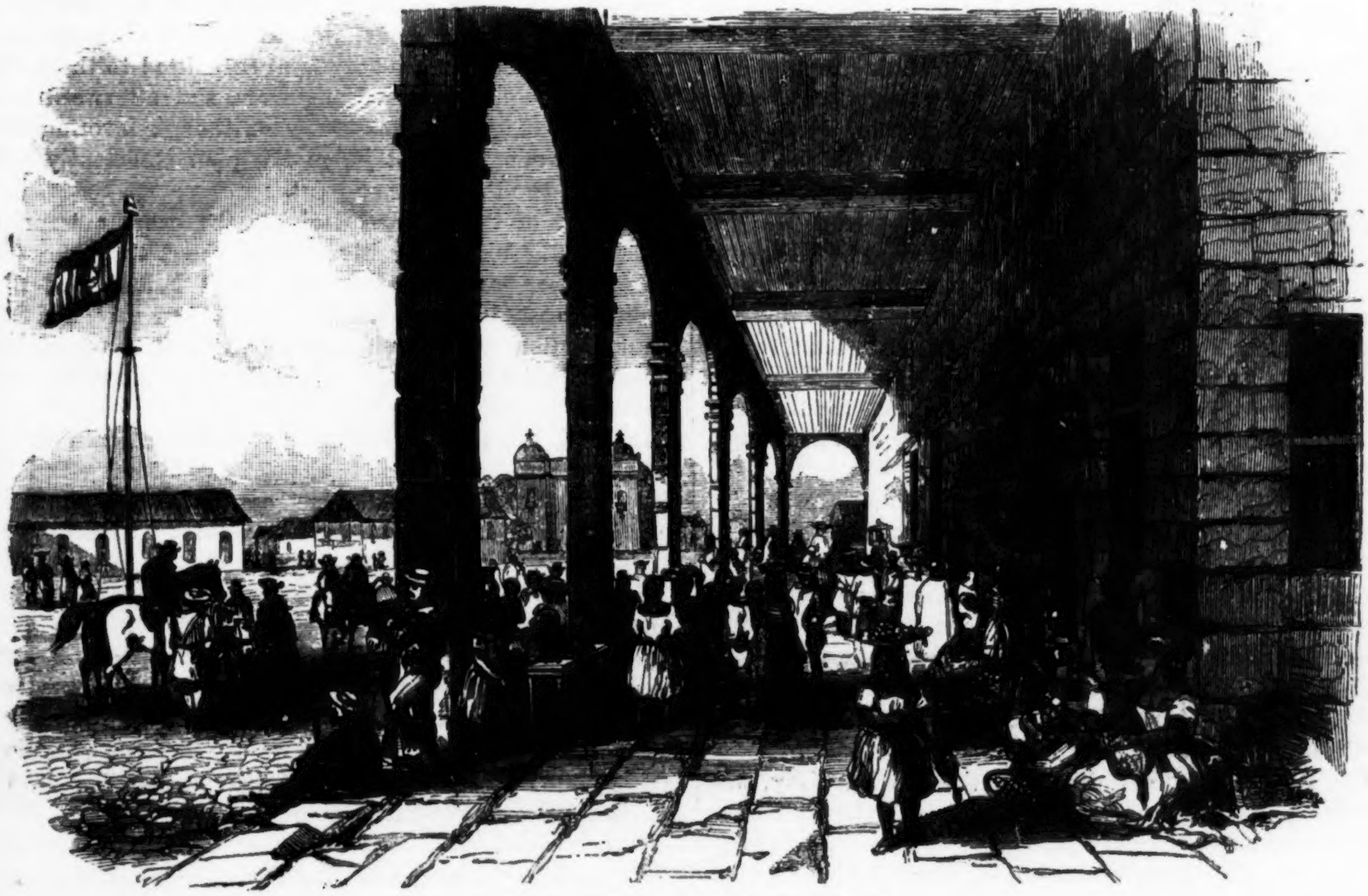
THE discussion, opened by the Congress of Paris, and continued by the Press of this country, upon the merits of the various routes for a ship canal across the American Isthmus, has awakened general interest in a subject which has been periodically brought before the world during the past three centuries. That the topic will now have more than a spasmodic existence the signs of the times would seem to show. The people of the United States are at last fully awakened to the necessity of interoceanic communication; and even those most antagonistic to an Isthmian canal will soon recognize the fact that the execution of the work will be a lasting glory to the nation bringing it to fulfillment.

France has long had her eye on the Isthmus, and since the success of the Suez Canal, it has been the dream of M. de Lesseps to supplement his Eastern enterprise by a similar Western project. If, therefore, the United States do not take the matter in hand, now that all the data necessary for the realization of the Interoceanic Canal are known, we may in the next ten years see the nations of Europe preventing us with forcible logic from playing the part of "dog in the manger." Not that there is the least chance of the projected wild scheme at Panama ever becoming an accomplished fact, but, that failing, the French, with their proverbial Gallic courtesy, will gracefully acknowledge their defeat in that quarter, and politely insist upon aiding the United States, with or without our consent, to construct a more feasible channel.

It would be a singular anomaly to see this country outdone in commercial energy of any kind, and the capitalists of Europe carrying into execution a work upon which our Government has already spent initiatory thousands.

Unless we are ready to accept such a situation, it is time for us to look the canal question fairly in the face, and decide whether or not the Isthmus shall be pierced by a company formed in America, and protected by America, for the benefit of all nations.



THE MARKET-PLACE, GRANADA, NICARAGUA.

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Whether or not the canal, once built, should be thrown open to all peoples, on an equal footing, is a point upon which opinions differ. Its stability as a commercial success can, however, never be assured unless the guarantee of perfect neutrality in time of war be definitely given.

Apart from the general interest attaching thereto, that portion of the history of the Isthmus relating to projected canals is doubly valuable as a guide to future diplomatic and political action, and should receive earnest consideration before the subject becomes clouded with the mists of international jealousy or party feeling.

By way of introduction to this article on Nicaragua, I will, therefore, give a short historical sketch of the various expeditions, public and private, undertaken since the earliest occupation of that country by the Spaniards.

The question of a passage to the Pacific through the narrow Isthmus barrier is as old as the discovery of the continent itself, the very commission granted to Columbus surmising that the East Indies was the goal to be reached. In the great navigator's second and third voyages, we find him exploring the Gulf of Paria, vainly imagining that he is about to discover the South Sea.

In his wake follow a host of adventurers, seeking the "strait." Balboa, Ponce de Leon, Ogija, Cortez, Pizarro, all—in connection with their other projects—sought to render their names famous by the discovery. Even as late as 1687, we find Sieur de Lussan, a French filibuster, writing: "This lake (Nicaragua) hems in three islands, that are not far distant the one from the other, and all of them very near the mouth thereof. Some few years since the *Horqua* (specie vessel) of Acapulco, that went to the East Indies, on its return, entered in this lake through the bay, and we understand that some Spaniard had entered by the other end of it, through the river Vastagua, that discharged itself into a bay of New Spain, and consequently into the North Sea."

This account of a ship passing from ocean to ocean is undoubtedly overdrawn, though it is highly probable that the channel of the San Juan or Vastagua was much deeper, before its partial destruction by the Spaniards during the last century.

Dampier's "Voyages" contain interesting accounts of Nicaragua; while Humboldt, in his "New Spain," after an elaborate description of several routes, states that "communication with the Pacific Ocean would be effected by cutting a canal across the Isthmus, which separates the lake from the Gulf of Papagayo."

The first regularly organized expedition to Nicaragua was probably undertaken in 1778, by two Spaniards named Yzasi and Alexandre. They were accompanied by two Englishmen, Hodgson and Lee, who published a description of their work on their return to England. This survey was supplemented by an examination of the territory west of Lake Nicaragua, conducted by a Government engineer named Manuel Galisteo, in 1781.

In 1825, De Witt Clinton endeavored to arouse the interest of the United States on the importance of ship communication between the two oceans; though it was not until ten years later that President Jackson appointed an agent to examine the Isthmus, and then the objective point was Darien, and not Nicaragua. Between the years 1828 and 1830, the Dutch proposed organizing a canal company, but their agent, General Verveer, found Central America in a state of revolution, and returned unsuccessful.

Mr. Bailey, a retired officer of the British Navy, was employed in 1838, by the Government of Central America, to make a survey of this canal route. His operations were confined to the territory between the Lake and the Pacific, and were consequently incomplete.

During the next few years several companies were formed in Europe, nominally for the colonization of the Isthmus, but actually as preliminary steps toward a future canal. One only of these companies attracted much attention, and that simply from the romantic interest attached to the man at its head. A political prisoner, confined in the fortress of Ham, and shut out from the hope of ever attaining the crown of France, conceived the idea of perpetuating in America the glory of a name already famous the world round. He entered into correspondence with Señor Castellon, the Minister of the Central American Government at the court of Louis Philippe, reviewed with singular ability the various canal schemes, and offered, if released from confinement, to superintend in person the work at Nicaragua. In 1840 the princely prisoner was liberated, and, going to England, published a pamphlet, under the initials "L. B.," setting forth all the arguments in favor of a canal, and adding the official proceedings by which the Government of Nicaragua had vested in him full power to form a company in Europe. The canal was to be the "Canale Napoleon de Nicaragua." The late prisoner was Prince Louis Bonaparte.

The discovery of gold in California gave a fresh impetus to the question. As the new State increased in population, and San Francisco became a large city, the necessity of a highway between the Atlantic and Pacific was again urged. The voyage round Cape Horn was long and dangerous; the overland route, across the plains, subject to attack from Indians; something must be done to avoid both; the settlers on the western coast needed the provisions of the Eastern ports; the merchants of the old States, the gold of the new.

As the result of these arguments, the Atlantic and Pacific Ship Canal Company* was formed, with Commodore Vanderbilt for its president. A. W. Childs, a prominent civil engineer, was sent to survey the lakes and rivers of Nicaragua. His party was in the field from August, 1850, to September, 1851, and returned to the United States with a very favorable report as to the feasibility of the project. Funds for its accomplishment were not, however, readily forthcoming, and Childs carried his estimates and maps to England, where they were submitted to the judgment of a commission of engineers, and afterward to a committee of great capitalists, who, though favoring the proposed route, did not judge the plan sufficiently well developed to merit their support.

In spite of this adverse decision, the canal enterprise must have been considerably agitated about this time, for a convention was made between Great Britain and the United States, in which Mr. Clayton, on our part, and Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, on theirs, "define the principles which should apply to an interoceanic canal, wherever and whenever constructed."

In 1855, Walker's filibustering expedition again drew the attention of the public to the State of Nicaragua; but this "gray-eyed man of destiny" succeeded only in making the inhabitants of the Isthmus look with mistrust upon any so-called explorations or surveys.

Ten years later, P. C. F. West was employed by the Central American Transit Company, and although his object was simply to devise means for the improvement of the San Juan and the restoration of Greytown Harbor, the maps which were made at that locality have been of value to the late expeditions, as they show the gradual changes taking place during the years that the port of San Juan del Norte (Greytown) has been closing.

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* The Transit Company was an offshoot from the Atlantic and Pacific Canal Company.

The United States Government sent its first regularly organized party to Nicaragua in the Spring of 1872. This expedition was in charge of Commander Crossman, who with brave young Force, was unfortunately drowned while attempting to land through a heavy surf at Greytown. The command then devolved upon Captain Hatfield, but the dry season was half over before the work began, and only three lines on the western side of the lake were partially surveyed—the party returning to the United States in July, to be completely fitted out for the ensuing Winter.

On the 3d of December, the second expedition, with Commander Lull as its chief, and a force of sixteen officers and about fifty men, sailed from Fortress Monroe in the U.S.S. *Kansas.*

It is not the object of this article to discuss the Nicaragua Canal from the standpoint of an engineer, but the history of the proposed undertaking will not be complete without a short summary of the reports presented by the officers attached to the expedition of 1872 and 1873.

From the preceding pages it will be seen that all the preliminary work of exploration and reconnoissance had already been done. Spanish engineers had been over the ground a century before; Childs, Bailey, West and a score of others, had made charts and maps, more or less accurate, of the San Juan Valley. The naval expedition saw, therefore, that it had to present on its return, not a mere outline of a proposed canal, but an exhaustive survey of each point gone over.

The appropriation to accomplish this object was not large, and the force small, but reference to the Government Report will show how well the labor was accomplished. Every foot of the line was leveled, the adjacent country examined, the water supply of lake and rivers measured, the lake sounded and triangulated, the soil bored for rock, and the resources of the country tabulated. On their return, Commander Lull, and Mr. Menocal, the civil engineer, gave much time to working up the various journals and levels; and from the figures obtained were able to present the exact cost—founded upon the price of labor then current—necessary to construct the canal. To this cost was added the usual twenty-five percentum for contingencies, and subsequently a still greater amount, on the supposition that rock might be encountered two feet below the present profile. The estimate may therefore be considered as above, rather than below, the future cost, but with all the additions, the Nicaragua Canal will be $20,000,000 cheaper than any other.

Few persons seem at all aware how simple an engineering feat this canal problem presents. The summit level is the lake, only one hundred feet above tide water. From its southeastern end flows the San Juan River, which can be used for more than sixty miles of its length, leaving only forty-two miles for a canal. This canal runs through low alluvial land—no deep excavations are necessary, no tunnels have to be bored, while the last seven miles before reaching the Atlantic is simple ditch-work through swamps and lagoons, where there is already an average of seven feet of water.

To return to the upper part of the San Juan. Sixty miles are to be utilized by damming the stream. This idea has been ridiculed by various engineers, on the score that freshets would wash away the dams—a natural though hasty conclusion to be reached by any one conversant with the immense destructive force produced by tropical rainfalls. But note that in Nicaragua alone freshets do not occur, for the lake is a vast basin, one hundred miles long, by thirty broad, into which the whole surrounding country is drained, the San Juan being simply an outlet, never rising more than six feet during the entire year. Slack-water navigation is, therefore, possible here, and possible nowhere else upon the Isthmus, for at no other point is there a constant, level reservoir.

"But," we are told, "the locks will necessarily be of such size that traffic will be suspended through the time taken to fill and discharge them, and ships endangered by the breaking of flood-gates."

Late improvements will lock a vessel through in less than fifteen minutes, and Mr. Menocal's ingenious method of admitting and discharging the water will prevent any mishaps.

Next, let us look at the Pacific section. It is a generally received idea that the cordillera of the Isthmus extend in one unbroken barrier from Mexico to South America. Fortunately, at Nicaragua they tend to the eastward of the lake, ending on its western side in the extinct volcano Mombacho, near Granada. From Granada to Rivas the country is a succession of hills, nowhere rising to an altitude of more than a thousand feet, and sinking to an elevation of less than one hundred and thirty above the lake at the point where the canal is to cross the divide. In other words, the "cut" to be made is one hundred and twenty-seven feet, plus the depth of the canal.

The divide is six miles from the lake, and ten from Brito, the Pacific terminus. When the expedition sailed for Nicaragua, the great problem to be solved was the discovery of a pass through this western section. More than three months were passed in surveying tentative lines; and on two being found with profiles of less than one hundred and thirty feet, it was scarcely believed that the levels were correct. They were examined again, one of the routes proving to be but seventy-eight feet at its highest point.

On the return of the expedition to the United States, advocates of the other routes, unable to find any fault in the Nicaragua line, immediately set about to discover imaginary objections. It was bruited abroad that there were no harbors at either terminus. Let us see if this be true.

Greytown is in reality a better harbor than ever. Thirty years ago the San Juan and its tributaries from Costa Rica (which enter below the canal) brought down quantities of silt and detritus. The volcanic sand, being of light specific gravity, had the effect of making a shifting bar across the mouth of the river. Eventually, this bar became so extensive, that the stream sought an exit further to the southward at Colorado Bay, where it now discharges. There is to-day fourteen feet of water inside of Greytown bar, and outside of it the ocean-bed is hard and stable, the coast current having set the whole amount of sand back against the outer shore, which is now being rapidly covered with trees and bushes. The absence of the river is, therefore, a cause for congratulation; and a channel once dug through the bar, and a jetty thrown out to collect the small amount of sand remaining, the harbor will be an accomplished and enduring fact. All tropical rivers are a curse to a harbor.

There is not the slightest chance of the San Juan ever returning to its original bed; the history of its change of course and the configuration of the land both going to prove that its tendency is to work south.

It must be granted that there is no good port at Brito, the Pacific terminus, but there is an excellent one a few miles further south, which would afford ample refuge for incoming vessels. Brito, however, is susceptible of great improvement at moderate cost; a tall cliff protects the roadstead from northers, and the bottom-land at the mouth of the Rio Grande, which empties at the base of the cliff, can be easily excavated.

That the Nicaragua line is nearer the United States than

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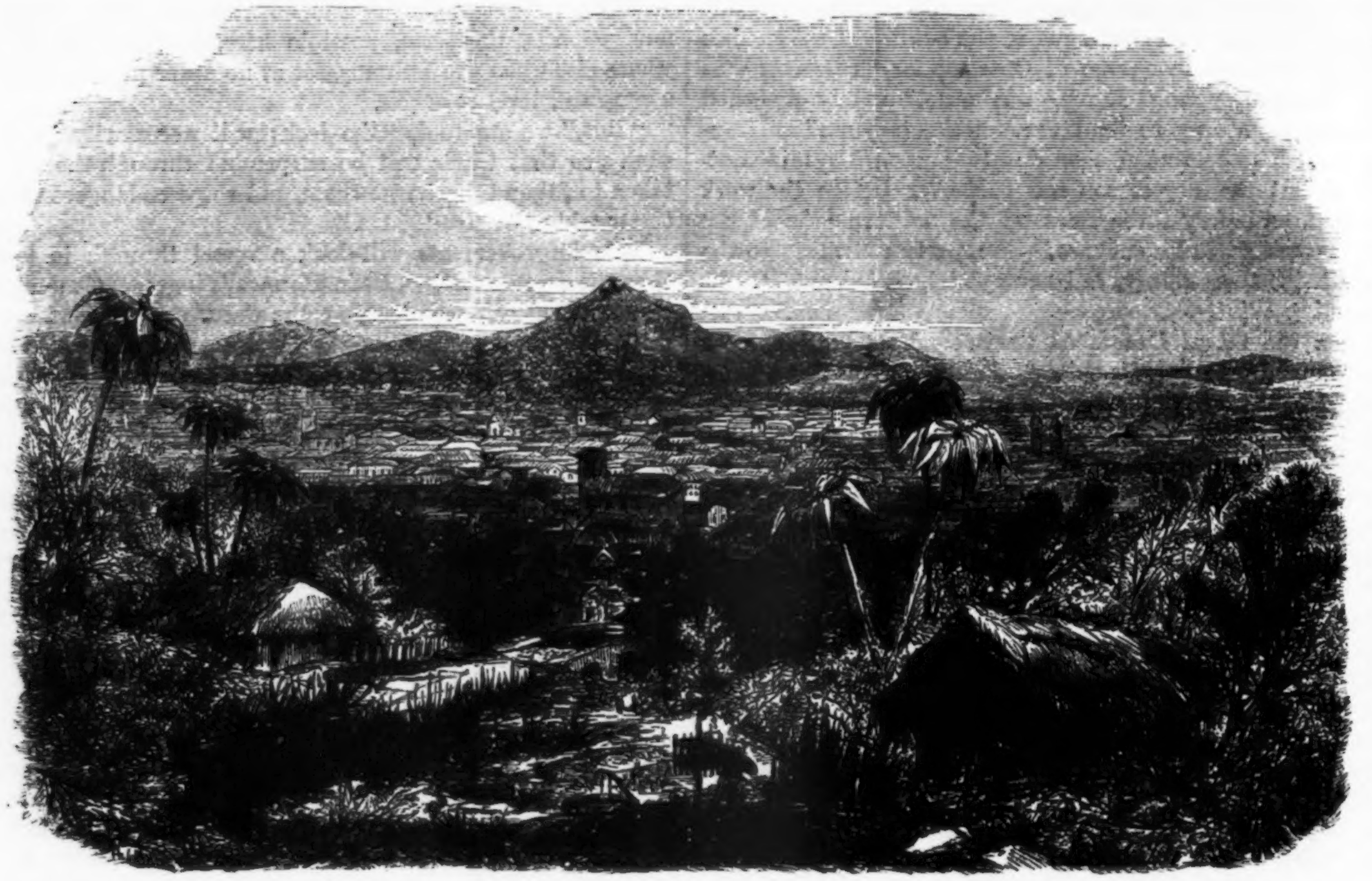
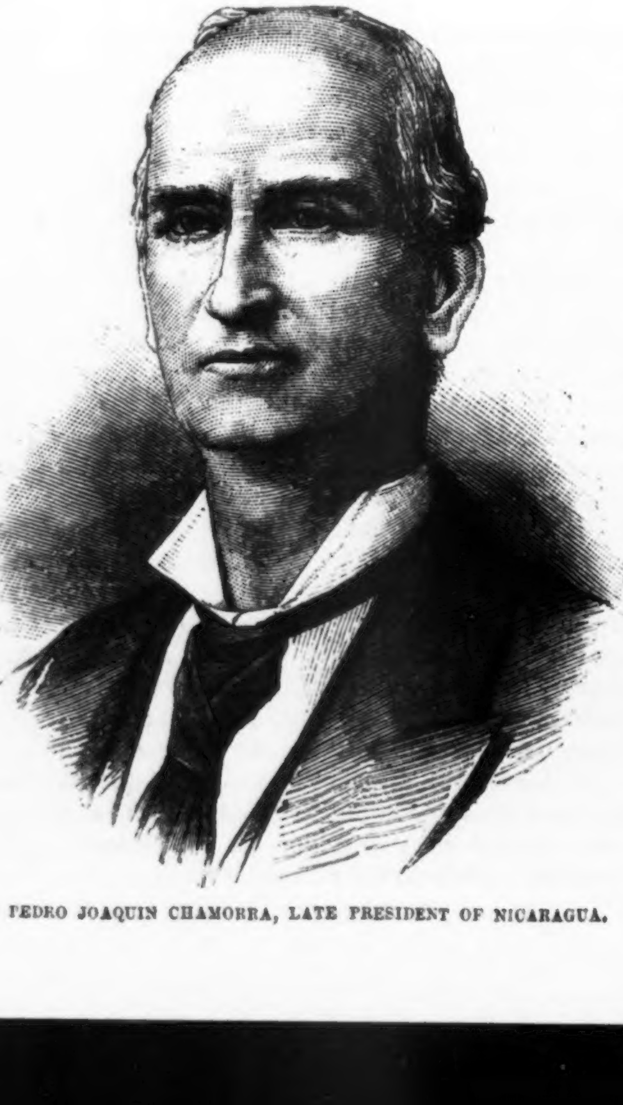


THE CITY OF LEON, NICARAGUA.

others is self-evident. That its total length from ocean to ocean is greater than some others, is no objection, as nearly one hundred miles of the distance to be made by vessels passing across the Isthmus at this point will be through a broad river and lake.

The unique advantage of a magnificent harbor between the two oceans is in itself a sufficient argument to overcome any minor objections. But Lake Nicaragua is more than a harbor. It is a body of purest fresh water, an inland sea, surrounded by land capable of producing every variety of provisions necessary for victualing ships; the plains near the city of Rivas are rich in tropical fruits, the tablelands produce corn, chocolate and sugar, while the cereals of the temperate zone grow upon the mountain-sides of eastern Nicaragua.

Such, in brief, is the report rendered by the Nicaragua Expedition. Lest it may be imagined that the officers attached to this survey were naturally partial to the work, it must be remembered that many of them had also been connected with parties which had been over the other portions of the Isthmus, and after many years of intimate knowledge of Central America, were eminently qualified to judge of the comparative merits of different localities.



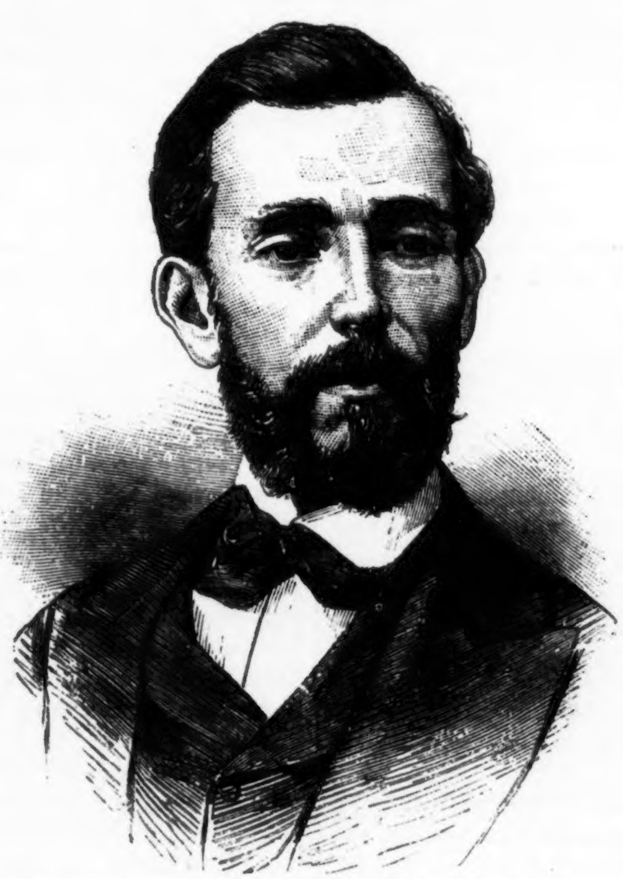
PEDRO JOAQUIN CHAMORRA, LATE PRESIDENT OF NICARAGUA.

To eliminate any chance of partiality, a commission was soon after appointed by the President to decide upon the most feasible route, and a party, composed of Army, Navy, Coast Survey officers, and civil engineers, was sent to the Isthmus to examine the various lines. The subsequent reports showed that the Nicaragua route was feasible, and that it presented great advantages over all its competitors.

The practicability of the line being granted, it next becomes essential to show that the canal can be made a profitable investment, and that the country possesses the qualifications necessary to draw capital toward it. Ample statistics have been prepared to prove that, if the gross expenses of constructing the canal should run as high as $100,000,000, it would still pay ten per centum interest. These statistics have been based upon the present tonnage trading between the Atlantic and Pacific, and do not take into account the increased local traffic which would undoubtedly be caused by the opening of an interoceanic highway. The Nicaragua Government is also ready and anxious to deed large grants of land to the company, which would bring in an additional income. All emigrants are, moreover, now entitled to a portion of the state territory.

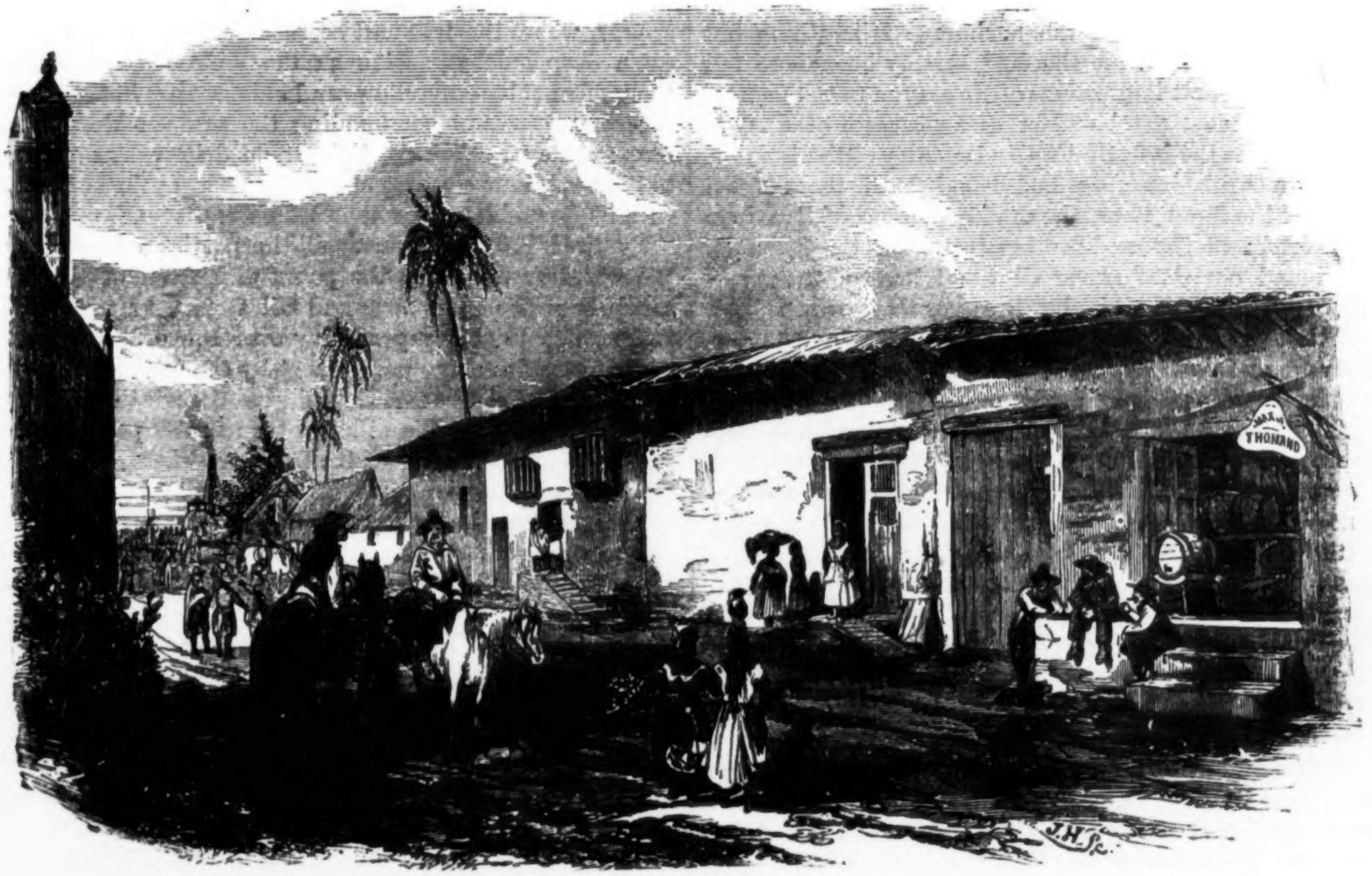
Under the wise presidency of General Joaquin Zavala, a man of education and wealth, the country is now perfectly quiet. There is no indication of danger, either from within or without the state; as the policy of Nicaragua is not to meddle in the affairs of her sister republics, and there is a strong popular feeling against revolutions. The law is faithfully obeyed throughout the land, and the people seem to be contented with the condition of public affairs.

The area of Nicaragua is about 40,000 square miles. It has a population of 270,000 inhabitants, and is capable of sustaining 8,000,000 people. In 1876, there were in the country 180 public schools, and 4,500 pupils. Primary education is gratuitous, and there are three colleges and one university. The Government expends about $50,000 a year on public instruction, is very zealous in the cause of education, and deserves great credit for the steps taken to promote its object. The schools are no longer under control of priests, English is being taught, and many of the youth receive their final education in the United States.


GENERAL JOAQUIN ZAVALA, NOW PRESIDENT OF NICARAGUA.

The exports amount to about $3,000,000, consisting principally of coffee, indigo, hides and rubber. Sugar-cane grows luxuriantly, but the want of roads prevents it from being cultivated upon a large scale. Beans, rice, corn and cacao grow abundantly all over the country, and, should the canal be built, the valley of the San Juan and the islands of the lake will abundantly supply with tropical fruits all the markets of the world. Improved means of communication and enterprise are all that is needed to develop this richest state of Central America.

A telegraphic line, connecting with all the principal towns, runs from San Juan del Sur to the boundary of Honduras. The roads are generally bad, and in the rainy season many become absolutely impassable. The Government has of late taken up the subject of inland communication, and made a contract with parties in New York for the construction of two railways—one, from Corinto to Leon Viejo, on the west coast of Lake Managua, *via* Chinandega and Leon; and another from Managua—the capital—to Granada, on Lake Nicaragua. The first section, from Corinto to Chinandega, twelve miles, is nearly completed, and the materials are all on hand.



A STREET SCENE, MASAYA.

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With these roads, the lakes and the river San Juan (the improvement of the rapids having already been begun), the Government expects to open up an interoceanic highway which will materially contribute to the development of its fertile land, and ultimately reach the silver and gold mines of Chontales. The latter are an element of great future wealth to the country, but the scanty and poor roads have always prevented the mines from being worked to any extent. The richest leads have been abandoned for want of pumps to drain them, and all attempts to carry machinery across the mountains have ended in a series of failures.

There are now six steamers on the San Juan, and one on the lake, while one large schooner and a quantity of *bungoes* make regular trips between Fort San Carlos, the islands and Granada.

Before this article is printed, Mr. Menocal (the civil engineer attached to the late survey) will probably be on his way to Greytown to construct a lock and short canal around Castillo Rapids, the Nicaraguan Government having decided to improve the navigation of the San Juan at its own expense.

Nicaragua is the only Central, or indeed South, American state which has no foreign debt, while its domestic indebtedness is so small that the Government bonds are sold at a large premium.

With such elements of present and future prosperity, it is to be expected that, should the canal be a success, the Republic of Nicaragua will acquire a higher place among the nations of the world.

Having considered the history of the surveys and the details of the present condition of Nicaragua as essential to a true understanding of the present status of the proposed canal, we have not hesitated to amplify them, even if the general reader may be a trifle wearied with the dryness of the subject. For those whom the narrative style may more deeply interest, we now present a few extracts from a Journal written by the author at stray moments, in the tropical woods, seven years ago:

"The expedition reached Greytown on the 20th of December. The view from the anchorage is anything but encouraging; yet those who had already been here tell me that one's first impressions of Nicaragua from this neglected port must not be taken as an earnest of what is to come from the beautiful upland country of the interior. When, a week later, we had left behind the tangled palms of the lower river, the muddy lagoons of San Juan del Norte, and the sand-bearing current of the Colorado, and found ourselves above all the tributary streams, I realized for the first time that here was the true mainland, and that, while all the intervening marsh might be perfectly fitted for canal purposes, it was scarcely a desirable spot for a prolonged residence.

"Rounding a sharp bend just above the San Carlos, and passing between two lofty hills, we catch from the deck of the stern-wheeled *Castillo* our first glimpse of the mountains of Costa Rica, and enter the dead still waters, called by the natives, Agua Muerte. For eighteen miles the river runs through an extremely tortuous and narrow valley; the stream is only about four hundred feet wide, and winds about the base of precipitous cliffs; the least depth in the channel is eighteen feet, the greatest, one hundred. The hills and valleys are covered with trees of the largest growth, eminently adapted for building purposes.

"We 'tie-up' for the night at the head of the Agua Muerte, and two of us wander off into the forest. To the lavish display of tropical vegetation, we find added the elements of grandeur and stability. Luxuriant foliage covers the surface, but underneath all are the rocks and ravines, gorges and gulches, hiding in the twilight the darkness of their shadowy depths.

"Here are the Hule or rubber-trees, the black gum oozing from the recently cut notches; the Madera Negra, or cedars; the Mata-palo, or brush-killers, a species of banyan, the ground beneath them clear of the thicket which everywhere else intercepts our progress.

"As we walk on, the *chaparral* becomes thicker, full of tendrils and natural ropes which trip us at every step. Now we cut our way through thick clusters of Pinuela (wild pineapple), the prickly leaves tearing our skin as we breast through them. Fearing that we will be lost in the wilds, we return to the steamer, to be lulled to sleep by the chattering of countless parrots, the bellowing of congo-monkeys, and the splash of the great *savolos reales* in the quiet waters.

"After a successful passage of all the rapids, the expedition reached the lake a few days later. Lake Nicaragua impresses all with the grandeur of its proportions. On the morning of the 8th of January we see it for the first time, stretching for a hundred miles to the northward, and sweeping twelve leagues to the westward. As I write, the sun looms up from over the moss and vine covered trees of the San Juan Valley, throwing great strokes of light through the dark mazes lining the eastern shore. Far away in Costa Rica is the volcano Orosi, its blue outline contrasting with the pure white of its cloud-capped summit. Behind us is the Indian island Solentinami; before us, the rough sides of Mombacho. Far ahead is the island Zapatero, where the stone gods of the Nicaraos still lie; while close beside us is Ometepec, the king of all the islands. 'Double-peaked,' *ometepec* means in the native tongue, but the name has of late been applied to the higher of the twin mountains. The lower is Madera, or 'forest-covered.' The contrast between the two is most marked, Madera pointing skyward, one mass of verdure from lake level to rounded top, while Ometepec is bare and barren from basaltic base to arid apex. In the grayness of the dawn not a furrow is to be seen on the mountain side—Ometepec rises a perfect cone five thousand feet above the lake. As the day breaks, vast shadows appear, where the lava and scoria of the olden time have eaten deep gulches. Between the darkened depths are the golden ridges of yellow sand shimmering in the morning sun; over and surrounding the scene a Neapolitan haze; while far above the light trade drift passes quickly to the west, now circling about the peak, again softening with its down-like vapor the vast waste places."

By the middle of January all the parties were at work. We will, however, skip the pages which tell of the discomforts of the Ochomago and Gil Gonzales; not that it is desirable to pass superficially over the difficulties and hardships which may again be met by the future emigrant, but space forbids that we should give descriptions of any abandoned routes. We will now turn to the party on the Rio del Medio—the line of the future canal.

"At the initial point we have no hard 'cutting'; the whole lake shore being bordered by open fields or orange and banana plantations. A day's walk takes us a mile inland to find only sixteen feet rise in the plain stretching back of Rivas. A week later we have reached the summit. The spot is called Buena Vista, and well named, with the lake and Ometepec in the distance, and the richly cultivated land spreading from the foot hills to the shore. To the northward is an indigo field. Planted in April, the bush is covered with yellow flowers in three months, and now the second crop is budding. At one end of the inclosure is the oven where the whole plant is boiled down and the mixture evaporated. Turning to the northeast, we see lying before us a gentle slope of nearly six miles,

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dotted with haciendas and checkered with a network of well-made roads. To the right is the city of Rivas.

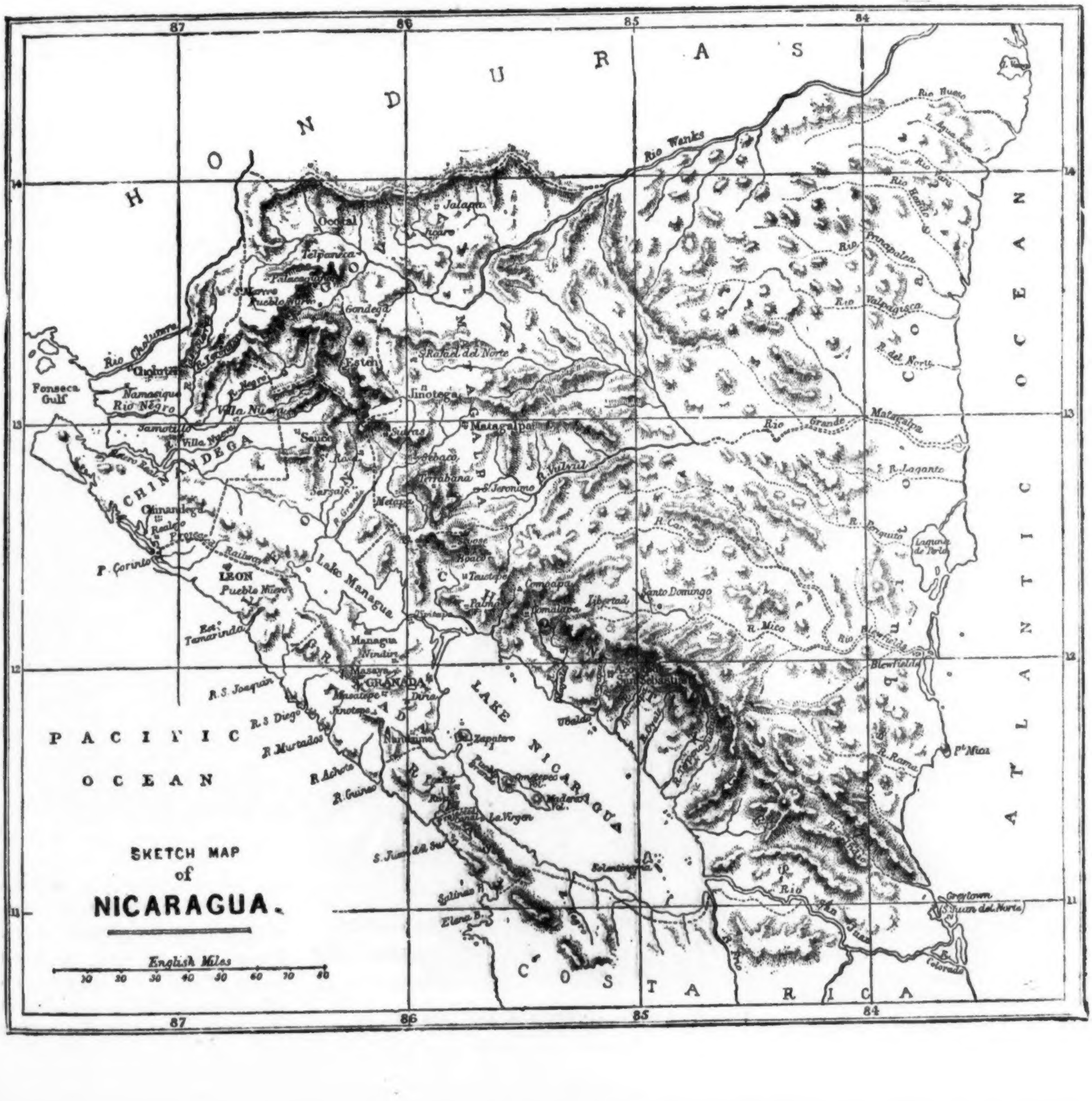
"Scattered over the landscape are numerous cacao plantations, the finest in all Nicaragua; surrounding them is the green wall of mango-trees, forming a hedge to protect the tender plants within from the strong easterly winds. On Sunday afternoon we ride over to see one of these plantations. Passing through an archway cut in the mango-hedge, one first beholds another set of large trees—the Madera Negra—these protect the young plants from the heat of the sun; beneath them are the cacao-bushes, one or two between each tree.

"In all, our experience of tropical vegetation, we had never seen so beautiful a sight as this hacienda in full bloom—the bright green leaves of the mango surrounding the field—the light feathery foliage of the Madera Negra above—below the small white blossoms of the cacao, and the brown, pear-shaped pods growing on trunk and branch. Returning toward headquarters, we examine all the indigo-vats and wells. Built of concrete, they are as hard as granite, and none of them show any signs of earthquake action, although the majority are over one hundred years old. All the lime used about Rivas is found in the vicinity, and will be of great service for canal purposes."

As much had been written concerning the so-called "Napoleonic route"—*via* Lake Managua—a party was sent to examine that locality. The following extracts from the Journal may be of interest, as they give a description of some of the cities of the country, and the habits of the people:

"In the cool of the afternoon we are approaching Granada. The road takes us up hill and down dale, over the western slopes of Mombacho. As we reach the last spur we are in the suburbs of the city. A lumbering cart crawls past; the oxen with their wide-spreading horns and cruelly heavy yokes, the driver with his pointed goad and scanty clothing, the homeward-bound family in their new purchases of fearfully uncomplementary dresses—all accord with the slow and backward progress of a Central American state.

"A quarter of a mile further on we meet the motley crowd which goes to make up the population of Nicaragua—gay caballeros on gayer horses, Indians from the old native capital of Masaya, mulattoes from the distant plantations, and Europeans from the shops by the roadside. We lift our hats to señoritas, who, having dawdled away half the day, stockingless and stayless, in their hammocks, come to end it at prison-like windows, where sweethearts and lovers exchange cigaritas and carry on safe flirtations through iron-barred shutters.



SKETCH MAP
of
NICARAGUA.

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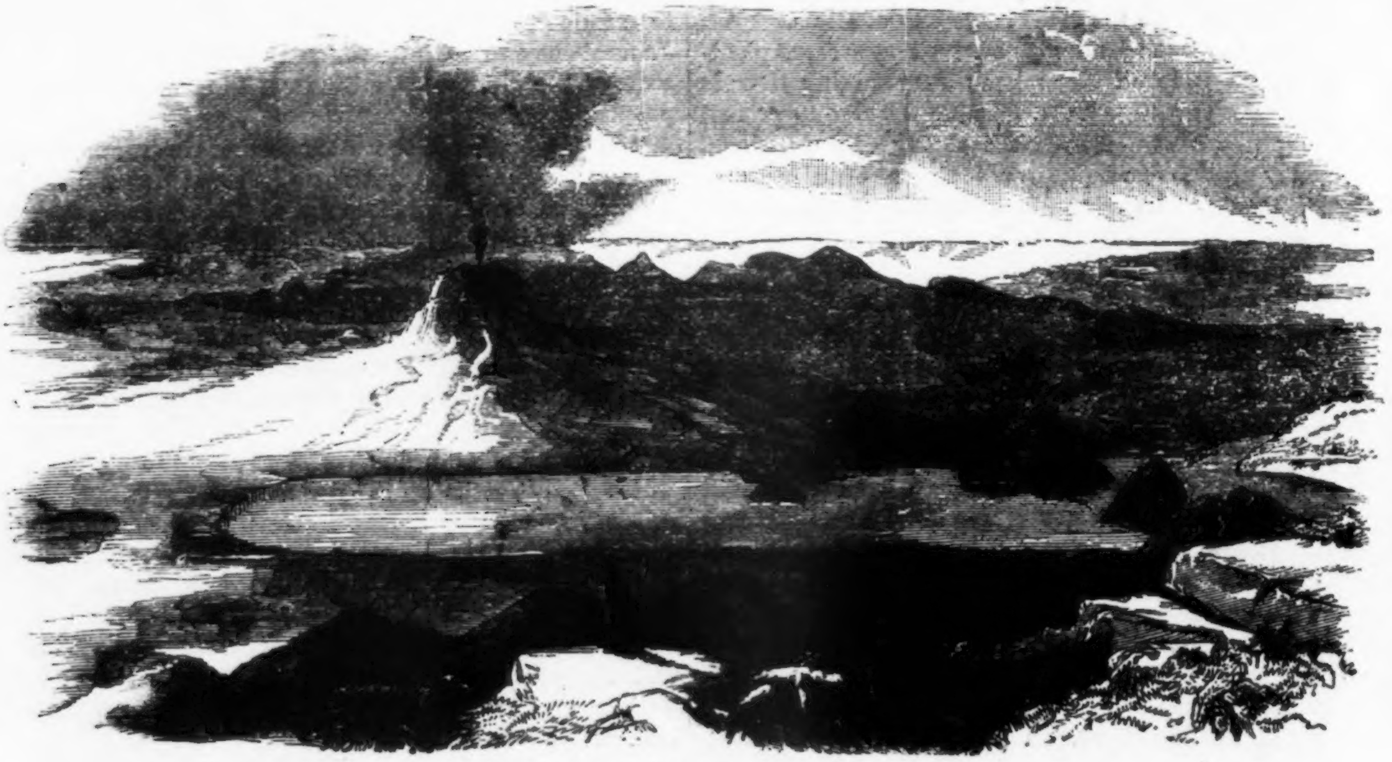
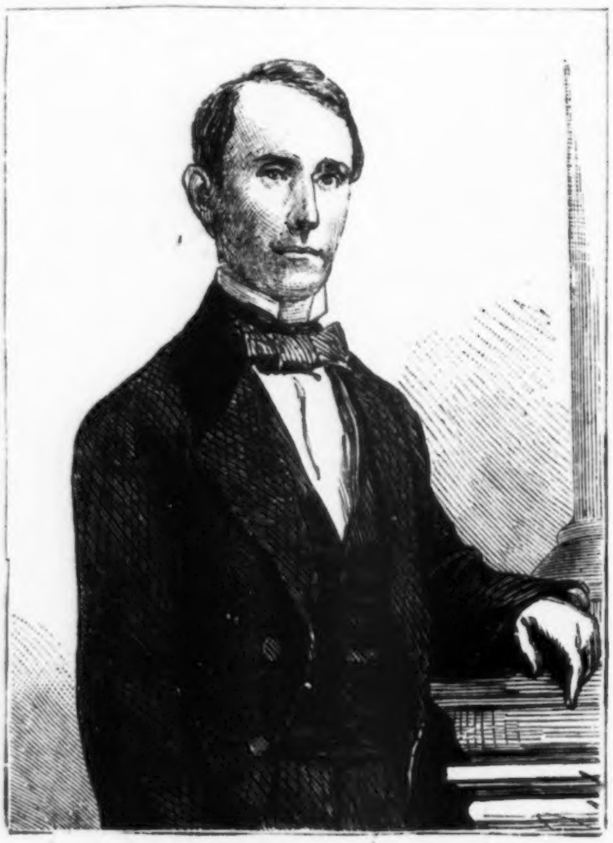


LAKE MANAGUA AND THE VOLCANO OF MESSIA.

"The numerous churches are of that mixed order of architecture which may be styled the Moresque-American type, which has descended, with little change, from the early Spanish days. These buildings are long and low, with two square turrets at one end; within are the *black* and white saints of the religious; without, the bullet-marks of the equally patriotic. As the sun sets, vespers chime to the uncovered populace from bells three hundred years old, with scarcely legible dates, and Latin inscriptions upon them, and revolutionary shots through them. Half deaf from the clanging and the banging, we turn into the plaza—that central square common to all Spanish towns. Stores, hidden away under dark, shady arcades, are on three sides; on the fourth, a ruined cathedral and the government barracks, where innumerable generals and colonels dictate multitudinous orders to mythical brigades and regiments.

"At early dawn the next morning we follow all the masculine portion of the community and take our morning bath in the breakers, which roll up on the smooth beach. The lake shore is a busy place just after sunrise. The washwomen are there in full force, striving, after the manner of their kind in these regions, to demolish inoffensive linen with huge pounding-stones. Garments of all descriptions lie tessellating the sand. Canoes and pirogues, drawn up clear of the rollers, are loading or discharging their cargoes of oranges, potatoes, bananas and plantains. The water-carriers are filling their casks, a few hundred yards distant. The picture of the Scriptural Orient is here reproduced in the Far Occident: Rebecca, with her earthen pitcher balanced carefully on her head, and Isaac with his herd of thirsty cattle.



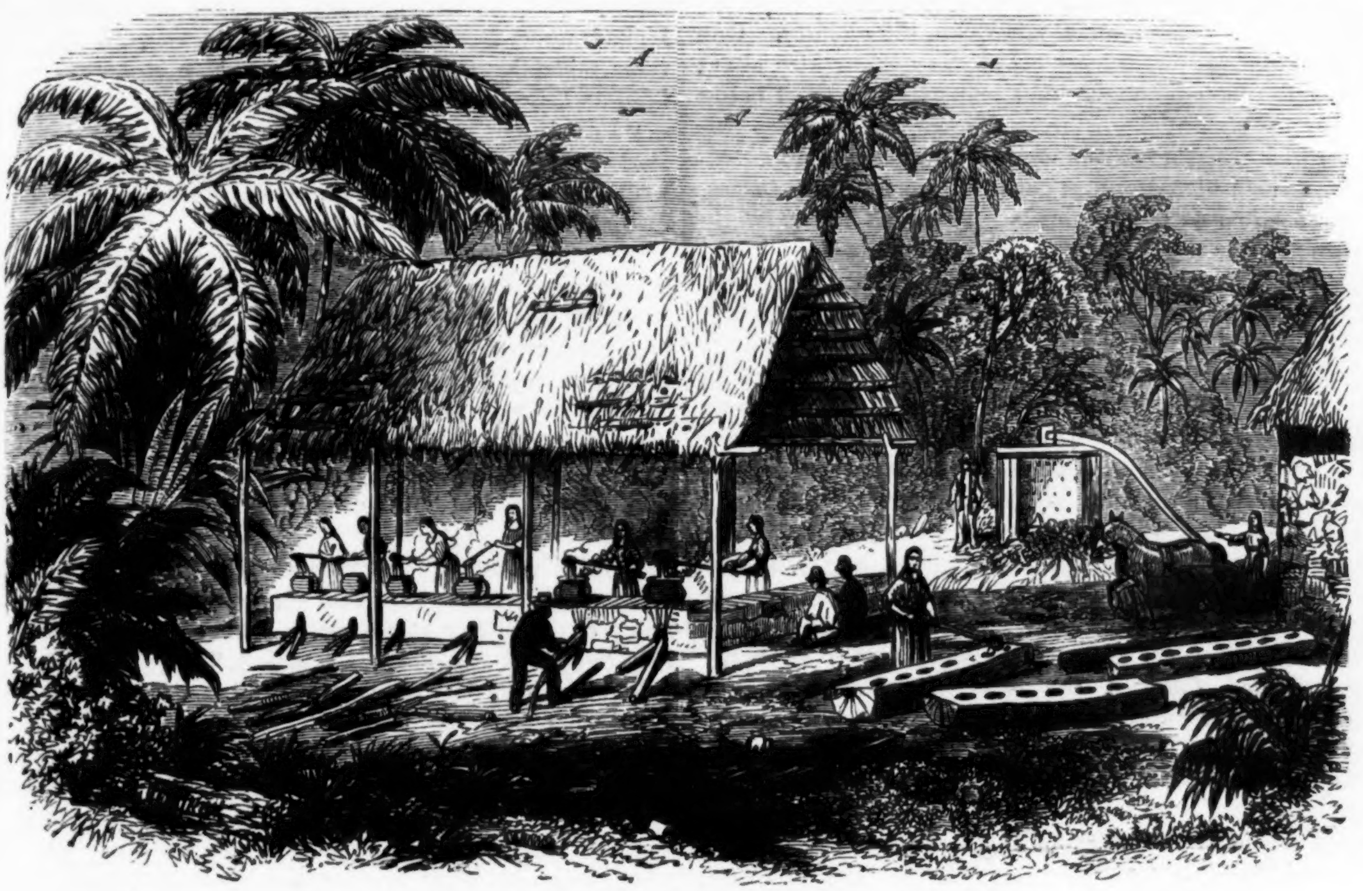
WILLIAM WALKER, ADVENTURER, AND PRESIDENT OF NICARAGUA.

"A little further on, we come to the Indian burying-ground, where many specimens of ancient pottery have lately been found. Turning our horses' heads once more toward the city, we are soon in the narrow streets which stretch for a mile inland toward the village of Xaltera.

"Xaltera, like Masaya and several other aboriginal towns, still contains a population of almost full-blooded natives, the laws, habits and customs of the place being different from those of the adjacent country.

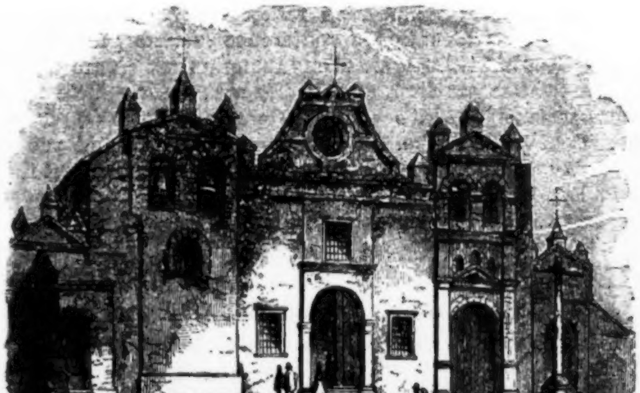
"The next morning we are on our way to Managua, situated on the western shore of the lake of the same name. Our visit to the capital is rendered especially interesting from the fact that the Nicaraguan Congress is in session. Like our own, this body is composed of two Houses. The President is elected for six years, and is disqualified from serving two consecutive terms. We are honored by an audience with the present head of the sovereign state of Nicaragua, at the *Palacio*, as this republic terms its executive building.

"Don Vicente Quadra is an elderly man, given to the use of much Spanish hyperbole, and full of expressions of good-will toward the future canal. From him, as well as from many officials, we are continually hearing that everything in the land is at the disposition



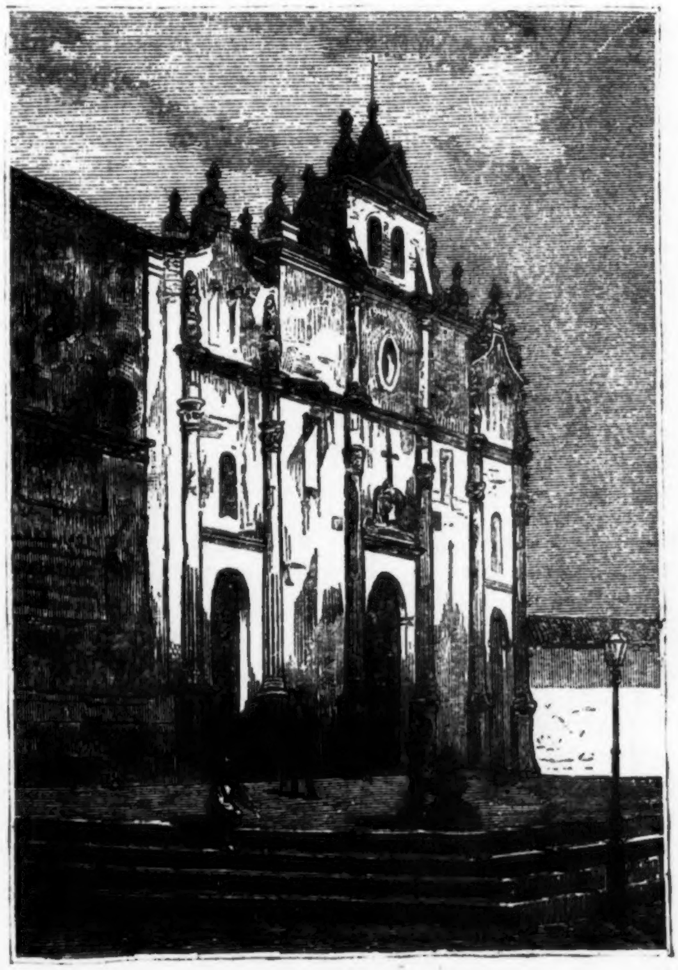
MAKING PANELA-SUGAR IN NICARAGUA.

of any one who shall advance the interest of ship communication between the Atlantic and Pacific. One point is especially prominent, the great diversity of opinion covertly held on this subject by representatives from different sections of the country. The members from Granada and the western shores of the lake are generally descendants of the Dons and Caballeros, and are extremely conservative in their views; while the deputies from Leon, coming from a department which has large dealings with the outside world, are the real friends of the canal, and would do their utmost to develop the resources of the state.



CHURCH ON THE MAIN PLAZA, GRANADA.

"As Leon is a town of over 30,000 inhabitants, her influence is considerable. It is but fair to state, however, that, if there be a feeling of mistrust on the part of the upper class against advancement, and consequently against the United States as the promoter of the canal question, it has been brought about in a great measure by the atrocities committed in the Granada and Rivas districts by Walker, and the bombardment of Greytown by the *Cyane*.



CHURCH OF LA MERCED, GRANADA.

XUM

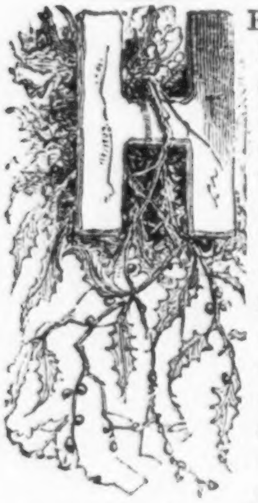
"One morning, while at the capital, we saddle our mules, and ride over to the mineral springs in the vicinity. One of these springs fills the bottom of an extinct crater, about three miles from Managua, and eight hundred feet below the surface of the lake. While descending the steep precipice which surrounds the waters, we pass some exceedingly curious hieroglyphics cut in the rock by the Aztecs, who are supposed to have made settlements in the neighborhood, prior to the Spanish invasion. Our bath in the thick, muddy alkali pool is anything but refreshing, though its power af healing any climatic disease is greatly vaunted by both natives and foreigners.

"The following day we returned to Granada, and taking the steamer, crossed the lake to Fort San Carlos, where we found the remainder of the expedition ready for the survey of the San Juan. The work on the eastern section progressed more slowly than had been anticipated, as foggy weather and early Summer rains interfered with our observations; but during the latter part of May the three parties, which had been working on different sections of the river, were all reunited at Greytown."

Having thus given a sketch of the history of the canal problem, and followed the expedition from ocean to ocean, I will not dwell upon the commercial advantages to be derived from a ship channel through the Isthmus. The certain growth of our mercantile marine, and the necessity of avoiding the perils of Cape Horn, navigation will ultimately decide that $70,000,000 is a small price to pay for the incalculable advantages to be derived from the new route.

Let us hope, therefore, that the "secret of the strait," so diligently sought by the bold sailors of the past centuries, may, in this nineteenth, be discovered at last by the energy and science of the American people.

SAPPHIRE EYES.



HE was solitary and mysterious, and I was thought to be so, and that at once tells how we drifted together. My solitariness I grant, because it existed from two causes, neither of which was anything to be ashamed of: I did not desire to be pestered by the village scandalmongers, and was writing some papers for a magazine on the subject of botany—endeavoring, with mild insanity, to dress the matter in popular form; and my mystery was nothing more startling than rapid and weighty correspondence. My mail was assumed to be reports from my fellow-conspirators of the Italian Carbonari; it was in reality something even more mischievous still—proof-sheets.

Hawksmere—a dark, morbidly suspicious and very proud man—nearly fell over me one day, as I was studying some plants beneath the brow of one of the hills on his domain; and our mutual apologies—I for my intrusion, and he for his awkwardness—served as sufficient introduction.

"So you are Mr. Osmond," he said, with a faint smile. "They malign you in the village horribly; do you know that? My brother, a wise man in his way, has informed me in confidence that you are no less a personage than Rocco in disguise. Your seclusion has at once ruined and glorified you."

"Mr. Hawksmere," I returned, "you are quite as lucky. They look upon you as the good people of Motiers looked upon Rousseau—as a fiend, to be exorcised from their midst by showers of stones. The stones came to him, and, perhaps, they will come to you—in time."

"I don't fear them. But it is like this accursed world! Because I don't choose to be intruded upon by a set of wretches, who could have no innocent motive, I am sure, in visiting me, I am to be stoned when accident and circumstances force me among them. Oh, this is a rare system of society!"

He set his teeth, a vicious light burned in his black eyes, and, with the metallic ring of his voice yet in my ears, I thought him by no means unsuggestive of a very dangerous type of misanthropy. Perhaps at another time I should have felt a pleasure in studying him; but now some green stuff in my hands reminded me that the humbler science of botany had a prior claim, and I made haste to end our interview.

"Well," said I, "you perceive that my pursuits could scarcely find very enthusiastic sympathy among our good villagers. If they stone me, I shall consider myself a martyr—a sort of second St. Stephen."

This shadowy jest brought back his smile again, and he made a movement as if about to pass on.

"Ah, yes! Botany—and very creditable employment it is. You want to be relieved of me evidently, so I shall go. But, I say, Mr. Osmond"—he had taken a few steps, but now returned, speaking very earnestly—"perhaps you may get a note from me to-morrow. It is uncertain: yet remain at your cottage till nine. Will you do this?"

I assented, and he went away, his tall figure casting fantastic shadows on the grass, and the recent interview leaving a strange shadow in my soul. Somehow, I began to fear that I had made the acquaintance of a bad man. I returned to my green stuff, but it had lost its charm.

Next morning, the note came at seven, which was, of course, two hours earlier than I had looked for it. I think I do best to give it below. The writing was whimsical and odd, and the style, as you see, very much to the point:

> "DEAR OSMOND: I had been rather interested in you previously, but our three minutes' conference yesterday has brought you so fully within the circle of my thoughts, which are my life, that I must have you for a time bodily within the sphere of my actions—which (you will scarcely understand this as yet) are my death. Come to Mordyke, and burn your cottage behind you before leaving, so that, like Cæsar's soldiers and their burnt fleet, once in Britain, return is impossible. Once you know what advantages I have here, you will be content to remain. Be assured of this."

At a proper hour, I went over with the fullest intention of thanking Hawksmere for his kind offer, and declining it. But the black portals that closed behind me, after I had made my way up the long avenue, shut me in from that instant as an inmate of Mordyke—sombre, strange, beautiful place that it was.

I was confronted by a massive staircase of ebony marble when I reached the end of the hall; but had scarcely placed my foot on the lowest stair when I heard the ponderous and magnificent chords of an organ, far above me, and the tones of a female voice dying away into sobs of unearthly melody, then rising from them and gathering into a grandeur that transfixed me.

I felt a touch on my shoulder, and shuddering, I turned, and saw Hawksmere. He seemed to have risen out of the earth, his approach had been so silent. His face was actually gray, and his eyes shone with lurid brilliancy, as he held up his finger, and cautioned me to lose no portion of the divine melody sweeping into our enraptured ears from the upward distance.

At last it ended, and, motioning me to follow him, he ascended. He turned to the left, and entered a strangely-shaped room, and there, standing at a window, I beheld a lady, whom I knew instantly to be his wife.

Could she have been the singer? Something in her face told me not. She was not handsome, or intellectual-looking; but had a pale, tired countenance, and a weary, querulous manner, that could not have made a favorable impression upon any one. We greeted each other, however, with assumed pleasure, and then Hawksmere explained to her the object of my visit.

"But," said I, interrupting him quickly, "this is all a mistake. I have merely come now to thank you, and decline."

"Stay!" he returned. "You have not yet been made acquainted with the inducements I shall offer. Come after me."

We passed out, and then to the right, and presently entered another chamber. An arch rested beyond. The furniture was magnificent; but what surprised and interested me most was the library, and, on the long table, a botanist's collection of the most complete character of any I had ever met.

"Yours," he said, pointing to it, "if you will remain here a week! Decide quickly."

"But," I persisted, "I don't see what can be your motive in wishing to possess the society of such a very dreary fogy as I am. You don't know me, Hawksmere. Perhaps you consider me an original. If you do, you were never more woefully mistaken. Off paper, and, perhaps, on it, I'm a bore of the worst kind."

He laughed—such a laugh as it was—and touched the collection again.

"Here is the work of a lifetime—of old Boerdst's lifetime—all yours for the little favor I ask. Listen to me, and I will tell you a long story in a few words. It will give you the key to everything."

We sat down, and placing his hand on my knee, he looked steadily into my face and began:

"I was once a very good man, and, of course, a fool; and that was long ago. I believed in all the world, and loved my neighbor as myself. I met a woman, and worshiped her. We quarreled, because I was the incarnation of fiendish jealousy; and, both being too proud, we never made our difference up, until—until, Osmond" —he shaded his eyes, and I saw two bitter tears course slowly down his hollow cheeks—"until it was too late!"

This was really the first time I had ever seen human being in such depths of distress. The man by me was perfectly abject in his grief, and no stoicism could have prevented me from feeling much pity for him. Yet I uttered no words.

"Desperation," he continued, recovering himself, "is the essence of my character. I will not analyze for your benefit just now what I mean by this. I can only say that that subtle spirit in me which dares everything, feels bound by no law, human or divine, springs forward through every peril to the accomplishment of a purpose, be it a saint-like sacrifice, or a demoniac revenge—was what prompted me to seek a punishment for the haughty cruelty of Marie de Fontanges. I went to a country inn, where I had often baited my horses, and married the master's daughter. Yes, I married Clara Graham, whom I scarcely knew, and whom, at the moment I placed the ring on her finger and swore I loved and would always love, in my heart I detested, despised! And then I took her home, and into society, and flung her in the face of the one human being for whom a barter of my soul to eternal perdition would have been a small price!"

I stared at him in growing horror. He had risen, and was pacing the room furiously.

"By the next day, my mad rage and thirst for revenge had spent itself. You know what is said of the feeling after an opium dream—the torturing dejection, grief, fright, remorse; but, oh, man, man, the comparison would be feeble here!"

"This lady—Mademoiselle de Fontanges?"

"She did not marry—she saved me that, Osmond; and it was merciful, indeed; but the reproach of those eyes—those thrilling eyes of sapphire—filled all my wretched soul. I fled from mankind with the partner of my misery, and came here. I carried the ghastly corpse of a blasted love and an eternal hate chained to me, even to this spot. The eyes haunted me still; I could not rest, sleeping or waking; I was mad with longing; I hungered for a sight of her—of Marie, my darling soul! What have I just said? That the essence of my character is desperation. I proved it once more; I begged her to come to me at Mordyke! Yet, Osmond, reflect that this was done when I was certain that looking on her was hourly death—that looking on my wife beside her would be enduring by minutes the eternal agonies of the condemned!"

He fell into a chair exhausted. The folding-doors under the arch suddenly swung together, and shut with a loud crash.

"What was that?" he cried, starting up, and crossing to the spot whence the sound had proceeded, rapidly. I followed him, in strange trepidation.

"It must have been a listener," I said.

He drew wide the massive portals, and there stood a woman.

She was everything exquisite, and entrancingly beautiful, and with these words I have said all. Her eyes were marvelous, indeed. I halted, in mute rapture.

"Did you hear what has just passed?" asked Hawksmere, excitedly.

She looked at him in great surprise, and answered:

"No, Digby. I have just come from the organ. Have you been discussing secrets?" A very low musical laugh followed the last words; but she was evidently concerned about Hawksmere's wild manner.

The introduction which followed was not necessary. I had instantly recognized Marie de Fontanges. Those thrilling sapphire eyes must have betrayed her anywhere.

We fell into desultory conversation; but I made very close observation of the bearing of the two, now that I had heard the singular position of affairs existing between them. One thing I was most anxious to detect, and this was, whether she still loved him, and as passionately as he loved her. The truth was but too plain; her devotion was no less intense than his; only, perhaps, rather better concealed.

I do not know that we talked about anything very interesting; but the conversation lasted some time, and then Mademoiselle de Fontanges withdrew. Her fascination had not failed to affect even me, who had seen but this little of her, and by whom her sex had been, up to this hour, very mistakenly viewed. But what can you expect of a man who engages to make the technicalities of the science of botany popular?

At the moment she had quitted the apartment, Hawksmere seized my hand with eagerness.

"I perceive that her beauty has thrilled you," he said, "and that you do not wonder at my madness. Ah, it was to confide in you, my friend, that I begged you to come here. Conceive the suffering I have endured in keeping my secret so long pent up in my own breast You will remain now, of course?"

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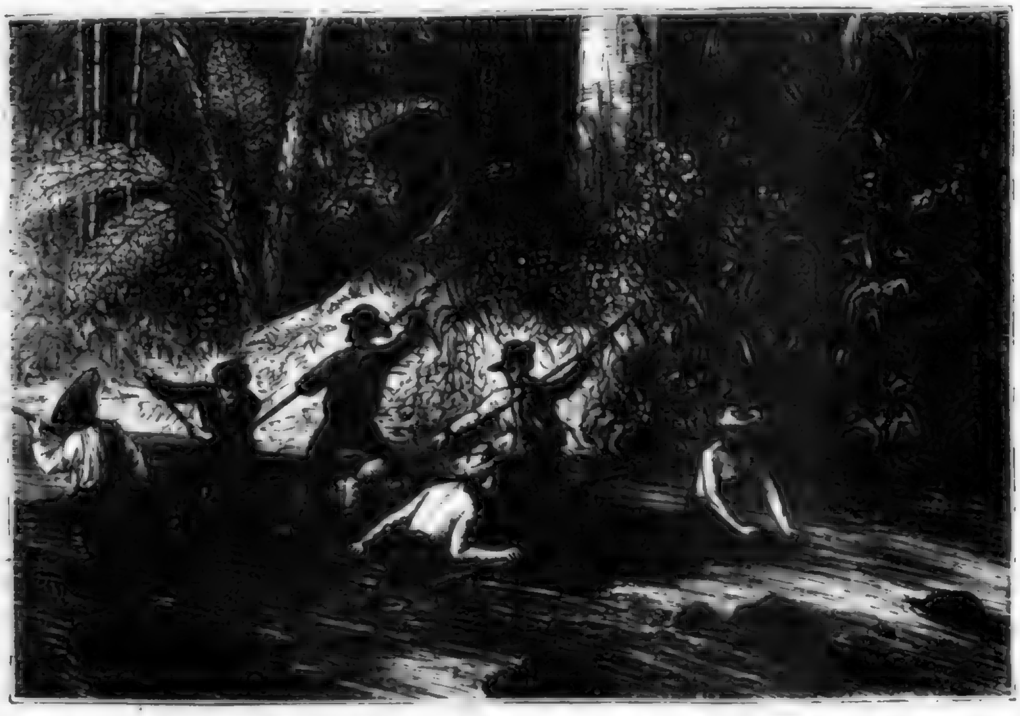


NICARAGUA, AND THE PROJECTED AMERICAN INTEROCEANIC CANAL.—EXPLORING THE RAMA RIVER. SEE PAGE 129.

It was impossible to longer deny him, and he immediately sent over to the cottage for my things, and I was duly installed as his guest.

The dinner was late, rather to my inconvenience; but, eaten under such peculiar circumstances, that what was lost on one hand was certainly gained on another. I had determined to notice most closely the bearing of Mrs. Hawksmere toward Marie, as I shall take the liberty to call her; and this I did. The wife was pale, silent, and suffering very apparent agitation; Marie seemed gayer than when I had met her in the morning. Hawksmere appeared irritable and uneasy.

At last I was allowed to slip away for a short walk about the grounds and a cigar. Half an hour passed, by which time I had dawdled some distance off and back, and I was going in, when the tall drawing-room window in front of me was raised, and Mrs. Hawksmere stepped out upon the piazza.

Her cheeks were fire, but her lips pale as ashes. Her husband followed her.

"This is very foolish," he said, as if at a loss for words.

"Foolish!" she echoed, with all the scorn she could command. "Ay, it is true that I am a fool. But there shall be an end, Hawksmere!"

"Do you threaten me?"

"Not you—not you!"

She clinched her white, little fingers and bit her ghastly, palid lips till the blood started.

Another figure appeared in our midst, that of Marie. Smiles—but now strange, dangerous smiles—were dancing in her grand eyes still.

"Perhaps, madam," she said, tauntingly, "it is I who am in peril?"

Could I, with any propriety, continue to witness this scene? I would have given anything in reason to have not been present at all; nay, how ardently did I begin to wish that Hawksmere's life and mine were lying yet apart! I made haste to relieve myself of my acute embarrassment, and them of my presence.

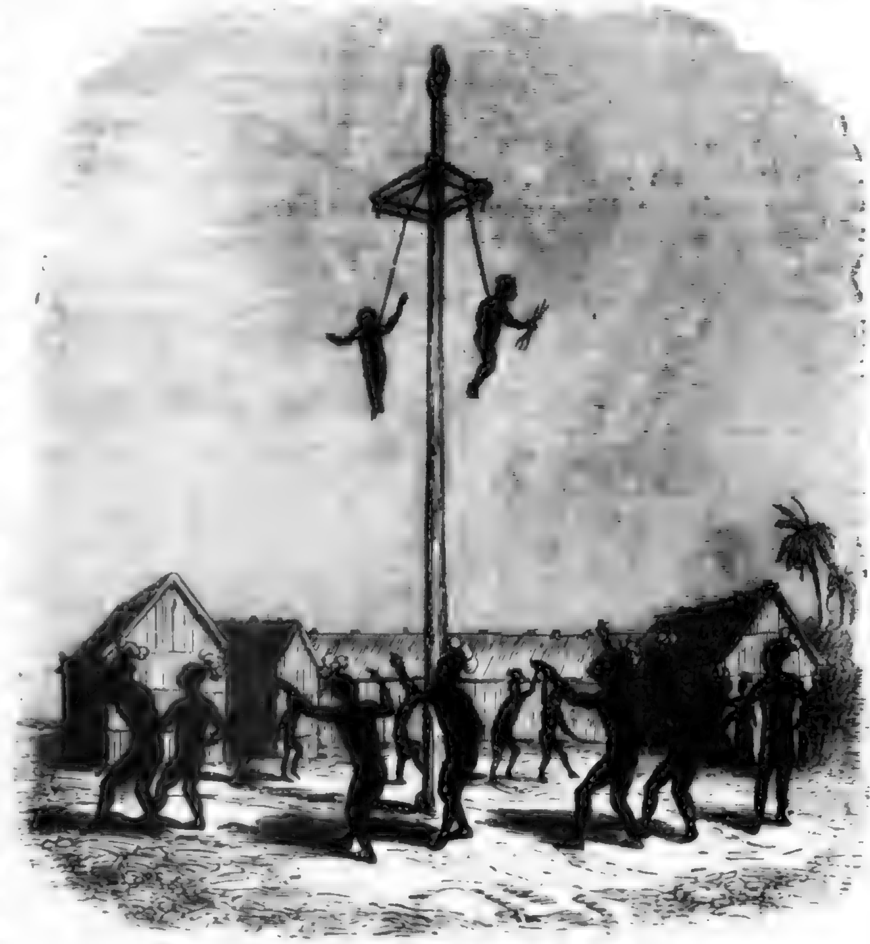
"Let me retire," I said, in much disorder. "These words you have just uttered are not for my ears. I regret that my studies have not claimed me sooner." And speaking thus, I left them and sought my room.

It is not necessary to mention that Boerdst's collection was to me, that evening, without the least interest. Mortification dyes my cheeks with blushes when I add that I so far forgot myself as to shake my fist at his plants, and call Boerdst an opprobrious name. But there are few of us who do not sometimes err.

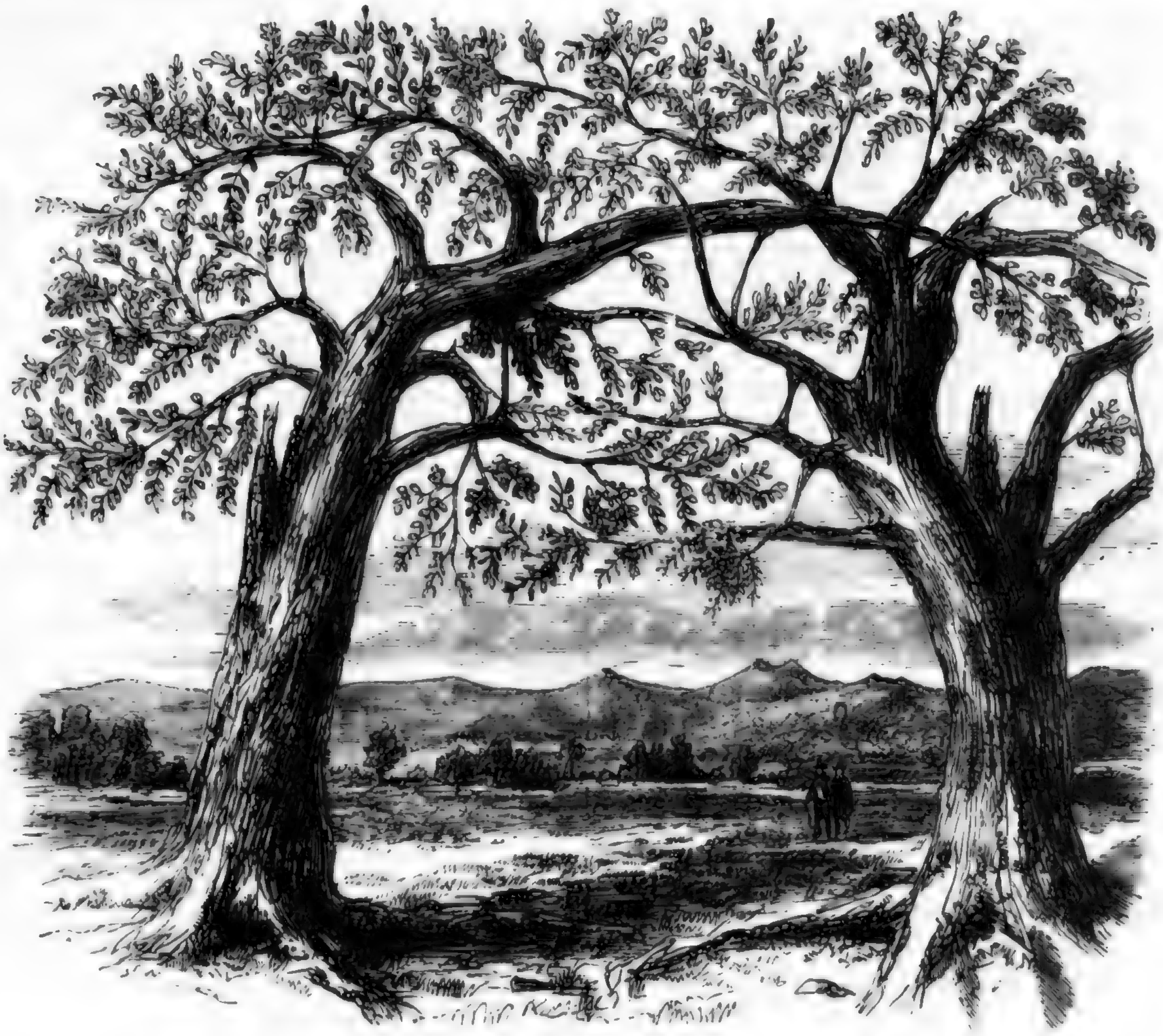
I am fond of tobacco, though I never indulge myself extravagantly, and was this evening toiling at my seventh pipe, when—two hours having now elapsed—I heard, in the distance, some one praying. My door was ajar, and, though I could not distinguish the words, I could easily recognize the voice of Mrs. Hawksmere and the wailing, humble intonation of the human utterance when it beseeches heaven.

I irritably shut out the sound and resumed my soothing companion. The next interruption was the hasty entrance of Hawksmere himself.

His face was flushed and wild, his clothing all awry, and



A NATIVE INDIAN FESTIVAL.



THE MATA-PALO, OR KILL-TREE.

his language confused. Very evident it was that his dinner had not been so temperate as mine, nor, as to its epilogue, concluded so soon.

He struck his fist upon my table fiercely.

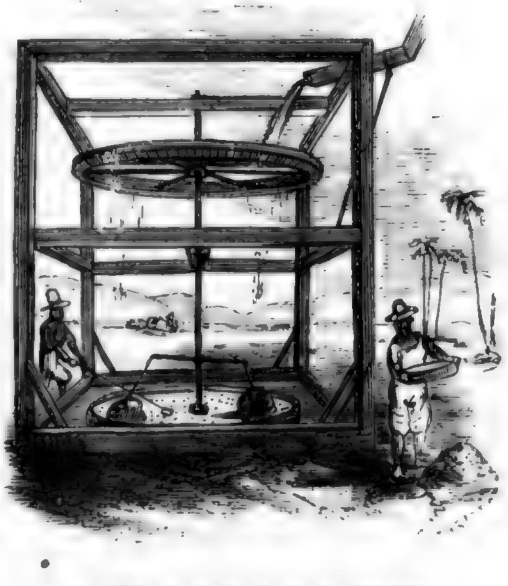
"I shall not endure this torment any longer!" he said, huskily. "For whom or what do I care, here or hereafter! Ah, Osmond, if you would let me give you two short lectures in my creed, you would become a convert. What says the phantom to Macbeth? 'Be bloody, bold and resolute!' It was good advice, and when he began to disregard it he began to fail. That shall henceforth be the motto of my belief."

His wandering eyes now caught sight of the changes I had made in my chamber, by means of the articles brought from my cottage. He examined everything, talking at random all the time, and finally began to finger some bottles. One he put to his lips. I went toward him quickly and plucked it away.

"Beware! That is, like them all, the deadliest poison. It is possible to be botanist and chemist both. Behold the results of experiments with certain of my plants."

"And you," he returned, looking at me sternly, "tempt people in this way, Osmond! Not one vial is labeled. Let us remedy the deficiency to-morrow."

The last word was a cue for a fresh burst of his peculiar philosophy. He reasoned upon life and death, questioning the profoundest doctrines of Christianity; but through all his arguments ran an undercurrent of bitter hatred toward mankind.



NATIVE NICARAGUAN GOLD-CRUSHER.

I am rather patient—I have sat under lectures three hours long—but this night no orator, no subject, could have held me fifteen minutes. I wanted to think, alone. Never was the natural solitariness of my character so powerfully developed.

The only way to get rid of my companion was to propose a pipe on the lawn; he hated both, and would undoubtedly refuse. And so, indeed, it turned out.

"You insisted that I should exercise no ceremony, and be under no restraint. I have the alternatives: a smoke in the open air, or a sleepless night."

I left him in the room and went below. How solemnly beautiful looked Mordyke! Although the air was uncomfortably chilly, I could not resist the temptation of remaining in it some time. At last, however, I returned to the building, and took my way again up the marble staircase. I turned to the right, and directly under the purple light which burned in front of my door, I stood face to face with Marie de Fontanges. She seemed startled for an instant; but

XUM

immediately recovered, laughing unrestrainedly in her deliciously musical voice.

"Mr. Osmond," she said, "I owe you a punishment for frightening me so! Good-night."

She passed with a feathery footfall by me and was gone. How intensely silent was all the house! I paused for a moment to note this, and to give a thought to the fierce commotion agitating the souls of its inmates.

Then I re-entered my room.

* * * * * * *

I opened my eyes on the morning sun shining in my windows. A clamorous knocking at my door had awakened me, and I hastened to seek the cause. One of the servants was standing in the corridor, pale and nervous, and he gave me a startling message from his master.

"Mr. Hawksmere begs your presence without delay, sir."

Wondering greatly, I dressed and was hurrying downstairs, when I encountered Hawksmere, disturbed, and perhaps frightened.

"My wife and I," he said, hastily, "have not occupied the same apartment for a long time. She was called this morning, but did not answer. The spring-latch, which can be worked both from the outside and in, is down; and if we wish to obtain entrance we must break open the door. Is not this strange?"

A terrible foreboding seized me.

"Let us do as you suggest," I returned. "Call all as witnesses."

This was not necessary, for the scared domestics were already assembled, shivering and anxious.

We gathered at the entrance to the chamber, whither I had first been taken on the day before, and with the blow of an iron mallet, Hawksmere struck off the lock and flung aside the door.

A ghastly sight presented itself to us. Mrs. Hawksmere lay on the bed, dead. Her husband fell at her side, and took her hand hysterically.

"Who has done this?" he cried, in much excitement. "Some fiend has poisoned her!"

He snatched up a goblet on a chair near the corpse, and gave it to me.

"Retain this," he said; "it contains a medicine prescribed for her sleeplessness—wine of valerian. Perhaps the poison was introduced through its means."

A thought, a fearful suspicion, seized me. I ran quickly to my room, and examined the bottle Hawksmere had fingered on the night before.

It was empty!

A test was applied to the sides of the goblet. From a faint pink color they instantly turned to a dull black. The proof was conclusive.

I went once more to the chamber of the dead, and told all.

"Hawksmere, the drug you tasted last night has been used for this dreadful work!"

A person suddenly swept into the apartment. It was Marie de Fontanges.

"How now?" she exclaimed. "What means all this?"

"It means, madam," returned Hawksmere, "that my wife has been foully murdered!"

* * * * * *

Conceive the dreadful excitement at Mordyke from this moment. There was nothing, after the main horror, so terrible as the general bewilderment. It became me, as the person interested in the deceased the least closely, to recover as soon as possible my presence of mind. This, by force of will, I succeeded partly in doing.

My first action was to send to the village with the news of the murder, and my next to question the servants.

Hawksmere had once referred to his butler as "a wise man in his way," and my own impressions, from the little I had seen of this person, were confirmatory. I sought him out, and took him to my room.

He was—naturally, under the fearful circumstances—quite suspicious and non-committal. I perceived this at once, by a pursing of the mouth, and a stiffness of carriage most unmistakable. My decision was, of course, to begin by reassuring him.

"Baker," I said, very calmly, "you are an intelligent man, and must understand exactly the position in which we all stand here. A murder has been done, secretly, by some one in the house. Investigation will begin below-stairs, and the first matter in question will be as to the motive. Now, this will surely clear all the servants, because Mrs. Hawksmere was much loved among them, and the crime has evidently not been committed for the sake of robbery, since none has taken place. Satisfaction thus furnished so far, the law will analyze circumstances in another quarter. *I*, for example, shall be called upon to clear myself. This I can easily do by means of your master, and by the more powerful evidence of my situation here, and the peculiar facts surrounding it. You understand this readily?"

Baker bowed his head solemnly. His mouth had relaxed by this time, and the stiffness of carriage had become merely an attitude of strict attention. I continued:

"Next, Miss Fontanges will be brought into question. I believe I was the last person who saw her before retiring, and she was then on her way to bed. This will, doubtless, be sufficient to place her out of danger."

Baker expressed the same conclusion.

"Now," I pursued, my voice sinking lower, and my words falling with deliberation, "there will remain but one at whom the finger of suspicion may be pointed—your master!"

"My master!"

"Yes; and here, Baker, I shall pause. If you know anything in this world which will clear Mr. Hawksmere, be prepared at the inquest to name it; for, as sure as I sit in this spot, unless some subtle evidence intervene, he will be tried and convicted, before two months roll over his head, of the willful and cowardly murder of his wife."

Poor Baker was much attached to his master. He burst into honest tears at my last words, and went weeping from the room.

The village authorities arrived with a precipitation which I can only account for by supposing that they felt the raptures of revenge in being now able to penetrate Mordyke, whether its owner wished or no.

The magistrate was a little, fussy, fat man, who wandered about, here and there, poking everything with his cane. He seemed to have a strong suspicion that none of us had yet thought there might be a murderer under the bed or up the chimney. He appointed the afternoon for the inquest; but by half an hour he had shown himself so perfectly imbecile, that I determined to telegraph for a detective from the metropolis. This I proposed to Hawksmere. He sprang at the offer with an eagerness that amazed me.

"We will go to the telegraph-station together," he said.

We passed out of Mordyke's great gates, and into the brown road leading to the village. A crowd had gathered on all sides, and, as we went through them, there was a singularly ominous murmur. I could not imagine what it foreboded until we had gone a few yards further, and then about our heads came a shower of stones.

"Remember our conversation of yesterday?" said Hawksmere.

Well did I remember it, indeed! We paid no attention to the insults of the rabble, but reached the office, and sent the necessary message. Then we returned to Mordyke.

In an hour a stranger arrived. He was a tall person, with a long face, and small, twinkling eyes. He said his name was Slocum. He looked rather like a minister; he was in reality the detective we had sent for.

His manner was most unsatisfactory. He did not exhibit the least symptom of interest in any part of the affair, but sauntered about, his hands in his pockets, whistling. It was especially irritating to find him hobnobbing with the servants, instead of attending to his business.

All he did in the room of the murder was to gather up the deceased lady's portfolio and drawing-books. This done, he once more returned to the servants' hall, and sat with Baker, drinking out of a pocket-flask of fearfully strong rum.

At last I felt it my duty to remonstrate.

"Squire," said he—we had gone to my room for the conversation—"it's a pesky queer business; darn my skin if it ain't. You don't know anything about it, of course. That's why I hain't thought it worth while to interview you."

I not know anything about it! This was a nice idea, indeed. I told him I knew *all* about it.

He whistled.

"Well," said he, "let's hear."

I gave him every word that I have put down here.

"You seem to sorter think things p'int to the boss, don't you, now? Darned if you ain't cute as a fox, squire. You've put the pieces of the puzzle together till they fit like a Chinese alphabet. But," he added, with a solemn, innocent look upward, "the boss didn't do it."

"Did not? I am truly glad you think so. The opinion of a person of so much penetration and such industrious investigation," I added, with satire by no means concealed, "is doubtless valuable. I hope the jury at the inquest will estimate it as highly as you yourself do."

He bowed with a sincerity that was marvelous. He evidently considered my irony as a hearty compliment most earnestly meant.

"Thank you again, squire. What do you think of the French lady now?"

"Mademoiselle de Fontanges? Sir, you insult me by naming her in such a connection. She is my friend—respected and admired."

"Yes; I forgot. You met her yesterday, I think you said. But don't it look queer to you for two females to have a muss in the afternoon about a man, and for one on 'em to die that same night suddint by pison? By *your* pison, squire; and you saw one on 'em right near your room jist as you was goin' in it. She was scared a little, likewise. Ahem!"

He gave a tremendous cough, and looked at the ceiling rather more innocently than before. The expression of his countenance was sweet and childlike indeed, and I thought how poorly adapted he was to the pursuit he had so perversely chosen.

"Well, squire," he said, presently, getting up, "I guess I'll go down to the village. I don't see as I ken do anythink here till the inquest comes off."

He went away, and I was glad of it. But his words had startled me. Marie guilty! It was too horrible to think of. Yet the faintest shades of dread haunted me in spite of myself. I determined to seek her presence, and note her bearing during the march of the terrible drama in progress around her.

I found her alone in the library. At my entrance she looked up, and as the light of those matchless eyes fell upon me, I could have fallen at her feet in worship no less extravagant than Hawksmere's.

What could I say to her? I did not dare mention Slocum's hint, and yet, what if she were arrested and taken to jail?

Better anything a thousand times!

After we had conversed in brief whispers, I said:

"Mademoiselle, let me ask you to have courage, whatever happens. Would that neither of us had ever come here!"

She started in great surprise.

"You know my story?" she said, quickly.

"Yes, I confess it. Hawksmere has told me all. You are both to be pitied."

This acknowledgment produced at that instant the freedom of a perfect intimacy of years. She poured out her heart to me, and I was enabled to see what Hawksmere's and her own culpable and foolish pride had cost them.

I asked if I should tell the complete truth at the approaching inquest.

She paused a moment in reflection, and then answered:

"Yes—conceal nothing. I have no dread now."

I left her, more mystified than ever. Could she be guilty? And yet, the guilt certainly lay between her and her lover, who seemed as innocent as she. But against him there was such a fearful array of evidence of circumstance!

The inquest was organized at two o'clock. The fat little village magistrate was again in his glory.

Slocum, the detective, sauntered around, still unconcerned. I had made up my mind that his bill, when presented, must be extremely moderate, if he expected to have any of it paid.

What the testimony was may be easily judged. Hawksmere and Marie listened in silence. But when I was called and began, the flutter was great—not only with them, but generally.

I told my story as plainly as I hope I have told it here; and, I need not add, it had its effect.

Every word that dropped from my lips pointed to Hawksmere and the beautiful woman of his love.

I saw what the verdict was to be in the face of every soul in the room.

And all turned out as I feared.

"We find that the deceased, Clara Hawksmere, came to her death by poison, administered at the hands of her husband, Digby Hawksmere, and his accomplice, Marie de Fontanges."

Such was the opinion of the jury. Such was the opinion of every spectator.

Hawksmere advanced, proudly. His dark face was lit up by a strange light, and he looked more noble than I had ever seen him.

"So you think that I murdered my wife—do you?" he said, with a contemptuous smile on all around him. "And that I was aided by this lady near me? Ah, you carrion! it is a victory for you to leave me thus—is it not? But such souls as mine are not bound by you and your cobweb customs and laws. Think of that, vermin!"

He raised a bright-barreled revolver, leveled it at Marie, and fired!

The shot passed by, and harmed her not. He did not observe this, but placed the muzzle of the weapon to his temple, and caught the trigger firmly with his finger.

He would have pulled, and been the next instant in eternity, but for a long, bony, sunburnt hand, which

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stretched itself across his shoulder, and plucked the pistol from him.

"Stop, boss," said a voice I well knew. "You're a buster, you air, and you ain't goin' to leave us yet."

"What now?" cried the fat magistrate, trembling with terror and agitation.

"On'y this, commodore," continued Mr. Slocum, somewhat severely—"that you hev been slightin' me doorin' these proceedin's. Read that, squire."

He handed me a paper written in a woman's hand. Disturbed, and, indeed, frightened as I was, I managed to gasp out the following sentences:

> "Yesterday I heard, at the folding-doors under the arch, all that passed between my husband and Mr. Osmond, the botanist. Everything that I had long suspected was then confirmed. This night I listened again and heard the dialogue regarding the poison distilled from the plants. At the moment the room was clear, I seized one of the bottles and drank its contents, to end my more than miserable existence. The future has no terrors for me greater than the agony I have experienced here. I forgive all.
>
> "CLARA GRAHAM HAWKSMERE."

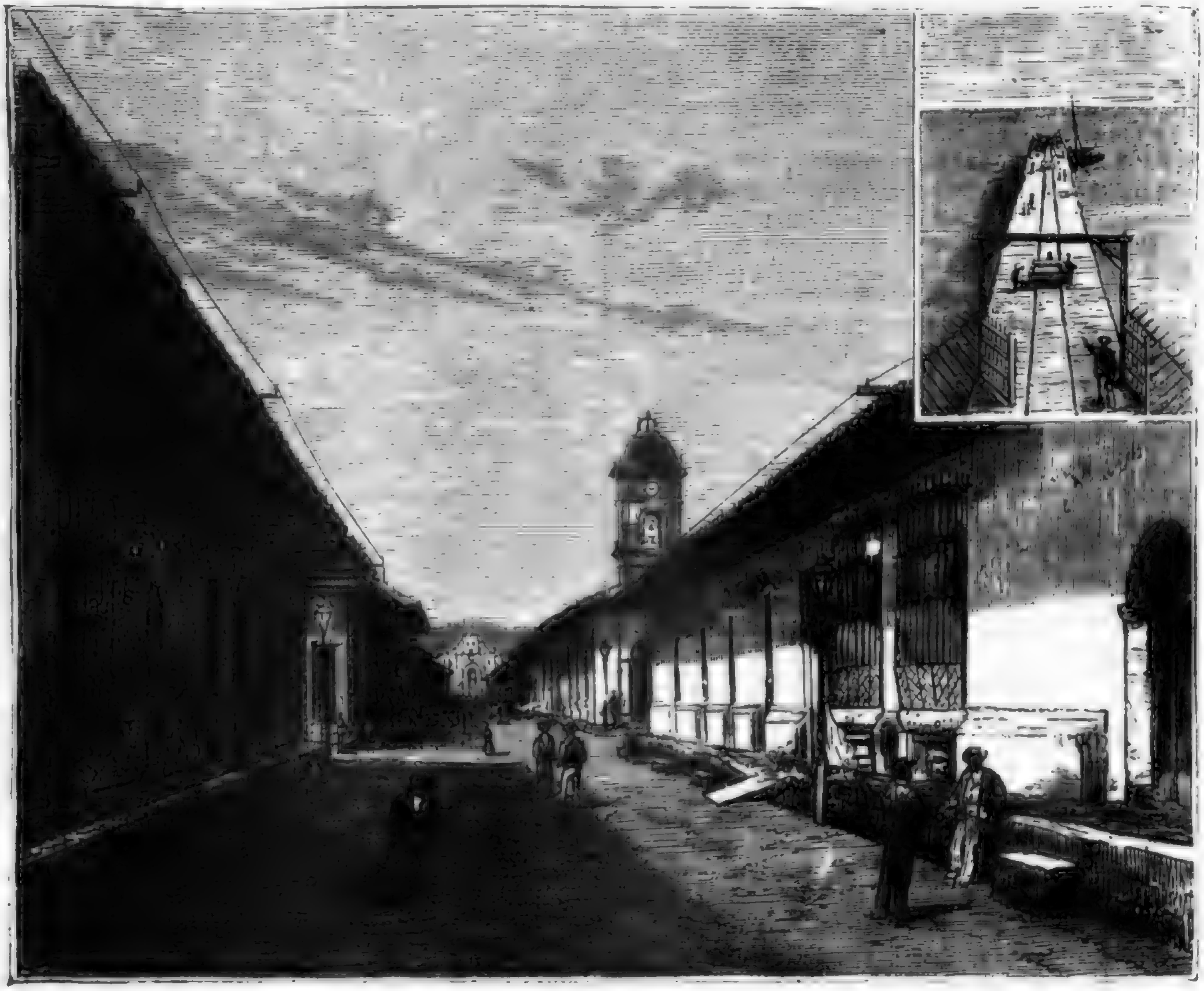
So she had poisoned herself!

I sprang upon Slocum, and grasped his hand. He shook himself loose instantly.

"Squire," said he, "you're cute as a fox. But you forgot them portfoolyers. Let's licker."

He thrust under my nose his nasty rum-flask. But I certainly could not refuse to taste a drop.

* * * * * * *



Comercio Street, Granada. Pier in Lake Nicaragua.

NICARAGUA, AND THE PROJECTED AMERICAN INTEROCEANIC CANAL.—SEE PAGE 129.

This is a cruel story, I know; but, as I have already remarked, what that is interesting can you expect from a man who engages to make the technicalities of the science of botany popular?

Yet everything, I am glad to say, ended well; for, after a long time, Hawksmere and Marie were married, and he became another man.

Slocum was at the wedding, and I mentioned casually that I thought Hawksmere had always been partly insane.

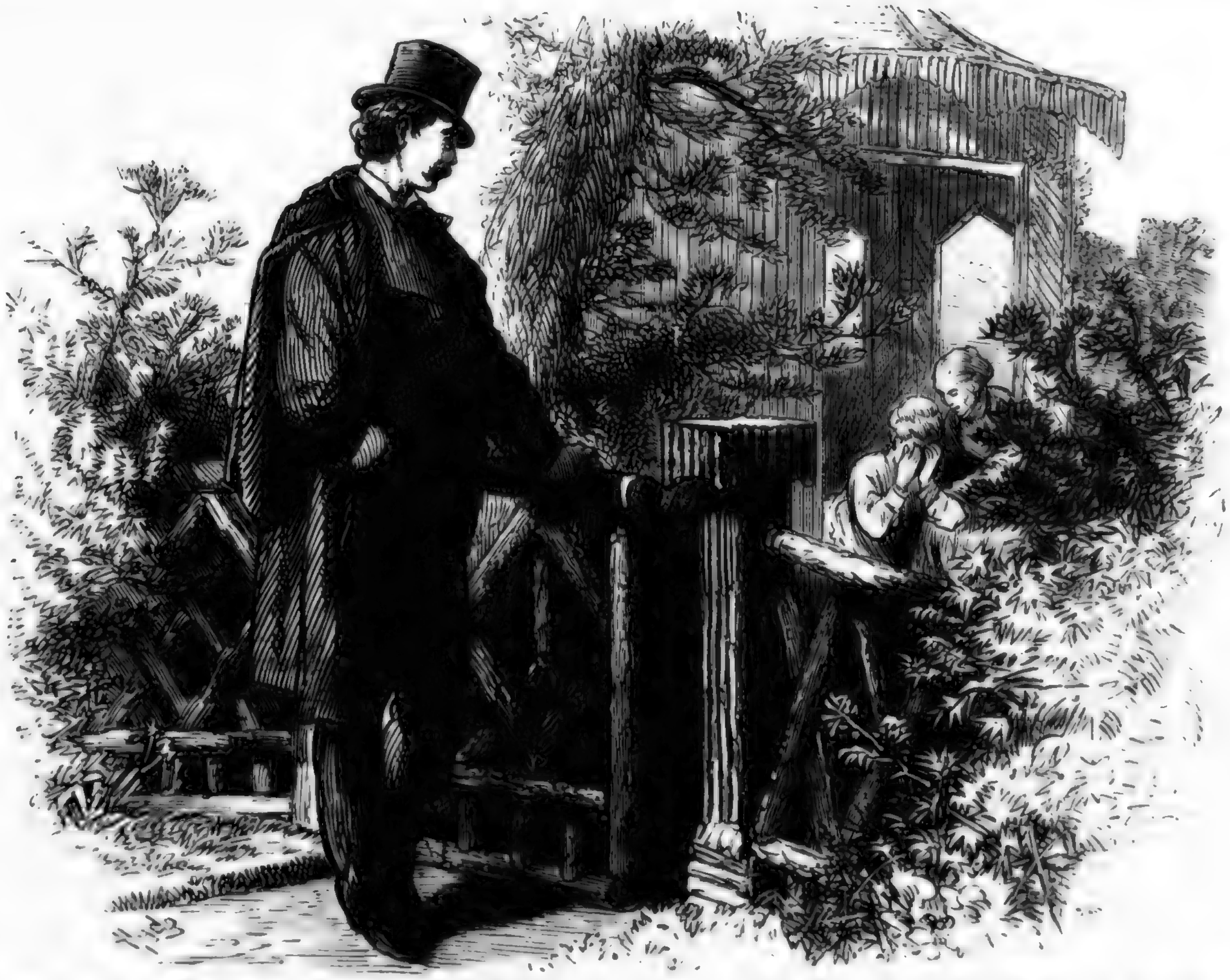
He declared he would cure him; and in about a week reappeared with a box of pills.

I stared in amazement.

"It's his liver," said the detective, confidentially. "I'm interested, privately, in a good speckelation—'Antimonial, Anti-bilious, Antiquarian Pills,' sold only by Josiah Slocum—that's my brother—Marblehead, Mass. Agencies everywhere."

But Hawksmere, like myself, was dubious.

THE country worst afflicted by carnivorous beasts and venomous reptiles in the world is India. Snakes alone in 1877 killed nearly 17,000 persons, and tigers, leopards, jackals, hyenas and other wild beasts nearly 3,000 more. Efforts were made at the same time to destroy the animals, but without much apparent reduction of the number. About 127,000 snakes and 22,000 wild beasts were killed, and $50,000 were paid in rewards for their destruction.



IVY LODGE.—"AT HER FEET KNELT BLANCHE CARLETON, HER FACE HALF-HIDDEN IN HER HANDS, ROCKING TO AND FRO, AND WAILING WORDS OF BITTER GRIEF."

IVY LODGE.

There was quite a commotion in Topham when Ivy Lodge was rented to a family, who gave the agent undoubted vouchers for respectability, wealth and social importance.

Topham proper was a flourishing manufacturing town on the—never mind what—railroad, and the wealth of the place certainly depended upon the noisy, smoky factories, around which clustered the small houses occupied by the employés of these same factories.

Main Street was devoted to the mercantile interests of the town, and here large warehouses, with a fair sprinkling of retail stores, were built from end to end of the thoroughfare. But Topham Hill, nearly a mile back of the town, was the aristocratic circle of stately mansions, where the manufacturers and merchants who made their fortunes in the smoky town retired to enjoy the felicities of domestic life.

Here dwelt in stately grandeur the Masons, the Hardings, the Tolmans, and others, who held themselves aloof from all common associates, and held the retail dealers and their families in supreme scorn. And here had dwelt in magnificence and insolent importance the Crepburns, who had built Ivy Lodge, the grandest of the grand houses, where the most magnificent entertainments were given, and wealth was lavished with a liberal hand.

It had been a matter of deep and sincere regret at Topham Hill when Mr. Crepburn, having satisfied his desire to accumulate riches, retired from business, and announced his intention of residing with his family in Europe for several years. Ivy Lodge had been offered for rent with the most stringent conditions regarding the position of the inhabitants. And, therefore, Topham and Topham Hill were in a flutter when the agent announced that Ivy Lodge was rented to General Carleton and family.

It was early in May when the new arrivals took possession, and the first breeze of discontent was awakened by their coming by a night train, and driving in a close carriage to the lodge, after all Topham was wrapped in slumber. This was bad enough, but causes of dire offense soon cropped out in such profusion that the first one was almost forgotten in those following.

First, it was discovered that every servant in the house was German, and spoke no word of English, with the sole exception of an old housekeeper, who grimly defied all efforts to entrap her into gossip. Following this came the overwhelming fact that the Carletons denied themselves to all visitors, and lived a life of entire seclusion.

All sorts of rumors were at once in circulation, but gossip, having no reliable peg upon which to hang her stories, was wild in conjecture and vague in hints. Occasionally the close carriage was seen upon the most retired roads around Topham, and the few favored ones who had obtained a glimpse of it spoke eloquently of the white-haired gentleman and beautiful girl they had seen.

As the Summer wore away, the determined seclusion of the Carletons, and the absolute impossibility of obtaining any reliable information as to their domestic life, or reasons for such strict privacy, was lost sight of in a new subject for comment.

Here was no mystery: merely the advent of a new physician, who took possession of one of the handsome

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houses on the hill, where his mother presided, and he established an office.

He was not a very young man—probably about thirty-five, the matrons decided; but he was a man in whom the sick or afflicted instinctively reposed the most implicit confidence. Grave and dignified in manner, he was tender and gentle in his professional capacity, and courteous in social life. Children smiled when he touched their suffering little bodies, and the aged spoke of him as the most sympathizing friend as well as doctor.

In an incredibly short time, Doctor Milroy was the fashion at Topham Hill. That he was wealthy and single may have had some weight; but his great professional skill was evident, and cordially acknowledged by those who benefited thereby.

The excitement over these new arrivals seemed to reach its climax when it was known that Dr. Milroy had been summoned hastily to Ivy Lodge. Curiosity would not be restrained by any considerations of good taste, and Dr. Milroy found himself besieged upon all sides by inquiries regarding the mysterious family.

"It would seem, mother," he said, after a day of visiting, as he sat down to a cozy dinner-table with a stately, white-haired lady, "as if the good people of Topham thought the high iron railings of the grounds of Ivy Lodge shut in the orgies and giants of our fairy-tale lore. You have no idea what absurd questions I have been asked. I took a wicked delight in pleading professional secrecy, especially when the Misses Mason invented nervous headaches for the express purpose of trying to win my confidence on the subject of the mysterious family."

"What did you find mysterious, Harold?"

"Absolutely nothing. After driving up the avenue to the house, I was shown into a handsome parlor, where an old gentleman was reading aloud to a lady engaged in embroidery. The gentleman rose at once and greeted me, introducing himself as my patient, while the lady, after a courteous salute, retired."

"But your message was urgent."

"The case is urgent. My patient has a chronic disease that is dangerously violent at times. He had been suffering from one of the spasms, but had conquered it before I arrived. Still, he felt the need of some active treatment, and I have undertaken the case."

And in future conversations upon the subject the doctor had no more mysterious matter to relate. Yet as time passed on, Mrs. Milroy felt that her son, in whose love her life seemed wrapped, was changed. The secret of the mysterious house, whatever it might be, was evidently pressing upon the naturally frank nature, and the mother was shut out from the free confidence of old.

Could she have opened a small diary in the doctor's private desk, a few extracts from its pages might have revealed his secret, if no more.

"*Sept.*—, 18—.—I have called again upon the old general, and again I have seen the beautiful, sad face I can never forget. It is strange that this face should impress me as none have ever done before. It may be the wonderful beauty of feature, the rare combination of golden hair and large black eyes, with finely penciled black eyebrows and sweeping black lashes; it may be the deep pallor of the exquisite face, that yet does not look sickly. She is so lovely, so graceful and so young, that it deepens the interest in that intense mournfulness of expression. I have seen bitter grief in my profession, weeping sorrow and deep anguish, yet I never saw a face where profound melancholy was so impressed as it is upon that of Blanche Carleton. It is as if that childlike mouth, so painfully sad, could never smile; as if those great dark eyes, so solemn and wistful, could never lighten or flash with the gayety suited to her years. She is not more than twenty, though her heavy mourning dress makes her appear older.

"The old general seems pleased to have some one from the outside world to converse with, and a charming companion he is. He has traveled far and wide, and is evidently a scholar as well as a hero. I shall accept his invitation to spend an evening with him occasionally, and perhaps see more of the sad, sweet face of his daughter."

"*Sept.* —, 18—.—I have had a long evening of pleasant social conversation with General Carleton and his daughter. When I first entered the room, the lady rose from her seat, as usual, to leave us; but upon her father's assurance that my visit was not professional, she resumed her work. As we conversed, she lifted those wondrous eyes, and, little by little, joined us. I was amazed at her thoughtful words, her earnest interest in the discussions her father started.

"It is rare to see a girl, young and beautiful, able to enter into the subject of politics, domestic and foreign, of scientific discoveries and researches, and the works of such writers as Carlyle, Macaulay, and the thinking authors of English literature. Yet when her father was at a loss for a line from Tennyson, it was her sweet, low voice that quoted it. But not once did her face lose its deadly whiteness, not once did the lips smile, or the eyes lose their mournful pathos.

"What can have clouded that young life so deeply, yet left the father comparatively cheerful, in spite of his broken health? Can that cheerful house inclose some hideous secret, that—— Pshaw! I am as bad as the old maids of Topham, and their name is legion."

"*Sept.* —, 18—.—Have I found a clew to the mystery of Ivy Lodge? Surely I am not so silly as to have my brain turned by Topham gossip; yet the events of the morning point to some strange secret in General Carleton's household. I had promised to call during the week, to learn the effect of the new remedies I am trying for the insidious, dangerous disease that is sapping the old gentleman's life; and, having a spare hour, I walked over to the house.

"The man at the porter's lodge opened the gate in silence, and I walked slowly toward the house. As I passed a small summer-house, I heard a voice—a voice I have heard in low, sweet tones—raised in cries of anguish, so profound that my heart seemed to stop as I listened. Involuntarily I approached a few steps nearer, and saw a middle-aged woman seated in the summer-house, while at her feet knelt Blanche Carleton, her face half-hidden in her hands, rocking to and fro, and wailing words of bitter grief.

"'Stephen! Stephen! come back to me! See the blood upon his hair! See the horrible bullet-hole in his breast! Stephen! Stephen! they have killed you! My love! my love! Oh, my heart! will it never break, and let me die! Stephen! Stephen!'

"Ever the refrain to her heart-rending cries was 'Stephen! Stephen!'

"But the horror of the scene was that, for the time at least, the beautiful girl was mad.

"The splendid golden hair, that makes a glory around her pale face, swept the floor as she knelt. She had put aside her mourning, and wore a white dress, while a long lace vail was wrapped like a shawl around her.

"I dared not intrude. Shuddering with horror, I went to the house. General Carleton was alone in the library, and I remained with him nearly an hour. As I passed from the room to the hall-door, Blanche Carleton, with her usual mourning-dress and quiet, sad manner, met me with a courteous 'good-morning!'

"The paroxysm of distress was evidently over, but I could not forget the words of anguish I had heard.

"Was it a brother, or a lover, she mourned so constantly, and at times so madly? Were the pale face and black dress tokens of sisterly love, or did her heart grieve over lost love? How did Stephen die? I must find some answer to the mystery, for, mad, sudden, unavailing as my love may be, I feel that it is given to Blanche Carleton."

"*Sept.* —, 18—.—Another delightful evening at Ivy Lodge, and I know that whatever the past may hold of pain or sorrow for her, of misery for me, that I love Blanche Carleton. Why? Ah, me! Love will not be defined and explained. Do I love her beauty, her sadness, her madness? I love her! I could kneel and worship the pure, saint-like face. I could pour out my heart's blood, if it would wash out the sorrow from her life. I am mad to give her every throb of my heart, knowing nothing of her life, yet I could die if only once her lips were pressed to mine, and I knew she loved me."

"*Nov.* —, 18—.—Six weeks since I have written in my diary—six weeks of delirious happiness, for I have seen Blanche every day, sometimes twice or thrice.

"General Carleton has been very ill, needing my care every day, and his daughter has been his constant attendant and nurse. In the hours we have passed in trying to alleviate his suffering, I have learned to know more of the noble nature of the pale, devoted daughter. Every interview has made my love more tender, and a hope sprang up weeks ago that she is learning, too, to love me. Rarely, yet sometimes, I have won a sweet smile from her lips, and I am certain the vail of sorrow is slowly lifting. Still more deeply is the certainty impressed upon me that her mind is again clear and sound. It is a mystery my professional skill refuses to solve, the sudden recovery I witnessed after so severe an attack as that in the summer-house; but I feel that it was temporary, and the mind is again even and true.

"General Carleton is gaining strength so fast, that I shall soon be obliged to cease daily visits; but I shall continue to see Blanche as often as possible, to woo her love, to ask her, for my sake, to forget the Stephen she has honored so deeply."

"*Dec.* —, 18—.—I am writing in a dream! What have I seen to-night? How can I live? How can I indite the mad thoughts that whirl through my brain? Blanche! Blanche! She will die! I have seen the wound her own hand made in the white bosom; I have drawn the knife away that her own rash act plunged into her breast. I left her sleeping, and I must return to see her die! She cannot live. Too truly has she driven the gleaming steel home! Only a few hours more of earth for my love, my darling!

"When the terrified servant told me Miss Carleton had stabbed herself and I must come, I did not believe fate could be so cruel. Did I drive her to the desperate end? Did she love me, and fear to offend the lover for whom she had mourned? I must return. Heaven grant my own reason does not desert me! She will die—die a suicide's death, fill a suicide's grave! My Blanche! God help me in the next hour!"

"*Dec.* —, 18—.—I am at home once more, and on the page before me are the ravings of a few short hours ago. I was mad with despairing misery, and now tears of tender pity and intense thankfulness fill my eyes. Let me write the record of the night calmly, thanking heaven for my deep happiness.

"I returned to Ivy Lodge after a brief visit to my office, in which I vainly tried to gain some semblance of calmness. I found my patient raving in wildest delirium, and the constant cry of the white lips was 'Stephen! Stephen!' General Carleton was with his daughter, and in an adjoining room I could hear the sound of bitter but subdued weeping. As the strength of the dying girl gradually deserted her, I could see that reason was once more returning to the wild, burning eyes. Softly the light returned to them, till, resting her look on the general, she whispered:

"'Father!'

"The old man bent over the child, whose own hand had brought her to the grave, too deeply moved to speak.

"'Will day ever come?' she said, in a low voice. 'It has been a long, dark night.'

"'A long, dark night, my darling,' he answered, tenderly; 'but day is coming soon, very soon.'

"'Mamma!' she said, to my amazement, for I had heard Blanche say her mother had been two years dead.

"'Mamma will come with daylight,' said her father, and I knew then he meant the perfect day of Paradise.

"'Father,' she said again, 'did Stephen die?—has he gone from me for ever?'

"'Dearest, Stephen is with your mother.'

"'And I shall see him!' she cried, rapturously. 'Blanche! Blanche!'

"And then, to my utter bewilderment, my Blanche came from the adjoining room, her face convulsed with grief, and bent over the dying girl.

"'Blanche,' she said, gently, 'dear, dear sister, Stephen is coming! Day is nearly here. Mother, Stephen, and daylight! I will be patient! But it was a long, dark night!'

'And softly murmuring, she sank to sleep, to awaken again in the arms of her beloved dead.

"I caught Blanche as she reeled fainting from the bed, and carried her gently to her own room. When she revived I gave her an anodyne, and left her with her sister's nurse, while the old gentleman, seeing my bewilderment, led me to the library, and there explained the mystery.

"'We were wrong, perhaps, doctor,' he said, 'to keep our painful secret from you; but Blanche shrank so from having it known that I yielded to her desire for seclusion. It is scarcely necessary to tell you my dear girls were twin sisters, though Blanche was always stronger and more intellectual than poor Rose. Rose was delicate from a child, and I think her mind was never perfectly balanced. Both Mrs. Carleton and myself were fond of travel, and we spent the most of our married life in Europe, where both the girls were educated. We were in Paris, where Rose became attached to a Stephen le Clerc, a French nobleman, who was all I could desire for my child's happiness. The wedding-day was appointed, when the Franco-German war broke out, and Stephen joined the army. The order allowing Americans to leave the besieged city was promulgated when our poor child was fast becoming demented from the horrors around us. Stephen obtained permission to escort us to the city limits, and was seated beside Rose in the carriage, when some infuriated member of a mob, supposing he was deserting his country, shot him through the heart, and, firing again, wounded him in the face. He fell across the lap of his betrothed and died. From that hour reason left the brain of my poor child, and the horror of this, added to her previous privation, caused the death of her mother.

"'We came here, after vainly trying every means of cure for the poor bewildered brain, and in the large house and grounds, under the care of a nurse, my poor girl has been comparatively quiet. We cannot tell what caused the sudden frenzy of this morning; but, before the nurse suspected her design, she had seized a carving-knife from the table in the kitchen, and had plunged it into her side. It might have been she saw the knife from the garden, for she ran hastily across the walk and grasped the knife through an open door.

"'You may know, doctor, of the deep sympathy between twin sisters; but unless you can see it yourself, you can never realize how deeply Blanche has suffered. I have never seen her smile since Stephen died, and every wail of her sister's grief was a stab in her own loving heart. She has been a most devoted sister in these dark years, but I trust will live through this last trial. I build my hope on you, for my child loves you.'

"So I left her sleeping, with her father's words to treasure in my heart."

Spring was opening again when the gossips of Topham ascertained that General Carleton and his daughter were about to return to Ivy Lodge, after a Winter spent in Florida. Miss Carleton, who was in deep affliction after the death of an invalid sister, upon whose account she had lived in such strict seclusion, was reported to be recovering, and Topham ready to offer friendly sympathy.

But Topham was scarcely prepared to offer up its favorite physician at the Carleton shrine, however it might forgive former injuries, and Topham scarcely approved of seeing Dr. Milroy's constant attentions to the beautiful girl at Ivy Lodge.

Christmas snows were on the ground when Topham was propitiated by invitations to a wedding at Ivy Lodge, where Dr. Milroy was the proud bridegroom of a beautiful bride, whose sweet face had lost its deathly pallor, and the deep mournful expression of the sad past.

The old general and Mrs. Milroy both reside with the young couple, and there is a cheerful happiness fast obliterating the painful memories connected with Ivy Lodge.

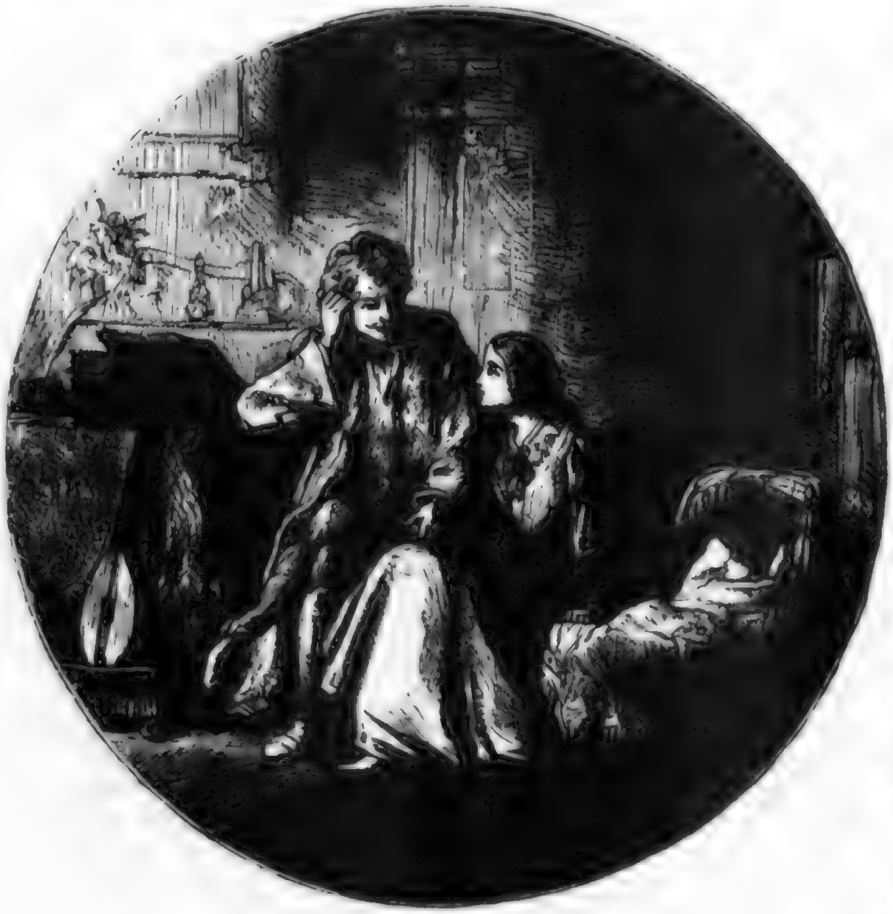
CHRONOLOGY OF PLANTS.

A FRUIT is represented on the sculptures of Assyria which has been conjectured to be the pineapple. Whatever it may be, it cannot possibly be the pineapple, which is a native of Peru, and has not been known in the Old World for more than a hundred years.

On the paintings of Ajunta there is a fruit which can only be taken to represent a custard apple, which it cannot really be, as the custard apple is a native of South America, and was only introduced into India after the discovery by Da Gama of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope.

A large number of American plants were introduced into the East by the Portuguese, and it is very desirable to collect the first notices of these plants by native writers and European travelers in India. Before the Portuguese, the Arabs succeeded in introducing an immense number of Egyptian and East African plants into India; and the first notices of them in India by Hindoo and Mohammedan writers would be of the highest interest.

After the English and Dutch had found their way to the East Indies, in the seventeenth century, the flora of the tropical world was laid before the view of all Europe, and scientific societies were everywhere formed. Systematic botany was gradually built up by the labors of Morison, Hermann, Ray, Magnolius and Tournefort, and the migrations of plants from country to country were carefully and indelibly recorded, and so widely published as to have become a subject of popular knowledge.



DOMESTIC BLISS.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

THERE is a sacred spot on earth,
Which antedates the joys above:
It is to sit when toil is o'er
With those we love.

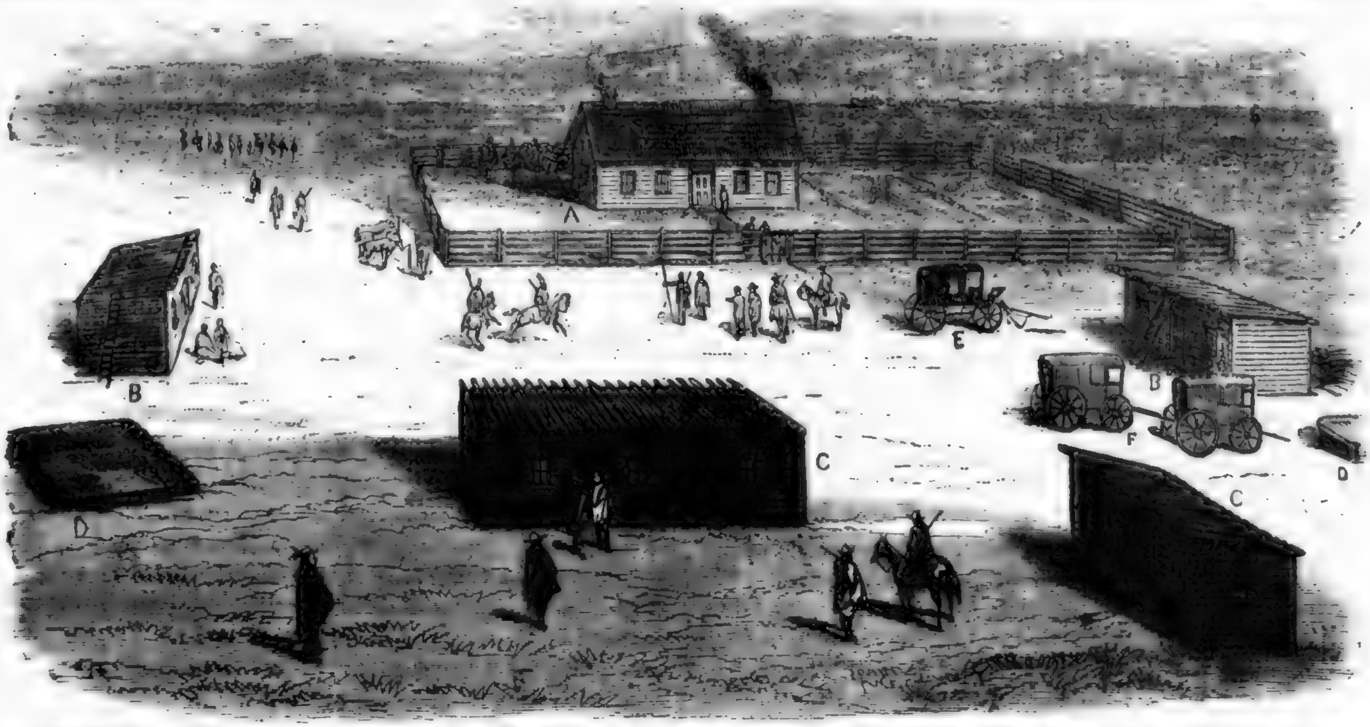
Oft in my waking dreams I sit,
With the dear darlings of my life,
And gaze upon those treasured gems—
My child and wife!

The fleeting pleasures of the world
Like darkening shadows, fade away,
And give us glimpses of the bliss
Which scorns decay.

Oh, wedded love! God's dearest gift
To render all his creatures blest;
'Tis only 'neath its smile we taste
A perfect rest.

DO NOTHING as if it were trifling; slur no part of your work; in everything seek to do your best. Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well.

ALL prosperous men can give good counsel, and like to do it—it costs them nothing. It is easy to declaim against feasting when the stomach is full.



(A) Residence. (B) Store-houses. (C) Dwelling and Mess Houses of Mexican Employes. (D) Underground Store-rooms for Vegetables. (E) Carriage Presented by Governor McCook. (F) Farm and Freight Wagons.

RESIDENCE OF OURAY, CHIEF OF THE TABEQUACHE UTES, AND HEAD-MAN OF THE UTE NATION.

THE UTE MASSACRE.

Flashed along the wires a ghastly tale of massacre; flashed along the wires the death-moans of brave men; flashed along the wires the shrieks of despairing women; flashed along the wires the cries of desolate children—came the shock on a bright October day, and a thrill of agony swept over the land, as, with quivering lip and bated breath, we spoke of the fiendish malignity of the bloodthirsty Utes!

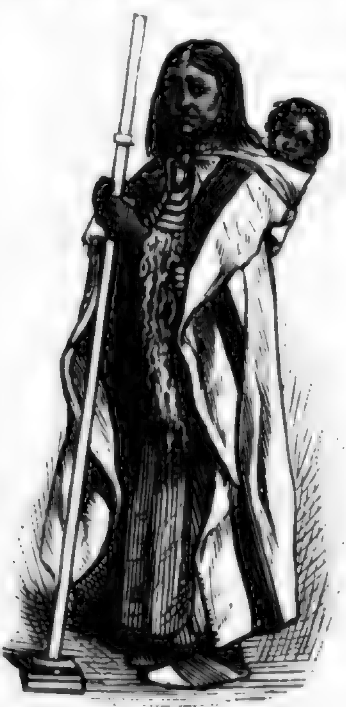
The dispatch announcing the attack on Thornburgh's command ran thus:

Milk River, Col., Sept. 29th, 8:30 P. M.
Via Rawlins, Oct. 1st, 1879.

Assistant Adjutant-General's Department of the Platte, Omaha, Neb.

This command, composed of three companies of cavalry, was met a mile south of Milk River by several hundred Ute Indians, who attacked and drove us to the wagon-train, which had parted with us, with great loss. It becomes my painful duty to announce the death of Major Thornburgh, who fell in harness; the painful, but not serious, wounding of about twenty-five men and teamsters. I am now corraled near water, with three-quarters of our animals killed. After a desperate fight since twelve o'clock, M., we hold our position at this hour. I shall strengthen it during the night, and I believe that we can hold out till reinforcements reach us, if they are hurried through. The officers and men behaved with the greatest gallantry. I am also slightly wounded in two places.

Payne, Commanding.



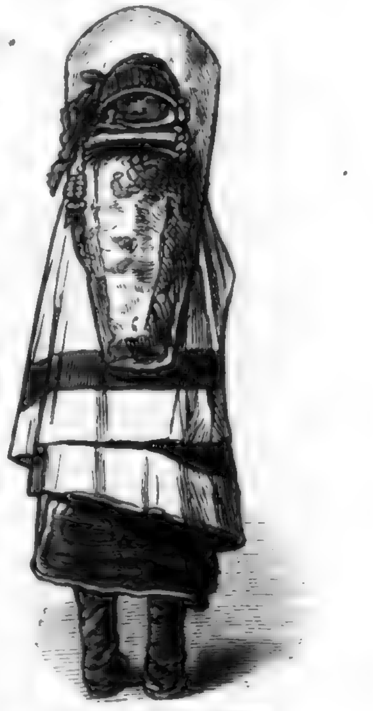
A UTE SQUAW.

In addition to this flashed the terrible tidings that Agent Meeker and all the whites at the agency had been murdered—Mrs. Meeker and Josephine, her daughter; Frank and Harry Dresser, Edward L. Mansfield, W. H. Post; Mr. and Mrs. Price and two children; Frank Shepherd, George Eaton, and a son of T. F. Thompson.

A wave of agony swept across the length and breadth of this vast continent, as these terrible words came to be realized. Then the hot blood of anger leaped high in every heart, and rose the cry for "vengeance!"

The Utahs, or Utes, are a large tribe of Indians belonging to the Shoshone family, and roaming over a great part of New Mexico, Utah, Colorado and Nevada. They are hunter-tribes, hardy, athletic and brave, where game abounds; but some bands in sterile parts, where there are only sage-rabbits, roots, seeds, etc., are wretchedly poor. The men wear long braided cues, while the hair of the women is short. Most of the work is done by women, and the Indians, in some bands, sell their wives and children to neighboring tribes. They are filthy in their habits; and their arms range from the original club, bow and lance to good rifles.

Of late years the principal bands, for they vary, are the Tabequache, Muache, Capote, Weeminuche, Yampa, Grand River and Uintah bands, in Colorado and New Mexico; the Pi Edes, Pi Utes, Elk Mountain Utes and Shebo Ucher, in the south and east of Utah; and the Weber Utes, Timpanagos, Sanpitches, Pahvants and Goshutes in other parts of the territory. They have generally been friendly to the whites, though at times some bands have plundered emigrants on the plains. The bands in Utah were at first friendly to the Mormons, till, after an attack by Walker's band, a body of



CARRYING A PAPOOSE.

volunteers defeated them, killing and taking many. A treaty was made with the Capotes in 1855, but some bands became hostile again. The Mohuaches declined to join the Mormons against the United States, but there was some fighting between the Utes and the miners at Pike's Peak; and Winnemucca defeated Major Ormsby at Truckee River in a well-fought battle.

By a treaty, June 8th, 1865, some of the bands ceded all their lands, the largest concession ever made by a tribe, and agreed to go on reservations; but a bad spirit soon became manifest. Black Hawk, a chief of the Pah Utes, for several years carried on a bloody warfare. Sanpitch, chief of the tribe so called, was arrested for aiding Black Hawk, and killed in endeavoring to escape; and in October, 1866, Colonel Alexander defeated Ankotash, a Mohuache chief, killing many.

In 1866 a treaty was made with the Grand River Utes and Tabequaches to secure roads, etc. The reservation plan was carried out with so little judgment, that great suffering and general demoralization resulted. The treaty of 1865 guaranteed them $25,000 a year for ten years, $20,000 for twenty years, and $15,000 for thirty years. The Goship Utes have $1,000 a year for twenty years, under treaty of October 12th, 1863.

It was found that valuable mines existed on the Ute reservation in Colorado; and under the Act of April 23d, 1872, for reducing the reservation, the Secretary of the Interior was authorized to contract with the tribe for a part of it. The Indians on the reservation at last consented, and they ceded 4,000,000 acres for $25,000 a year for ever. Very soon, however, Miller, one of the Indian agents, was killed by two Utes; and this, with theft of stock by the Capotes, led to a collision between them and the United States troops.

This outbreak is but a repetition of the old story. Parties of miners invaded the reservation in June last, prospecting for precious metals; then some of the Indians sallied out from the reservation, committing incendiary acts. Troops were called for, and things calmed down for awhile. Finally, seeing Agent Meeker plowing new ground around the agency buildings, in White River, the chiefs became madly alarmed and obstreperous. A call was made for troops on the 8th of September, and during the last week in that month three companies of cavalry started with a supply train from Rawlins, on the Union Pacific Railroad, for the White River Agency, over a hundred miles to the south. Within twenty-five miles of their destination, the troops were met in a difficult cañon on Milk Creek by the hostile bands. By a cleverly contrived attack, a large body of Indians got in the rear of the troops, who were advancing to charge their first assailants.

The field of battle was admirably chosen for defense by the Indians, and had it not been for Major Thornburgh's advance guard, commanded by Lieutenant Cherry, discovering the ambuscade, the entire command would have been annihilated. He saw a small party of Indians disappear over a hill half a mile in front, and at once divided his party to reconnoitre, and only discovered the Indians when he had flanked their position by about two hundred yards. Lieutenant Cherry rode back at full speed with one or two men who were with him, and notified Major Thornburgh, who had already begun the descent into the deep ravine which was intended to engulf the command. The Indians were dismounted and lying down along the crest of the high, steep ridge for a hundred yards from the point where the deadly assault would have commenced. The troops were withdrawn a short distance, dismounted, and deployed in line of battle.

Lieutenant Cherry was here ordered by Thornburgh to take a detachment of fifteen picked men and make a reconnoissance and communicate if possible with the Indians, as it was thought that they only desired to oppose his approach to their agency, and would parley or have a "big talk" if they could be communicated with. Cherry moved out at a gallop with his men from the right flank, and noticed a like movement of about twenty Indians from the left of the Indian position. He approached to within a couple of hundred yards of the Indians, and took off his hat and waved it; but the response was a shot fired at him, wounding a man of his party and killing his horse. This was the first shot, and was instantly followed by a volley from the Indians.

The work had now begun in real earnest, and seeing the advantage of the position he held, Lieutenant Cherry dismounted his detachment and deployed along the crest of the hills to prevent the Indians flanking his position, or to cover the retreat, if it was found necessary to retire upon the wagon-train, which was then coming up slowly, guarded by Lieutenant Paddock, Company D, Fifth Cavalry. Orders were sent to park the wagons, and cover them with the company guarding them. The two companies in the advance were Captain Payne's, Company F, Fifth Cavalry, and Captain Lawson's, Company E, Third Cavalry, which were dismounted and deployed as skirmishers, Captain Payne on the left and Captain Lawson on the right. From Lieutenant Cherry's position he could see the Indians were trying to cut him off from the wagons, and at once sent word to Major Thornburgh, who then withdrew the line slowly, keeping the Indians in check until opposite the point which his men held, when, seeing that the Indians were concentrating to cut off his retreat, Captain Payne, with Company F, Fifth Cavalry, was ordered to charge the hill, which he did in gallant style, his horse being shot under him and several of his men wounded.

The Indians having been driven from this point, the company was rallied on the wagon-train. Major Thornburgh then gave orders to Lieutenant Cherry to hold his position and cover Captain Lawson's retreat, who was ordered to fall back slowly with the horses of his company. Cherry called for volunteers of twenty men, who responded promptly and fought with desperation. Their names were given in a later dispatch, as nearly every man was wounded before he reached the camp. Two men were killed. Cherry brought every wounded man in with him. Captain Lawson, the brave old veteran, displayed the greatest coolness and courage during this retreat, sending up ammunition to Cherry's men when, once, they were nearly without it. Major Thornburgh started back to the wagon-train after giving his final orders to Captain Payne to charge the hill and to Captain Lawson and Lieutenant Cherry to cover the retreat. He was shot dead when barely half-way there, as his body was seen by one of Captain Lawson's men, life extinct, lying on his face.

Captain Payne, then in command, at once set about having the wounded horses shot, to be used for breastworks, dismantling the wagons of boxes and bundles of bedding, corn and flour sacks, which were quickly piled up for fortifications. Picks and shovels were used vigorously for digging intrenchments. Meantime, a galling fire was concentrated upon the command from all the surrounding bluffs which commanded the position. Not an Indian could be seen, but the incessant cracks of their Sharp and Winchester rifles dealt fearful destruction among the horses and men.

On Wednesday, October 1st, the besieged men were suddenly alarmed by heavy and responsive firing, but

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approaching their position. Sharper and nearer came the rattling, desultory discharges, and soon afterward, dismounted and leading their horses, which fell fast under the Ute rifles, they saw a colored troop of cavalry approach and force its way into the barricade. It proved to be Captain Dodge's company, numbering forty-five men, of the Ninth (colored) Cavalry. Their approach had been most dangerous and difficult, but hearing of the situation, they had persisted without halting and without fear.

During the remainder of the six days' siege, they shared the miserable perils and discomforts with patience that cannot be too highly praised.

At five o'clock on the morning of the 5th, General Merritt relieved the command, having marched his men about 170 miles over "the worst road ever traveled" in a little more than forty-eight hours. He found the command much as reported in the original dispatches. The casualties were twelve killed and forty-three wounded. All the animals of the command were killed, except twelve mules and three horses of the four companies of cavalry.

General Merritt reached the agency on the 13th of October, and found it in ruins, with the embers of the buildings still smoldering. A hideous spectacle was displayed before the command. Agent Meeker's body, dragged a hundred yards away from the blackened ruins of his house, was found lying on the ground with a trace-chain tightly drawn in a loop around the throat. One side of the head had been crushed by some heavy missile, and the whole aspect of the old man's remains proved the mingled ferocity and brutality of his assassins. Seven bodies of men littered the premises. Three were burned to a crisp, and four were killed and stripped, or partially denuded. Those recognized were Mr. Post, formerly secretary to the Greeley Colony, shot through the head twice; Mr. Shepherd, shot through the left breast; Mr. Price, a man of about thirty years of age, in the employ of the agency, whose wife was employed as cook—shot through the head; E. W. Eskridge, a lawyer by profession, previously engaged in the banking business at Marshalltown, Iowa; Mr. Thompson, and Frank Dresser. There were no signs of the females or children of the agency, and strong men blanched as they thought of the fate worse than death that awaited the captives.

For days no tidings came of the missing women and children; for days nothing came but conflicting telegrams, that seemed but to add to the horrible suspense; for days Merritt's name was in the mouth of man, woman and child. The women and children might be detained as hostages. Woe—dire woe to every living Ute, if those women suffered wrong! At length, on October 21st, flashed the news from Charles Adams, Special Agent, to Mr. Secretary Schurz at Washington.

> "I arrived last night at Ouray's camp, and am now making preparations to go to the camp of Douglass, between Grand and Gunnison Rivers, with an escort of Indians, to secure the captive women and children, who, I have assurances, are safe, and will be delivered."

At last flashed the news that, after a captivity of twenty-two days, during which they passed through a terrible ordeal, Mrs. Meeker, with her daughter Josephine, and Mrs. Price and her two children, had arrived at Los Pinos agency.

Let the heroine, Josephine Meeker, daughter of the murdered agent, tell the terrible story in her own way:

The first I heard of any trouble with the Indians at my father's agency, was the firing at Mr. Price while he was plowing for Indian crops, according to Government instructions. The Indians had the idea, and said, that as soon as the land was plowed it would cease to belong to the Utes. Secretly, however, the Utes were preparing for the massacre, for just before Eskridge left with the Indians, a runner was seen rushing up to the tent of Douglass with what I have since learned was news of the soldiers fighting. Half an hour later, twenty armed Indians came to the agency from the camp of Douglass, and began firing.

I was in the kitchen with my mother, washing the dishes. It was after noon. I looked out of the window and saw the Utes shooting the boys who were working on the new building. Mrs. Price was at the door washing clothes. She rushed in and took Johnnie, the baby, to fly. Just then Frank Dresser, an employé, staggered in, shot through the leg. I said:

"Here, Frank, is Mr. Price's gun."

It lay on the bed. He took it, and, just as we were fleeing out by the door, the windows were smashed in and half-a-dozen shots were fired into the room. Frank Dresser fired and killed Johnson's brother. We ran into the milk-room, which had only one small window, and locked the door and hid under a shelf. Firing went on for several hours at intervals. There was no shouting, no noise, but frequent firing.

While waiting in this horrid suspense, Dresser said he had gone to the employés' rooms, where all guns were stored, but found them stolen. In the intervals of shooting Dresser would exclaim:

"There goes one of the Government guns!"

Their sound was quite different from those of the Indians. We staid in the milk-room until it began to fill with smoke. The sun was half an hour high.

I took May Price, three years old, and we all ran to father's room. It was not disturbed. The papers and books were just as he left them. "Pepys' Diary" lay open on the table. We knew the building would be burned, and ran across Douglass Avenue for a field of sage-brush beyond the plowed ground. The Utes were so busy stealing the annuity goods that they did not see us at first. About thirty of them, loaded with blankets, were carrying them toward Douglass camp, near the river. We had gone one hundred yards when the Utes saw us. They threw down the blankets and came running toward us, firing as they came. Bullets whizzed as thick as grasshoppers around us. I do not think they intended to kill us—only to frighten us—but they tried to shoot Frank Dresser, who had almost reached the sage-brush.

Mother was hit by a bullet, which went through her underclothing and made a flesh wound three inches long. As the Indians came nearer they shouted:

"We no shoot. Come to us!"

I had the little girl, and the Indian named Pursune said for me to go with him. He and another Ute seized me by the arms and started toward the river. An Uncompahgre Indian took Mrs. Price and her baby, and mother was taken to the headquarters of Douglass. We came to a wide irrigating canal which father had had the Indians build. I said I could not cross it. The Indians answered by pushing me through the water. I had on only moccasins, and the water and mud were deep. The baby waded too, and both of us came out wet to the skin.

As we were walking in, Chief Johnson came and pushed away Pursune, and, in great anger, told him to give me up. I understood some of the language. Pursune refused to surrender me. Hot words ensued, and I feared the men would fight for a moment. I thought I would ask Douglass to take me, but as both were drunk, I kept silent, and afterward was glad I did not go.

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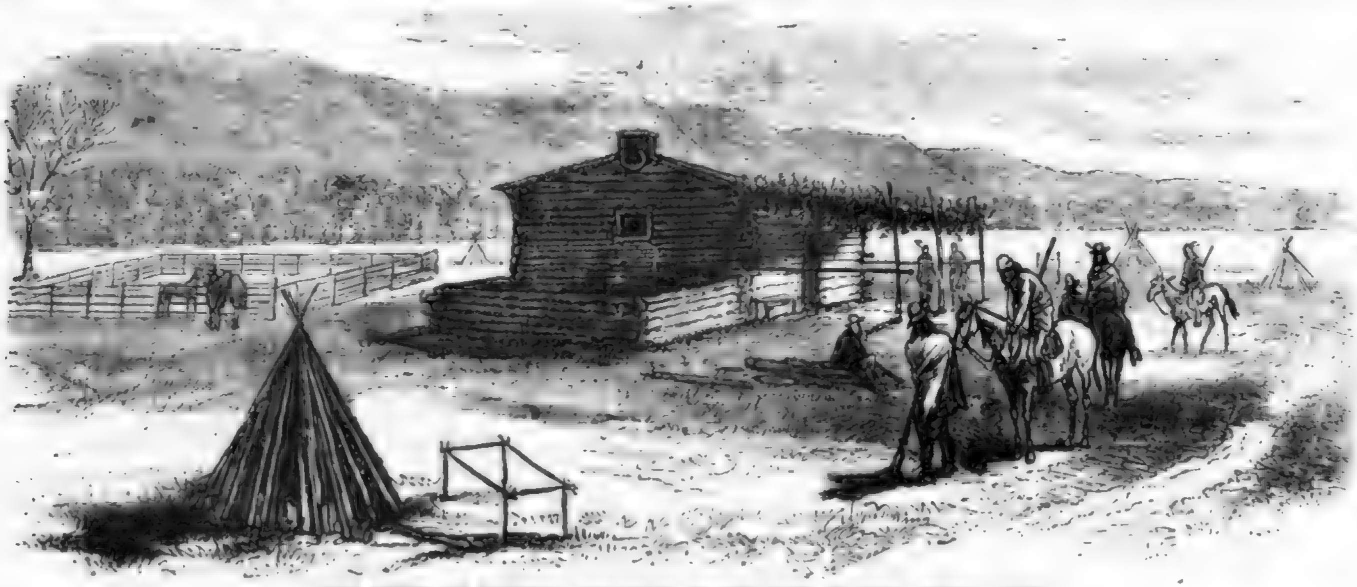
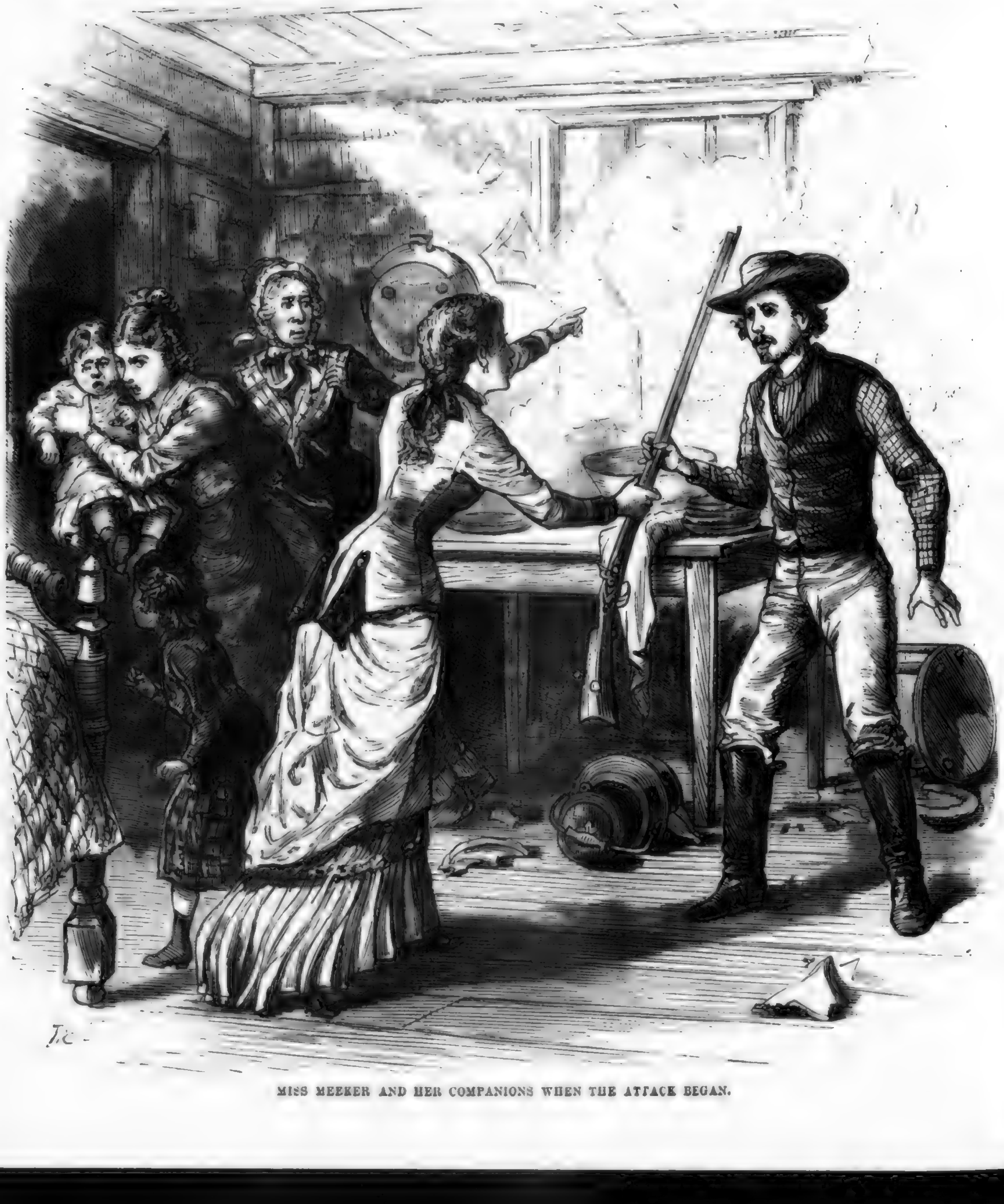
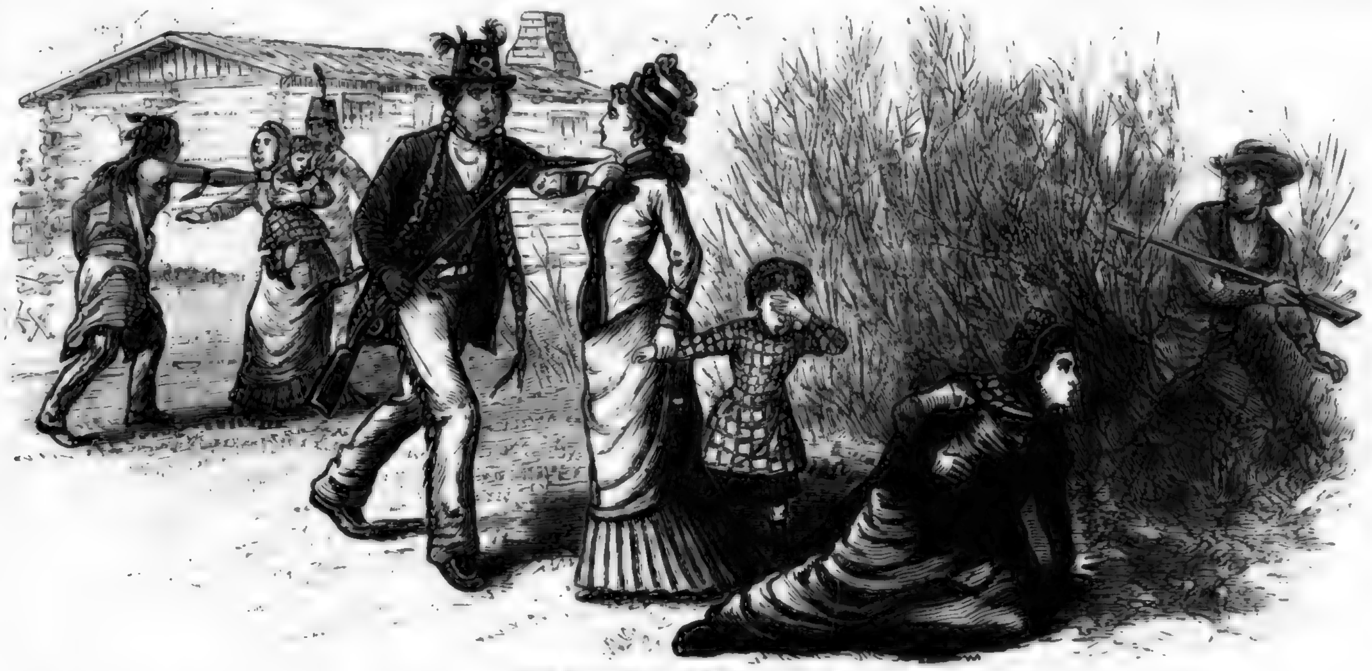


THE HOUSE OF JOHNSON, SUB-CHIEF OF THE UTES ON THE AGENCY FARM.



MISS MEEKER AND HER COMPANIONS WHEN THE ATTACK BEGAN.

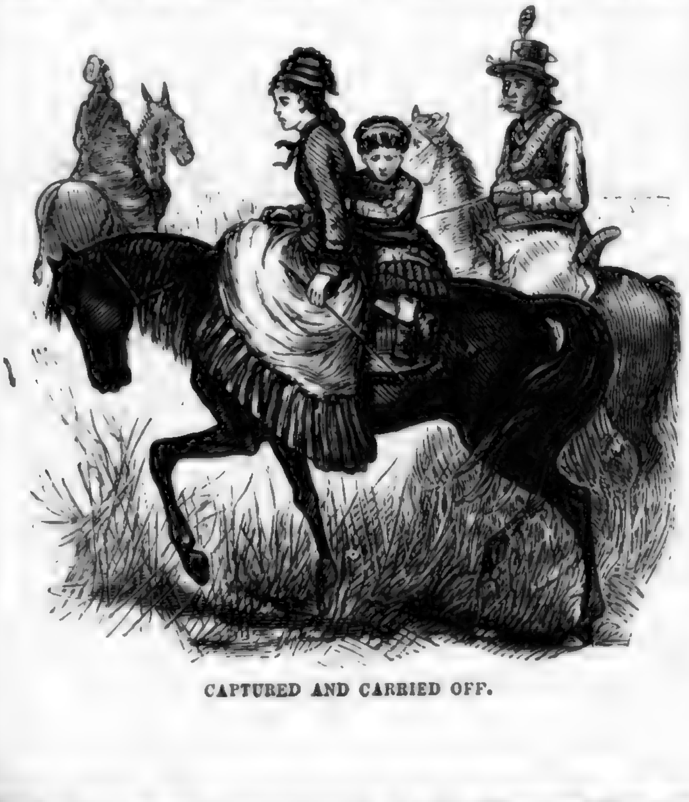


THE FLIGHT TO THE SAGE-BRUSH.

Douglass finally went away, and we walked on toward the river. Before reaching the stream, not more than two hundred yards away, both my conductors pulled out bottles and drank twice. No whisky was sold at the agency. The bottles were not agency bottles. The Indian, Pursune, took me to where his ponies were standing by the river, and seated me on a pile of blankets while he went for more. The Indians were now on all sides. I could not escape. Pursune packed his effects, all stolen from the agency, on a government mule which was taller than a tall man.

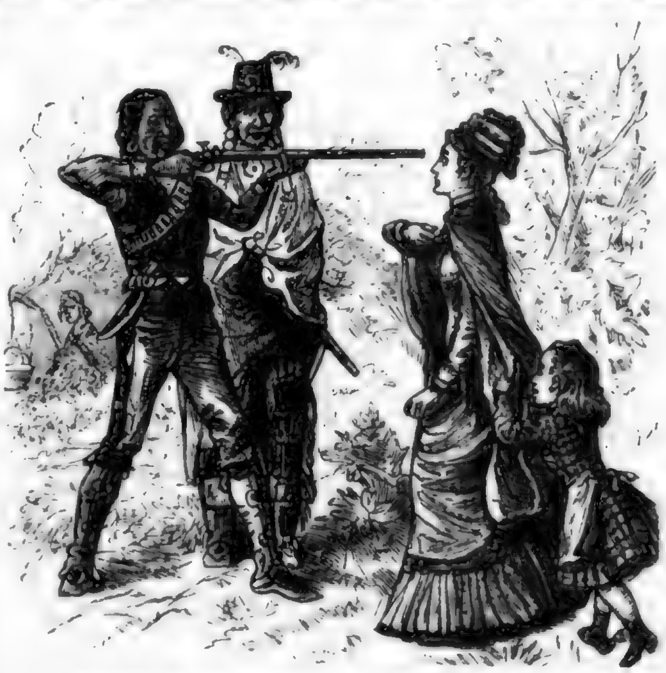
He had two mules, stolen from the agency. It was now sundown. Packing was finished at dark, and we started for the wilderness of the south. I rode a horse with a saddle, but no bridle. The halter strap was so short that it dropped continually. The child was lashed behind me. Pursune and his assistant rode each side of me, driving the pack-mules ahead. About twenty other Indians were in the party.

Mother came later, riding bareback behind Douglass, both on one horse. She was sixty-four years old, feeble in health, wounded, and not recovered from a broken thigh caused by a fall two years ago. Chief Douglass gave her neither horse, saddle nor blankets. We followed the river, and on the other side Pursune brought me a hatful of water to drink. We trotted along until nine o'clock, when we halted for half an hour. All the Indians dismounted, and blankets were spread on the ground, and I laid down to rest, with mother lying not far from me.



CAPTURED AND CARRIED OFF.

Chief Douglass was considerably excited, and made a speech to me with many gestures and great emphasis. He recited his grievances and explained why the massacre began. He said Thornburgh told the Indians that he was going to arrest the head chiefs, take them to Fort Steele and put them in the calaboose—perhaps hang them. He said my father had written all the letters to the Denver papers and circulated wild reports about what the Indians would do, as set forth by the Western press, and that he was responsible for all the hostility against the Indians among the whites in the West.



DOUGLASS THREATENING TO SHOOT MISS MEEKER.

He said pictures of the agent and all his family, women and children, had been found on Thornburgh's body just before the attack on the agency, and the pictures were covered with blood, and showed marks of knives on different parts of the bodies. The throats were cut. The one

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of the agent had a bullet-hole in his head. He said I was represented in one of the pictures as shot through the breast. Douglass said my father had made these pictures, representing the prospective fate of his family, and sent them to Washington to be used to influence the soldiers and hurry troops forward to fight the Indians.

This remarkable statement, strange as it may seem, was afterward told me by a dozen different Indians, and the recital and the particulars were always the same.

While Douglass was telling this, he stood in front of me with his gun, and his anger was dreadful. Then he shouldered his gun and walked up and down before me in the moonlight, and imitated the employés who had kept guard at the agency for three nights before the massacre. He mocked them, and sneered and laughed at them, and said he was "a heap big Indian." Then he sang English songs which he had heard the boys sing in their rooms at the agency. He sang the negro melody, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and asked me if I understood. I told him I did. He had the words and tune perfectly committed.

He said father had always been writing to Washington. He always saw him writing when he came to the agency. It was write, write, write all day, he said. Then he swore a fearful oath in English, and said if the soldiers had not come and threatened the Indians with Fort Steele and the calaboose, and threatened to kill the other Indians at White River, the agent wouldn't have been massacred.

Then the brave chief, Douglass, who had eaten at our table that very day, walked off a few feet, returned and placed his loaded gun to my forehead three times, and asked me if I was going to run away.

I told him I was not afraid of him nor of death, and should not run away.

When he found his repeated threats could not frighten me, all the other Indians turned on him and laughed at him, and made so much fun of him that he sneaked off and went over to frighten my mother. I heard her cry, "Oh!" and I supposed that she thought some terrible fate had befallen me. I shouted to her that I was not hurt; that she need not be afraid; that they were only trying to scare her. The night was still, but I heard no response. The Indians looked at each other.

All hands took a drink around my bed; then they saddled their horses, and Pursune led my horse to me, and knelt down on his hands and knees for me to mount my horse from his back. He always did this, and when he was absent his wife did it. I saw Pursune do the same gallant act once for his squaw, but it was only once, and none of the other Indians did it at all.

We urged our horses forward and journeyed in the moonlight through to the Grand Mountains, with the Indians talking in low tones among themselves. The little three-year-old May Price, who was fastened behind me, cried a few times, for she was cold and had had no supper, and her mother was away in Jack's camp, but the child was generally quiet. It was after midnight when we made the second halt in a deep and sombre cañon, with tremendous mountains towering on every side. Mother was not allowed to come up. Douglass kept her with him half a mile further down the ravine. Pursune had plenty of blankets, which were stolen from the agency. He spread some for my bed, and rolled up some for my pillow, and told me to retire.

Then the squaws came and laughed, and grinned and gibbered in their own grim way. We had reached the camp Douglass had chosen for the Indian women who had been sent to the cañon previous to the massacre. Jack's camp, where Mrs. Price was kept, was five or six miles away in another cañon.

When I had lain down on the blankets, two squaws, one old and one young, came to the bed, and sang and danced fantastically and joyously at my feet. The other Indians stood around, and when the women reached a certain part of their recitative they all broke into laughter. Toward the end of their song my captor, Pursune, gave each of them a newly stolen Government blanket, which they took and then went away. The strangeness and wild novelty of my position kept me awake until toward morning, when I fell into a doze, and did not awake until the sun was shining over the mountains. Next day Pursune went to fight the soldiers, and he placed me in charge of his wife with her three children.

That same day mother came to see me, in company with a little Indian girl. On Wednesday, the next day, Johnson went over to Jack's camp and brought back Mrs. Price and her baby to live in his camp. He said he had made it all right with the other Utes. We did not do anything but be around the various camps and listen to the talk of the squaws whose husbands were away fighting the soldiers.

On Wednesday, and on other days, one of Supanzisquait's three squaws put her hand on my shoulder, and said:

"Poor little girl, I feel so sorry; you have no father, and you are away off with the Utes so far from home."

She cried all the time, and said her own little child had just died and her heart was sore. When Mrs. Price came into camp another squaw took her baby, Johnny, into her arms and wept over him, and said in Ute that she felt very sorry for the captives.

Next day the squaws and the few Indians who were there packed up and moved the camp ten or twelve miles, into an exceedingly beautiful valley, with high mountains all around it. The grass was two feet high, and a stream of pure, soft water ran through the valley. The water was so cold I could scarcely drink it. Every night the Indians, some of whom had come back from the soldiers, had councils. Mr. Brady had just come up from the Uncompahgre Agency with a message from Chief Ouray for the Indians to stop fighting the soldiers. He had delivered the message, and this was why so many came back.

On Sunday most of them were in camp. They saw they had the soldiers hemmed in a cañon, and were merely guarding them. Pursune came back, wearing a pair of soldier's blue pantaloons with yellow stripes on the legs. He took them off and gave them to me for a pillow. His legs were protected with leggings, and he did not need them.

I asked the Indians before Brady came where the soldiers were. They replied that they were "still in that cellar," and the Indians were killing their ponies when they went for water in the night. They said:

"Indians stay on mountains and see white soldiers; soldiers no see Indian. White soldier not know how to fight."

One of their favorite amusements was to put on a negro soldier's cap, a short coat and blue pantaloons, and imitate the negroes in speech and walk. I could not help laughing, because they were so accurate in their personations. On Sunday they made a pile of sage-brush as large as a wash-stand, and put soldiers' clothes and a hat on the pile; then they danced a war-dance, and sang as they waltzed around it. They were in their best clothes, with plumes and fur dancing-caps, made of skunk skins and grizzly bear skins, with ornaments of eagle-feathers. Two or three began the dance, others joined, until a ring as large as a house was formed. There were some squaws, and all had knives. They charged on the pile of coats with their knives, and pretended that they would burn

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the brush. They became almost insane with frenzy and excitement. The dance lasted from two o'clock until sundown. Then they took the coats, and all went home.

On Sunday night Jack came and made a big speech, also Johnson. They said more troops were coming, and they recited what orders they say had been brought from Chief Ouray. They were in great commotion, and did not know what to do. They talked all night, and the next morning they struck half their tents, and put them up again. Part were for going away, part for staying. Jack's men were all day coming up into camp. They left on Tuesday for Grand River, and we had a long ride.

The cavalcade was fully two miles long. The wind blew a hurricane, and the dust was so thick we could not see ten feet back on the line, and I could write my name on my hand in the dust. Most of the Indians had had no breakfast, and we traveled all day without dinner or water. Mother had neither saddle nor stirrups, but merely a few thicknesses of canvas strapped on the horse's back, while the young chiefs pranced round on good saddles. She did not reach Grand River until after dark and the ride for an invalid and aged woman was long and distressing. The camp that night was in the sage-brush. In the morning, Wednesday, we moved five miles down the river.

A part of the agency herd was driven along with the procession, and a beef was killed each day. As I was requested to cook most of the time and make the bread, I did not suffer from the filth of ordinary Indian fare.

While at this camp Pursune absented himself four days and brought in three fine horses and a lot of lead, which he made into bullets. Johnson also had a sack of powder. The chief amusement was running bullets.

No whites are admitted to the tents while the Utes sing their medicine songs over the sick, but I, being considered one of Pursune's family, was allowed to remain. When their child was sick his family asked me to sing with them, which I did. The medicine man kneels close to the sufferer, with his back to the spectators, while he sings in a series of high-keyed grunts gradually reaching a lower and solemn tone. The family join, and at intervals he howls so loudly that one can hear him a mile; then his voice dies away and only a gurgling sound is heard, as if his throat were full of water. The child lay nearly stripped. The doctor presses his lips against the breast of the sufferer and repeats the gurgling sound. He sings a few minutes more, and then all turn around and smoke and laugh and talk. Sometimes the ceremony is repeated all night. I assisted at two of these medicine festivals. Mrs. Price's boy became expert at singing Ute songs, and they sang to each other on the journey home. The sick-bed ceremonies were very strange and weird, and more interesting than anything else I saw in all my captivity of twenty-three days.

We staid on the Grand River until Saturday. The mountains were very high, and the Indians were on the peaks with glasses watching the soldiers. They said they could look down on the site of the agency. On Saturday morning the programme was for twenty Utes to go back to White River, scout around on the mountains and watch the soldiers; but just as they were about to depart there was a terrible commotion, for some of the scouts on the mountains had discovered the troops, ten or fifteen miles south of the agency, advancing toward our camp. The Indians ran in every direction, the horses became excited, and for a time scarcely a pony could be approached. Johnson flies into a passion when there is danger. This time his horses kicked and confusion was supreme. Johnson seized a whip and laid it over the shoulders of his youngest squaw, named Cooz. He pulled her hair and renewed the lash. Then he turned to assist his other wife pack, and the colts ran and kicked.

While Mrs. Price and myself were watching the scene a young buck came up with a gun and threatened to shoot us. We told him to shoot away, and Mrs. Price requested him to shoot her in the forehead. He said we were no good squaws because we would not scare. We did not move until noon, traveled till nightfall, and camped on the Grand River in a nice grassy place under trees by the water.

Next day was Sunday, and we moved twenty-five miles south; but mother and Mrs. Price did not come up for three or four days. Again we camped on the Grand River, under the trees. The rain set in and continued two days and three nights. I did not suffer, for I was in camp; but mother and Mrs. Price, who were kept on the road, got soaked each day. Johnson, who had Mrs. Price, went beyond us, and all the other Indians behind camped with Johnson. On Friday, Johnson talked with Douglass, and took mother to his tent. Johnson's oldest wife is the sister of Chief Ouray, and he was kinder than the others. His wife cried over the captives and made the children shoes. Cohoe beat his wife with a club and pulled her hair and departed, leaving her to pack up. He is an Uncompaghre Ute, and Ouray will not let him return to his band.

The Indians said they would stay at their camp, and if the soldiers advanced they would get them in a cañon and kill them all. They said that neither soldiers nor horses understood the country. The Utes were now close to the Uncompahgre district, and could not retreat much further. Colorow made a big speech, and advised the Indians to go no further south. We were then removed one day's ride to Plateau Creek, a little stream running south of Grand River. Eight miles more travel, on two other days, brought us to the camping-ground where General Adams found us. This was near to Plateau Creek, but high up, and not far from the snowy range.

On Monday night an Uncompahgre Ute came in, and said that next day General Adams, whom they called Washington, was coming after the captives. I felt very glad, and told the Indians that I was ready to go. The next day, about eleven o'clock, while I was sewing in Pursune's tent, his boy, about twelve years old, came in, picked up a buffalo robe and wanted me to go to bed. I told him I was not sleepy. Then a squaw came and hung a blanket before the door, and spread out both hands to keep the blanket down, so I could not push it away; but I looked over the top and saw General Adams and party outside on horses.

The squaw's movements attracted their attention, and they came up close. I pushed the squaw aside and walked out to meet them. They asked my name and dismounted; said they had come to take us back if we cared to go. I showed them the tent where mother and Mrs. Price were stopping, and the general went down, but they were not in; for, meanwhile, Johnson had gone to where they were washing on Plateau Creek, and told them that a council was to be held, and that they must not come up until it was over. Dinner was sent to the ladies, and they were ordered to stay there. About four o'clock, when the council ended, General Adams ordered them to be brought to him, which was done, and once more we were all together in the hands of our friends. General Adams started at once for White River to see the soldiers, at the request of Douglass, and went to Chief Johnson's and staid all night.

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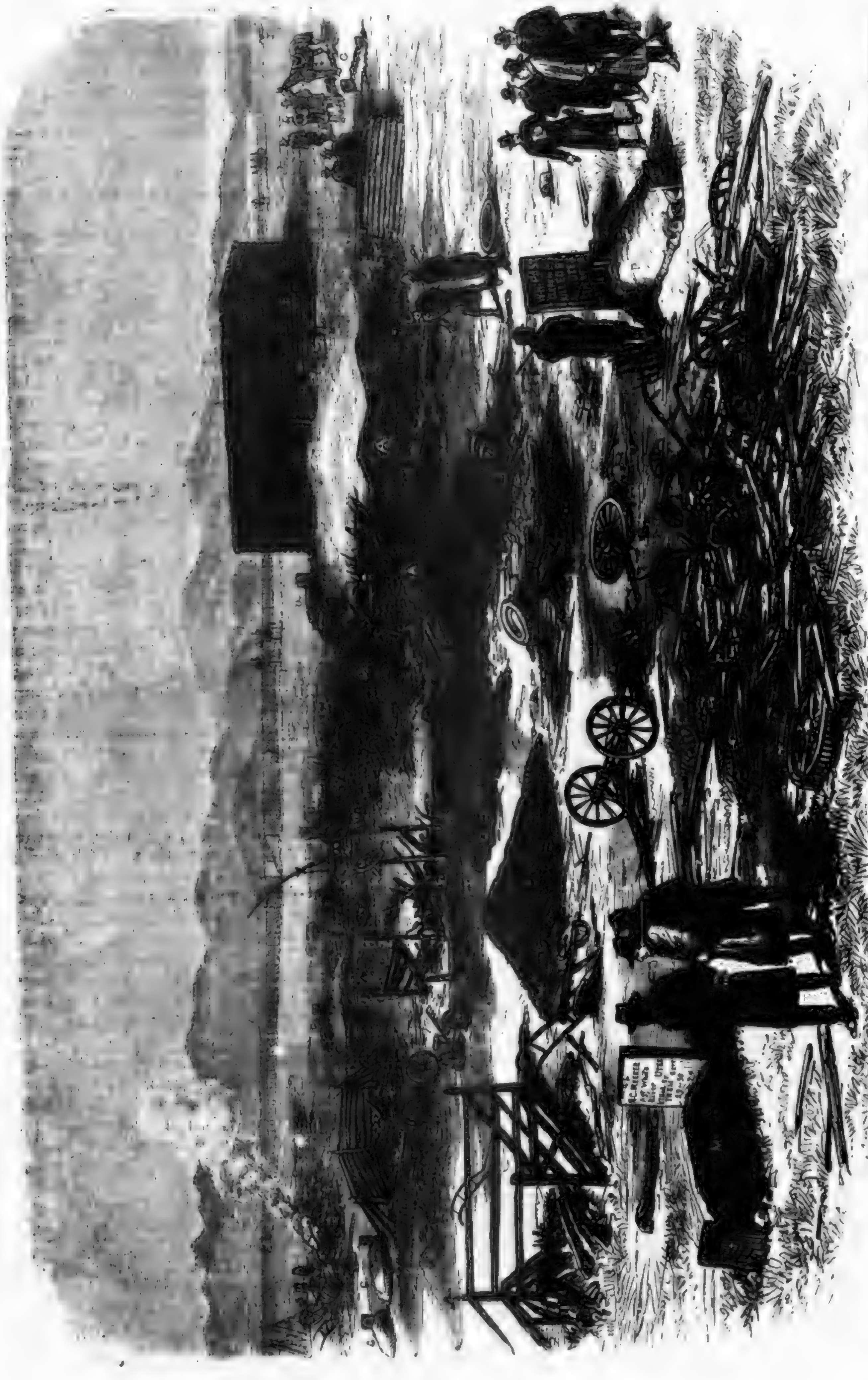
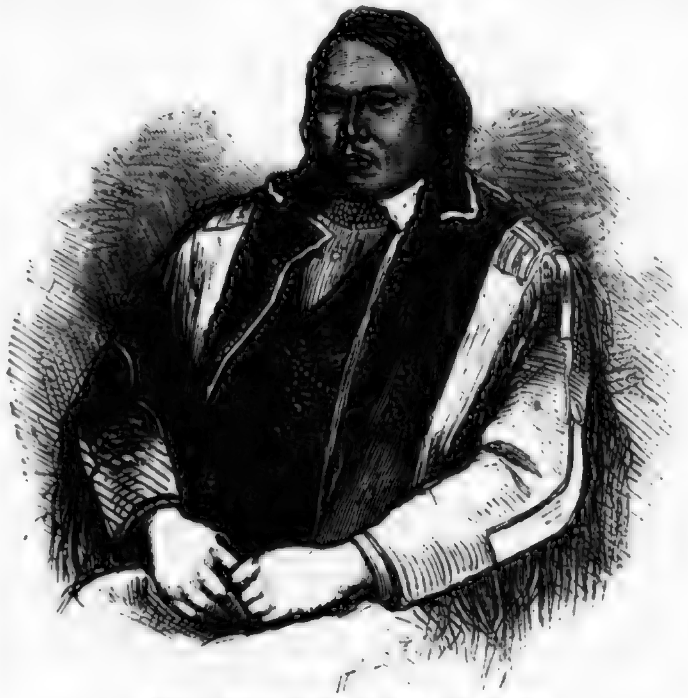
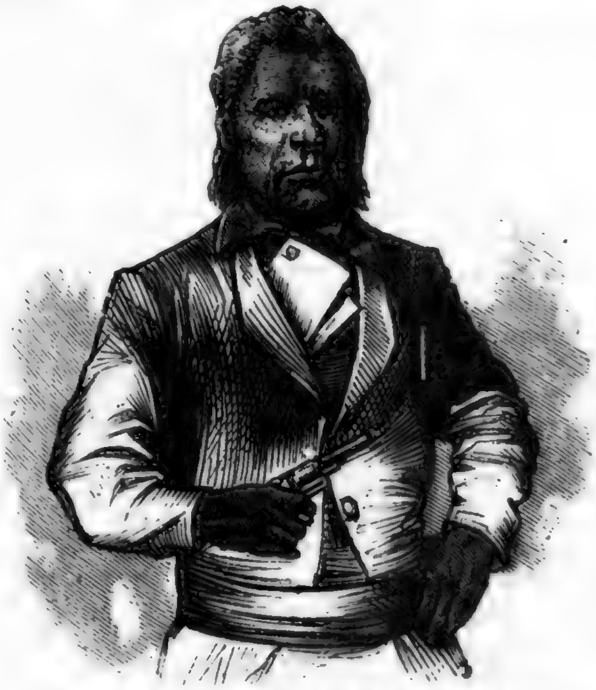


(A) Piles of Ashes. (F) The Agency Farm. (G) Graves of the Agent and Employés where they Fell. (J) House of Sub-Chief Johnson. (M) Grave of Indian Agent Meeker. (P) Grave of Post, the Clerk and Postmaster.

THE RUINS AFTER THE FIRE AND MASSACRE AT THE WHITE RIVER AGENCY.

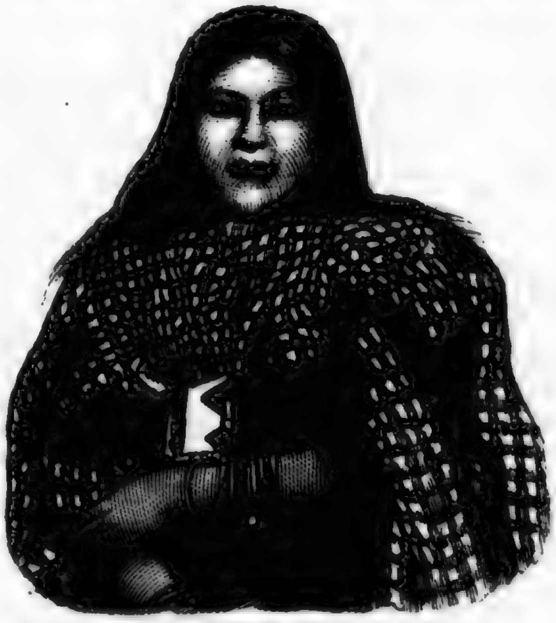


OURAY, HEAD-CHIEF OF THE UTE TRIBE.



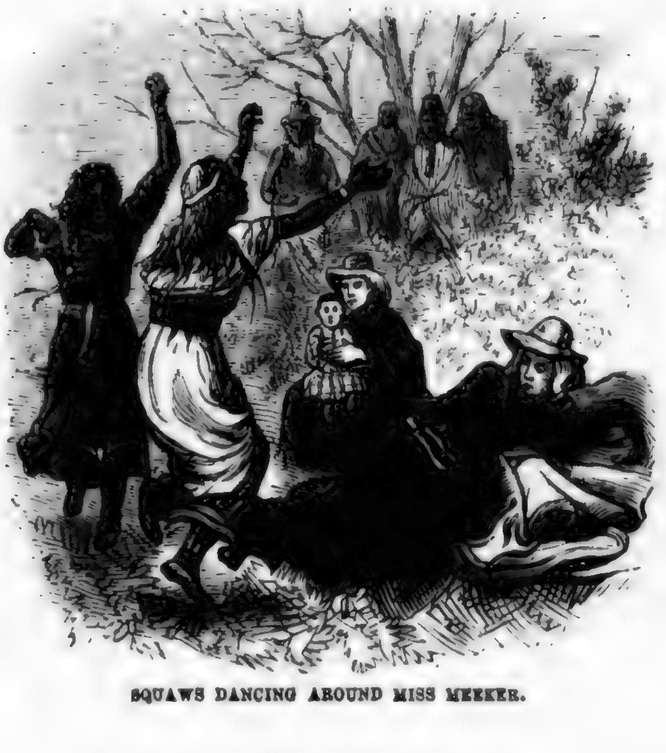
DOUGLASS, HEAD-CHIEF OF THE WHITE RIVER UTES.

Next morning we left for Uncompahgre, in charge of Captain Cline and Mr. Sherman. The captain had served as scout in the Army of the Potomac, and Mr. Sherman as chief clerk at Los Pinos Agency. To these gentlemen we were indebted for a safe and rapid journey to Chief Ouray's house on the Uncompahgre River, near Los Pinos. We rode on ponies forty miles the first three days, and reached Captain Cline's wagon on a small tributary of the Grand. Here we took the buckboard wagon and traveled next day to the Gunnison River, and the next and last day of fear we traveled forty-five miles, and reached the house of good Chief Ouray about sundown.

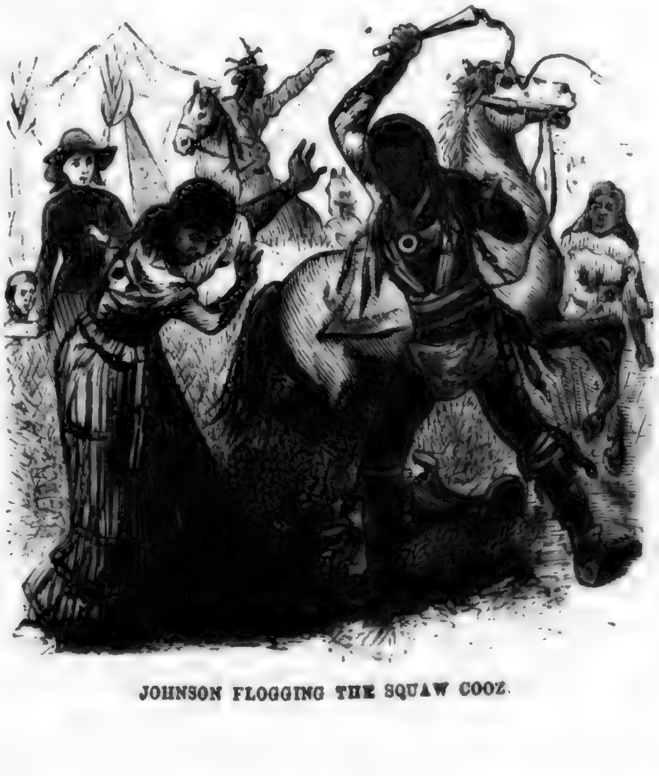


SARAH, SISTER OF OURAY.

Here Inspector Pollock and my brother Ralph met me, and I was happy enough. Chief Ouray and his noble wife did everything possible to make us comfortable. We found carpets on the floor and curtains on the windows, lamps on the tables and stoves in the rooms, with fires burning. We were given a whole house, and after supper we went to bed and slept without much fear, though mother was still haunted by the terrors she had passed through. Next



SQUAWS DANCING AROUND MISS MEEKER.



JOHNSON FLOGGING THE SQUAW COOZ.

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morning we breakfasted with Mrs. Ouray, who shed tears over us as she bade us good-by. Then we took mail-wagons and stages for home.

Three days and one night of constant travel over two ranges of snowy mountains, where the road was 11,000 feet above the sea, brought us to the beautiful park of San Luis.

We crossed to Rio Grande at daylight for the last time, and a moment later the stage and its four horses dashed up a street, and we stopped before a hotel with green blinds, while the driver shouted, "Alamosa!" The moon was shining brightly, and Mount Blanco, the highest peak in Colorado, stood out grandly from the four great ranges which surround the park. Mother could scarcely stand. She had to be lifted from the coach; but when she caught sight of the cars of the Rio Grande Railroad, and when she saw the telegraph poles, her eyes brightened, and she exclaimed: "Now I feel safe!"

Such is the story of Josephine Meeker. It tells its own tale of terror—it tells its own tale of heroism—it tells its own tale of mortal agony.

Miss Meeker is a blonde, with blue eyes and golden hair. She is tall and graceful, while her manner is a bright earnestness.

Now let an old lady of sixty-four years of age, who, although badly wounded and clad in nothing but a calico dress and a single shawl, was compelled to make a terrible journey of five hundred miles on barebacked horses over almost inaccessible mountains and alkaline deserts, tell *her* ghastly story of unendurable suffering and infamous torture.

Mrs. Nathan C. Meeker, wife of the murdered agent, is small in stature, with black hair tinged with white, and blue eyes. She was born in Cheshire, Conn., and is the daughter of a sea captain. She moved with her parents, when in tender infancy, to the Western Reserve in Ohio, and was reared, with many brothers and sisters, out in that wilderness, in all the hardihood of pioneer life. She is the mother of five children, having been married, at the age of twenty-nine, to N. C. Meeker.

Let the brave old lady speak:

I was in the kitchen with my daughter, washing dishes, about half-past one o'clock. We had just finished dinner. Some of the Indians had eaten with us, and Chief Douglass had been picking around the table and joking with my daughter Josephine, while we were washing the dishes. There came a volley of firearms—a succession of sharp explosions. It was startling, and I knew what was coming. My daughter and I looked into each other's faces. Mrs. Price, who was washing clothes at the door, rushed in, exclaiming: "What shall we do?"

Josephine said, "Keep all together"; and the girl was as cool as if she were receiving callers in a parlor.

The windows were shot in. Our first move was to get under the bed in Josephine's room to avoid the bullets, which were whizzing over our heads. Josephine had the key of the milk-house, and proposed to go there. The bullets were flying like hailstones, and we locked ourselves into the milk-house, which had double walls filled in with adobe clay, and there was only one little window. We staid there all the afternoon, and heard no sounds but the crash of the guns.

About five o'clock in the afternoon the firing ceased and all was still. Suddenly we heard the low crackle of flames and smelt smoke. Then we saw it coming through the cracks in the ceilings, and knew that the destruction of the agency buildings had begun.

While in the building we barely whispered, and tried to keep Mrs. Price's babies still. As the fire was increasing, we left the milk-house cautiously, and Josephine reconnoitred the enemy.

"It's a good time to escape," she said. "The Indians are busy stealing agency goods."

We went around in front of the agent's office, and found the doors open and things undisturbed, except that some of my husband's clothing lay on the front stoop. We saw no one, living or dead, and no sign of any one having been killed. We ran in a line with the buildings, toward the sage-brush, so as to keep the buildings between us and the Indians, who were at the warehouse pulling out the goods; but we had not gone far before we were discovered, and the Indians made for us, firing as they ran. The bullets fell all around us, and one struck me on the thigh, plowing through the flesh, just under the skin. It stung me like a wasp, and I thought it time to drop. I fell to the ground. The Indians captured Josephine and Mrs. Price first, as they were behind me, with Mrs. Price's babies.

A chief, whose name I could never learn, came to me and said he was "heap sorry." He asked me if I could get up. I said "Yes." He then asked if I would go with him. I said "Yes." He said he was "heap mad; soldier killed Indian"; he saw them shoot, and he was "heap mad." They would "no kill women and children." The Indians had so ordered it. He said that he would take me to Chief Douglass's house, and asked if I had any whisky. I said "No," and he asked if I had any money. I answered that there was some in my room in the building, then on fire. The Indian told me to get it, and he would wait for me. He was afraid to go into the burning building. I got the money, the Indian urging me to hurry up, as he had a great way to go that night. We went to Douglass's camp, and the Indian made me count the money. There were $30. The Indian took it and gave it to Chief Douglass. I had two silver dollars, and Douglass gave them to the Indian who captured me. The Indian then went away.

I told Douglass that I must have some blankets. He sent an Indian named Thompson to the burning building with me, and I got a hood, a shawl and one blanket. I handed around bedding, etc., among the Indians rather than have them destroyed. The Indians took them, and I afterward saw them in camp when I was suffering for the want of blankets to keep me warm. I went back to Douglass and said that I wanted my medicine and my "spirit book." I had doctored Douglass and his family. He said, "Go"; so I went back a second time, and got a large copy of "Pilgrim's Progress" and a box of medicines. The box was so heavy that an Indian refused to carry it. It was lost, but he took the book. When I got back to Douglass and told that chief the Indian had said that the medicine-chest was too heavy to carry, Douglass looked disappointed and sorrowful, and said:

"Couldn't you have split the box a little, so you could have brought part of it?"

In going back this last time, I saw the body of my husband stretched out on the ground in front of the warehouse; all the clothing was gone but the shirt. The body was not mutilated. The arms were extended at the sides of the head. The face looked as peaceful and natural as in life, but blood was running from the mouth. I stooped to kiss him, but just as my lips were near his I saw an Indian standing stone still, looking at me, so I turned and walked away. Douglass afterward said that my husband was shot through the side of the head.

Preparations to leave immediately were made. It was now dark, and Douglass lost no time in getting started. Being lame from having had a thigh dislocated three years ago, and not being used to riding, I asked to ride behind Douglass. The moon came out so clearly that the night seemed like day. We forded the river and trotted off toward the mountains to the south. Douglass's breath smelt strongly of whisky.

As we rode, a villainous-looking Indian trotted alongside and slapped me on the shoulder, and asked how I would like to be his squaw. Chief Douglass listened and laughed. He said the Indian was an Arapahoe, and I would kill Utes if I married an Arapahoe. We left the trail and came to a little cañon in the mountains, with high rocks on all sides.

As I lay on the ground, not knowing when I should be butchered, I thought of my young daughter Josephine, who was not far away, and wondered if she had already been slaughtered. My face was partly covered, but suddenly I heard Douglass's voice. I turned and saw Chief Douglass standing close by me, with the muzzle of his gun pointed directly at my face. I involuntarily cried out. Josephine heard me, and her voice came out of the night, saying:

"I am all right, mamma; don't be afraid!"

Douglass lowered his gun, raised it again and took aim. I said nothing, and he walked away. An Indian standing near said:

"Douglass no hurt you. He only playing soldier."

After resting for half an hour we remounted and rode until midnight, when we reached the Ute women's camp. Douglass ordered me roughly to get off the horse. I was so lame and in such pain that I told him I could not move. He took my hand and pulled me off, and I fell on the ground, because I could not stand. An Indian and a squaw soon came and helped me up and led me to a tent. When I went to bed Douglass and his wife covered me with blankets, and I was more comfortable that night than at any other time during my captivity. Early next morning Douglass awoke me, saying:

"Runner just come; Indians killed heap soldiers; Douglass go to front; gone five days"; and he said I must stay in his tent and wait until he returned.

One squaw went through the pantomime of roasting me alive—at least, I so understood it.

Douglass returned from fighting the soldiers on Saturday night. He was morose and sullen.

In a day or two Johnson became very cross, and early one morning we began to move again. It was a very long and terrible journey that I made that day. I rode a pony with neither saddle nor bridle nor stirrups. There was only a tent-cloth strapped on the horse's back and an old halter to guide him with. It was the most distressing experience of my life. Not a single halt was made, and my pain was so great that the cold drops stood on my forehead. I could only cling to the pony by riding astride.

We reached a camping-ground half an hour after dark and pitched our tents in the valley. The moon was small. I was so faint that I could not get off the horse nor move until a kind woman assisted me to the ground. I was too ill and exhausted to eat, and I went to bed without any supper. We stayed at this place several days. As the soldiers approached, the Indians moved further south at intervals of two or three days, until they reached the pleasant meadows on Plateau Creek, below Grand River, where General Adams found us. Before we reached this last place Douglass permitted Josephine to come to see me every day, and the long hours were more endurable. The courage of the brave girl and her words of hope cheered me very much. My life would not have been safe had it not been for her influence with the Indians. She could speak some of their language, and she made them cease terrifying me with their horrible threats and indecent stories. She finally forced Douglass to give me a saddle, so that in the last days of journeying I had something besides a bareback horse to ride upon. It gave me great joy on one of the evenings of those terrible first days to have her, as we passed each other in the moonlight, sing out cheerily:

"Keep up good courage, mother; I am all right. We shall not be killed."

One day I was told that a white man named Washington would come soon. At last an Uncompahgre Ute came from Chief Ouray, and spoke very kindly to me, and as he sat by the fire, said:

"To-morrow five white men coming, and some Indians."

Among them would be "Chicago man Sherman, a great big peace man." General Adams said they were going to have a talk, and the captives would go home. The Uncompahgre said that a wagon would be waiting at a certain place below the plateau.

Next day we were washing at the creek, when Chief Johnson came and said a big council was to be held and we must not come up to the tents until the end of the meeting. Dinner was sent to us by the squaws, and we began to have hopes of release, after being deluded with false predictions many times before. Finally we saw the foremost of the white men on the top of the hill by the tent.

When I first saw General Adams I could not say a word, my emotion was so great. We had borne insults and threats of death, mockery and ridicule, and not one of us had shed a tear—but the sight of General Adams, Captain Cline, Mr. Sherman and their men, was too much for me. My gratitude was greater than my speech.

We owe much to the wife of Johnson. She is Ouray's sister, and, like him, she has a kind heart. Ouray had ordered us to be well treated, and that we should be allowed to go home.

The council was a stormy one. Various opinions prevailed. The war party wanted us held until peace should be made between the Indians and the Government. They wanted to set us against the guilty murderers, so as to save them through us. After a few hours of violent speeches, Mrs. Johnson burst into the lodge in a magnificent wrap, and demanded that the captives be set free, war or no war. Her brother Ouray had so ordered—and she took the assembly by storm. She told the pathetic story of the captives, and advised the Indians to do as Ouray requested, and trust to the mercy of the Government. General Adams said he must have a decision at once, or he would have to leave. That settled it, and we were set free.

Can a more horrible story of physical suffering, borne with the fortitude and heroism of a Christian martyr, be told? Oh, the unendurable mental and physical torture!—the unendurable agony of mind and body! The thoughts of the murdered body of her husband, whose cold lips she dared not kiss; the thoughts of her young and winsome daughter in the presence of a fate worse, a thousand times worse, than death! the dislocated limb, the gaping wound! It makes one shudder to contemplate this very supremity of anguish.

It makes one shudder to think of the sufferings of these women, whose heroism illumines the dark and bloody chapter as with a glorious radiance. Mrs. Price, too, shared "the horrors of those days of terror," her babe at her breast, her elder child in the care of the devoted

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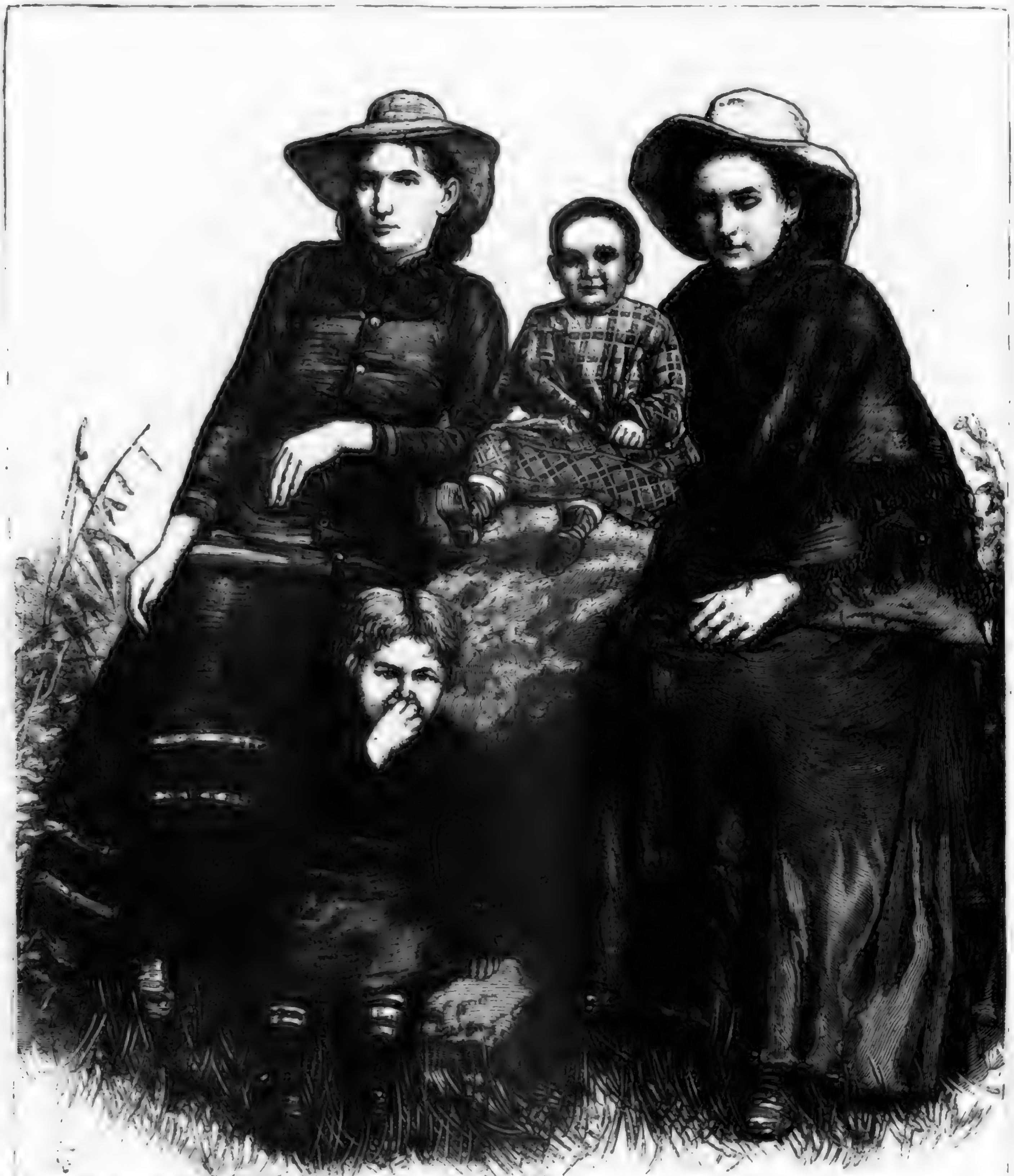
Josephine Meeker. The reaction was something terrible; and even now the ghastly recollections of the massacre and captivity threaten at times to deprive these ladies of their reason.

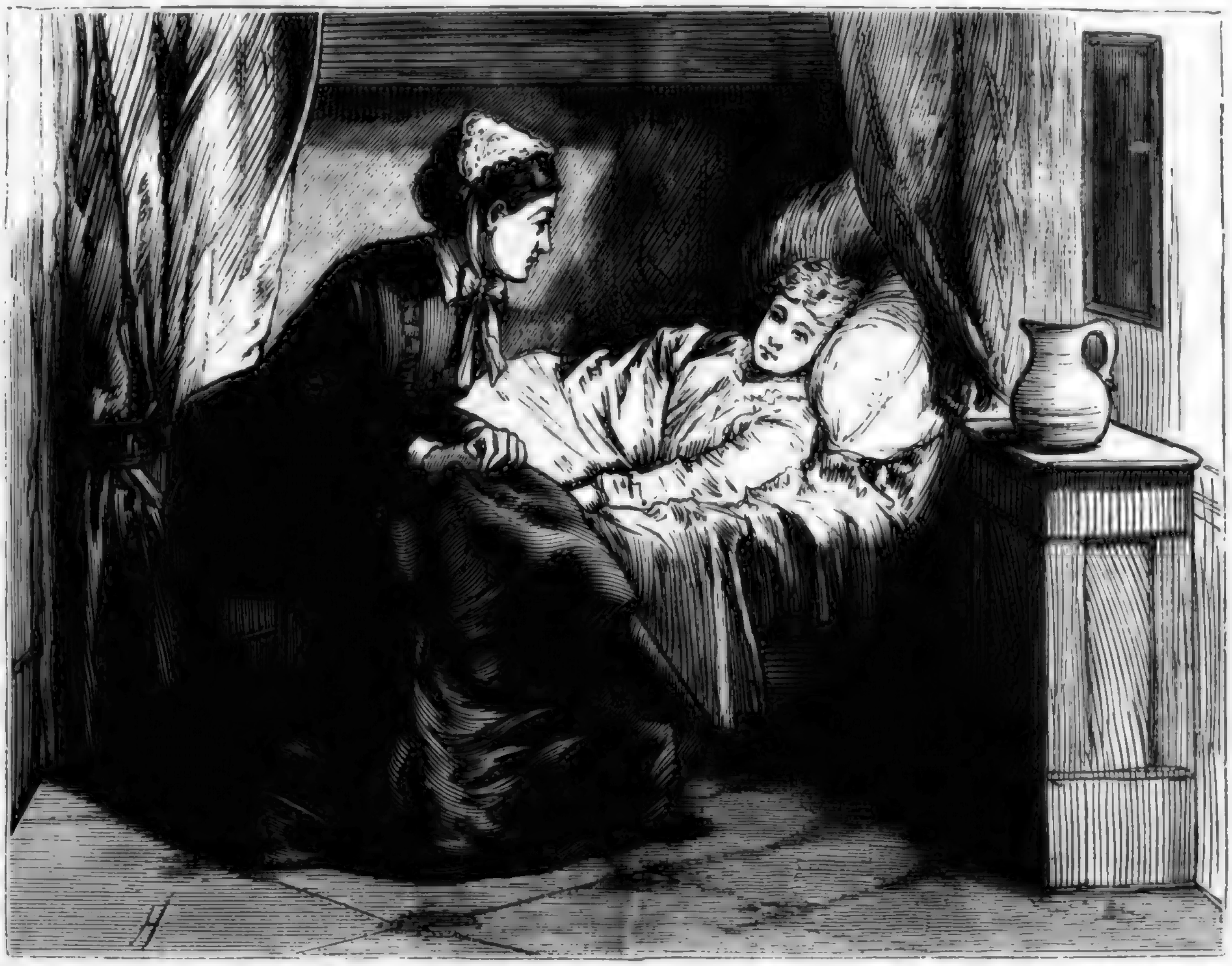
The atrocity of the crimes committed should not prevent those individuals who are innocent from being treated as such, according to Article 17 of the treaty, viz.:

> "*Provided*, That if any chief of either of the confederated bands make war against the people of the United States, or in any manner violate this treaty in any essential part, said chief shall forfeit his position as chief, and all rights to any of the benefits of this treaty. *But, provided further:* Any Indian of either of these confederated bands who shall remain at peace and abide by the terms of this treaty in all its essentials, shall be entitled to its benefits and provisions, notwithstanding his particular chief and band have forfeited their rights thereto."

The services thus far rendered by Ouray have been of inestimable value; and while the White River Utes have shown the very worst aspect of savage life, Ouray has shown courage and humanity and virtues of the better type, which should somewhat relieve the name of Ute from the odium cast upon it by the northern bands, for whose brutal and barbarous acts, whatever the provocation, no justification can be found.



THE CAPTIVES AFTER THEIR RESCUE.



"SUDDENLY, WITHOUT ANY OTHER MOVEMENT, THE HEAVY WHITE LIDS OF THE INVALID WERE RAISED FROM A PAIR OF LARGE BROWN EYES. THEN A VOICE, FAINT AND WEAK, BROKE THE SILENCE: 'HOW DID I COME HERE?'"

TWICE SAVED.

"WILL she live, do you think ?"

The speaker was an elderly lady, whose hand, while she spoke, softly stroked the hair from the face of a younger lady, lying in the narrow berth of a stateroom. The physician, whose fingers clasped the delicate wrist of the invalid, spoke with slow deliberation :

"I think she will live. The whole system is terribly prostrated, but there is certainly a change for the better today. Give her the same medicine every hour, and when there is any consciousness send for me."

The doctor left the stateroom as he spoke, and the lady bent again over the pale face upon the pillow. A face of delicate beauty, but most remarkable in its youthful lines, clear complexion and long, sweeping eyelashes of jetty hue, contrasting with heavy hair of purest white. Not gray, not streaked, but snowy white, silvered by some sudden shock, for the face was that of a woman under twenty-five. The throb of machinery, the steady jar of the steamer's motion, the swash of the ocean waves, were the only sounds to break the stillness of the night, save the occasional tramp of one of the crew crossing the deck or saloon.

Suddenly, without any other movement, the heavy white lids of the invalid were raised from a pair of large brown eyes. Slowly the eyes traversed the tiny room, till they rested upon the face bending over her. Then a voice, very faint and weak, broke the silence.

"How did I come here ?"

"We found you in the water, when the steamer was leaving New York."

"In the water ?"

Dreamily, as if scarcely yet fully conscious.

"You were in some boat, were you not ? We will telegraph to your friends when we reach Liverpool."

"Liverpool ! Where am I ?"

"On board the *City of Paris*, European bound. We are nine days out."

"Nine days ! Have I been here nine days ?"

"Yes. You have been very ill. You must not talk any more now. Try to sleep. When you awake, you shall tell me your name, and how you came to be in the water."

"Name ? I have no name. I am dead !"

With which strange answer the invalid closed her eyes and sank into profound slumber.

Mrs. Egerton watched her until the deep, regular breathing assured her she really slept, when she crept into a lower berth and tried to sleep also. But sleep would not come. The mystery in the berth above her own kept her wakeful. She had taken the stranger into her own stateroom when she was rescued from the water, off Staten Island, and had nursed her tenderly through nine days of stupor and burning fever. The dress her own hands had gently removed from the insensible form was that of a refined lady; delicate of texture, daintily made and trimmed, finest lace on the underclothing, and every garment of perfect fit and finish. There was no jewelry except a wedding-ring, and above that a diamond guard of quaint design. The dress had been a simple muslin of finest quality, without any hat, mantle or shawl.

Mrs. Egerton herself was a widow of large wealth, on her way to Italy to take charge of an orphan niece of twelve years of age, whose father had died suddenly of malarious fever. The child had been taken under the care of some Americans, in Florence, until her aunt should arrive.

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Alone in her stateroom, Mrs. Egerton had placed the vacant berth at once at the disposal of the stranger, and constituted herself nurse. A most tender and efficient one she proved while her charge hovered over the confines of the grave, from which she had once been rescued. But with the hope of life, the widow was sorely perplexed at the strange assertion just made to her.

There had been no doubt in Mrs. Egerton's mind that this was a case of accidental drowning, and the sufferer would at once return to her friends. Probably she had ventured out too far in the boat alone, or some careless pilot had run down the smaller craft.

Mrs. Egerton was quite prepared to pay the stranger's expenses back to her friends, to provide her with clothing; but the perplexities of the present emergency quite appalled her.

"I am dead!"

There was not the slightest evidence of delirium in the monstrous statement. Quietly, with clear eyes and calm pulse, the stranger had stated this self-evident falsehood as a fact.

Morning found Mrs. Egerton wakeful, after a restless night, and her charge, though pitiably weak, perfectly conscious. The doctor came in very early, and, in a cheery voice, spoke to his patient.

"Well, well. I suppose now you are longing to be upon a return steamer, on your way home?"

"I have no home."

"No home?"

"I am dead!"

The professional fingers went to the pulse, the professional eyes scanned the pale face.

"I am not delirious," was the quiet answer to the scrutiny. "I threw myself into the water to die. I wanted to die, and I have died to home and friends. I am grateful for the kindness that rescued me, that nursed me back to life, but I do not want to live. Probably I shall throw myself overboard as soon as I can walk to the side of the vessel."

All this was said in a faint tone, perfectly even and calm, with a quiet pulse, steady eyes, and no appearance of agitation.

"How old are you?" asked the doctor, abruptly.

"Twenty-two."

"Twenty-two, and your hair white?" cried Mrs. Egerton.

"My hair white?" with an air of languid curiosity.

"Certainly," said the doctor, lifting one of the heavy braids; "see for yourself."

"It was black when I drowned myself!"

"H'm, h'm. And your husband, is he dead, too?"

"God forbid!"

"H'm. He must be a brute to drive you to suicide."

A slow smile lit up the beautiful face. Then it faded, and she spoke, slowly:

"I was not driven to suicide. My husband was never unkind to me. I wanted to die. I will not answer any more questions. If you think I am ungrateful, and not deserving of any more care, you cannot do me a greater kindness than to throw me back again into the water."

"We will get you well, first," was the reply. "I suppose it is useless to ask your name?"

"Since you saved me, I will take any name you choose."

"Mary Jones?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mrs. Jones, try to eat some breakfast I will send you."

The doctor bustled away, muttering: "Monomania."

Mrs. Jones, turning the white, weary face to Mrs. Egerton, said, gently:

"You have been very good to me, and, indeed, I am not ungrateful."

"Poor child!" was the kind reply, "I cannot think what sorrow can have driven you to so desperate an act; but if you can assure me it was sorrow only, not sin, I will believe you."

The great brown eyes, full of earnest truth, met hers, as the invalid answered:

"I have no sin upon my soul that makes me fear to meet my Maker. If I had, I should be afraid to die."

"Child, child, you must not die! Promise me you will not repeat your mad act."

There was a long interval of silence. Then the weak, plaintive voice spoke.

"It is not for my own sake, but because it will make others happy, that I want to die. But if I am lost, and they believe me dead, they may be so still. So, madame, if you wish, I will live."

"And return to your home?"

"Never!"

"But, child, how will you live? Have you any money or friends?"

"Neither the one nor the other. You see, it would have been better to let me die. Oh," and for the first time the unnatural calmness broke away, and a passionate burst of tears followed, "what shall I do? How can I live? I am so young! Can I bear the burden of my misery for years, till I am old, perhaps?"

Mrs. Egerton, deeply troubled, soothed the poor young creature as best she could, hoping still, by kindness, to win her confidence. She was a good woman—one of those who put willing, helpful hands wherever sorrow or poverty pleads for them. The sense of responsibility for this young life, so strangely thrown into her own, was strong upon her. The very helplessness of her charge appealed to her in a voice to which she never turned a deaf ear.

"You must not sob so," she said, very gently. "You will make new friends, and you shall be cared for. Try to rest again. Ah, here comes your breakfast."

As the few remaining days of the voyage wore away, Mrs. Jones gained strength, and every hour added to Mrs. Egerton's interest. There could be no doubt that the trouble that overshadowed this young life had no taint of sin upon it. Every word, every action, told of purity, refinement and culture. Little movements, almost imperceptible, spoke eloquently to the old lady of high breeding, and as she began to converse, there was every evidence of a well-stored mind. She was very frank, too, except about herself, and Mrs. Egerton became more and more reluctant to thrust her out upon the cold world.

When the vessel arrived at Liverpool, and the ladies were in a hotel there, waiting for a few days' rest before starting for Florence, Mrs. Egerton resolved to take a bold step.

"Mary," she said—for tacitly the doctor's cognomen was accepted—"I have told you about my niece, Estelle Craige, waiting for me in Florence. She will be my charge until she is twenty-one, and inherits her father's property. I shall need a resident governess for some years. Will you take that position?"

"But I never taught anything in my life."

"You will not need to teach much. I shall have teachers for Estelle, but you must be a companion and guide for her, help her in her studies, be her friend."

"You are all kindness," said Mary, gratefully. "I will try to be worthy of the trust you put in me. But you will return to New York?"

"Not for some years. I have long wanted to make a European tour, and I shall make it leisurely.'

It was a peaceful life upon which the young stranger entered, and, but for her own tempest-tossed heart, would have been a happy one.

Estelle Craige, a pretty, winsome girl, became very fond of her new governess, and for six years Mrs. Egerton moved from city to city, giving her niece every advantage of education, and to both niece and governess all the enjoyment within her power to offer.

Gentle ever, deeply grateful and quietly resigned, Mary Jones gave ever the impression to the strangers whom she met of a young widow whose sorrow was recent. By her own choice she wore black—not mourning, but unrelieved by any color, only softened by white lace at the throat and wrists. Her liberal salary enabled her to gratify her tastes for fine garments, but never would she wear the bright colors suitable to her age.

To Mrs. Egerton she seemed ever filling the promise she had given her:

"If you wish, I will live."

She lived, filling her duties to Estelle with patient care and efficiency, but without any of the animation of youth. A young woman, utterly hopeless—that was the strange combination daily before Mrs. Egerton. With returning health came a vivid beauty, that lost nothing by the quaint appearance the snowy hair added to the great dark eyes and clear complexion. Music was the only study she took under her own supervision for Estelle, and in which she forgot for a time her own selfhood. In the quiet cathedral towns she would steal to the great organs, and waken the very soul of music under her inspired fingers. The few who heard her voice in song kept the memory in their hearts, where the pure, sweet tones found ever a resting-place.

While the power of music held her in thrall, the weary patience of her dark eyes was lost in the light of genius burning there; the lips, habitually folded in ever-present sorrow, parted in half-smiling rapture, and the whole face changed its pathetic sweetness for an irradiation of angelic happiness.

But these hours of rapture were rare, and in the interval no machine could have been more reliable, more passive, than Estelle's governess.

In her own gentle way, she was proud of her pupil, who was certainly developing into a pretty woman, full of animation, accomplished and attractive.

One evening in Spring, when the trio were sojourning in a quiet town in the south of France, Mrs. Egerton received letters from a party of American friends who were "doing Europe," and proposed to visit her. As she read the letters she looked up at Mary.

"I suppose you will run away and hide, as usual," she said, smiling. "I wish you would conquer your shyness, and help me to entertain my friends."

A deadly pallor upon the sweet face answered her, and she said, hastily:

"Well, well. Never mind. Estelle is a young lady now. And, by-the-way, Estelle, there is an old friend of mine coming, who was one of your dear father's favorites."

"One of papa's friends?" the girl said, with quick interest. "I shall like him, then."

"I think you will. He is a young man still, not more than thirty-two or three, and one of the truly noble men that are only too rarely found. I have not seen him for many years, for, as you know, I have lived at the South ever since my lungs began to trouble me. The last time I saw him was in Washington, and he was expecting to be married. By-the-way, he married some one else, after all."

"Some one else! Are you not talking in conundrums, auntie?"

"No, dear. Let me see. It was nine years ago, and Edwin told me quite a pretty romance. I always was romantic, Estelle, and his story interested me."

"So you are longing to tell it to me?" said her niece, saucily, nestling down in a low chair to listen.

"His father was a retired merchant, who had lost heavily in speculating, till from positive wealth he was reduced to quite a small income. But his former partner, more fortunate, had increased his wealth, till his only child, a daughter, was heiress to half a million of dollars. The two fathers were urging Edwin to marry Constance Willoughby—what is that?"

Only a small table, with work-baskets upon it, suddenly overturned. Only the governess, with her face hidden, picking up cotton and scissors with trembling fingers, and her face pale as death.

"Never mind," Estelle said. "Ring for Adele, Mrs. Jones. Tell me the rest of the story, auntie."

"Edwin Harvey, my dear, was not made of the stuff that takes wives to order, and had fallen in love with Grace Emerson, a village school-teacher in a Massachusetts village, where he had spent a Summer. He told me of his love, his determination to marry Grace and live by his profession—he was a lawyer—and never sell himself for gold. He was certainly very much in love."

"Noble fellow," said Estelle.

"Well, dear, about a year later, he married Constance Willoughby."

"Oh, auntie!"

"I never knew how it all came about. But, dear, I suppose he married Grace, after all, for since I came abroad I heard that Constance died suddenly, leaving him all her wealth. Her father died soon after her marriage."

"Well," said Estelle, "if he was mean enough to marry one woman for her money, and another when he got control of the fortune, he is not one of *my* heroes."

"I don't know the particulars. He certainly was a noble fellow. Perhaps Grace died."

"And he is coming here?"

"Yes, with the Armstrongs."

"When?"

It was the governess who spoke now, and Mrs. Egerton, looking up, was strangely reminded of the first time she had seen the beautiful face, it was so ghastly in its pallor.

"To-morrow," she said. "You are not well, Mary?"

"No; I am dizzy, faint. May I go for a walk?"

"Certainly. But it is so warm now."

"Let me go. I am smothering here, in the house."

"I will go, too," Estelle said.

"No. Let me go alone. I shall be better in the air."

Dizzily she staggered across the room, and went to her own. Mrs. Egerton, thinking of her expected visitors, told Estelle more about the young man, who had come once more into her life, after years of separation. His mother had been her friend, and Estelle's father had given the interest of an older friend to the lad, when Estelle was a mere child.

"It is odd to think how well I knew almost every thought of his heart for years," said Mrs. Egerton, "and how entirely he dropped out of my life afterward."

"I suppose he was ashamed to face you," said Estelle, "after raving of his devotion to one woman, and marrying another with a fortune."

"I don't know, dear. I shall be glad to see him."

Talking quietly, but deeply interested in all that was said, Mrs. Egerton took no note of time till the twilight gathered, and a sudden tempest of wind and rain burst

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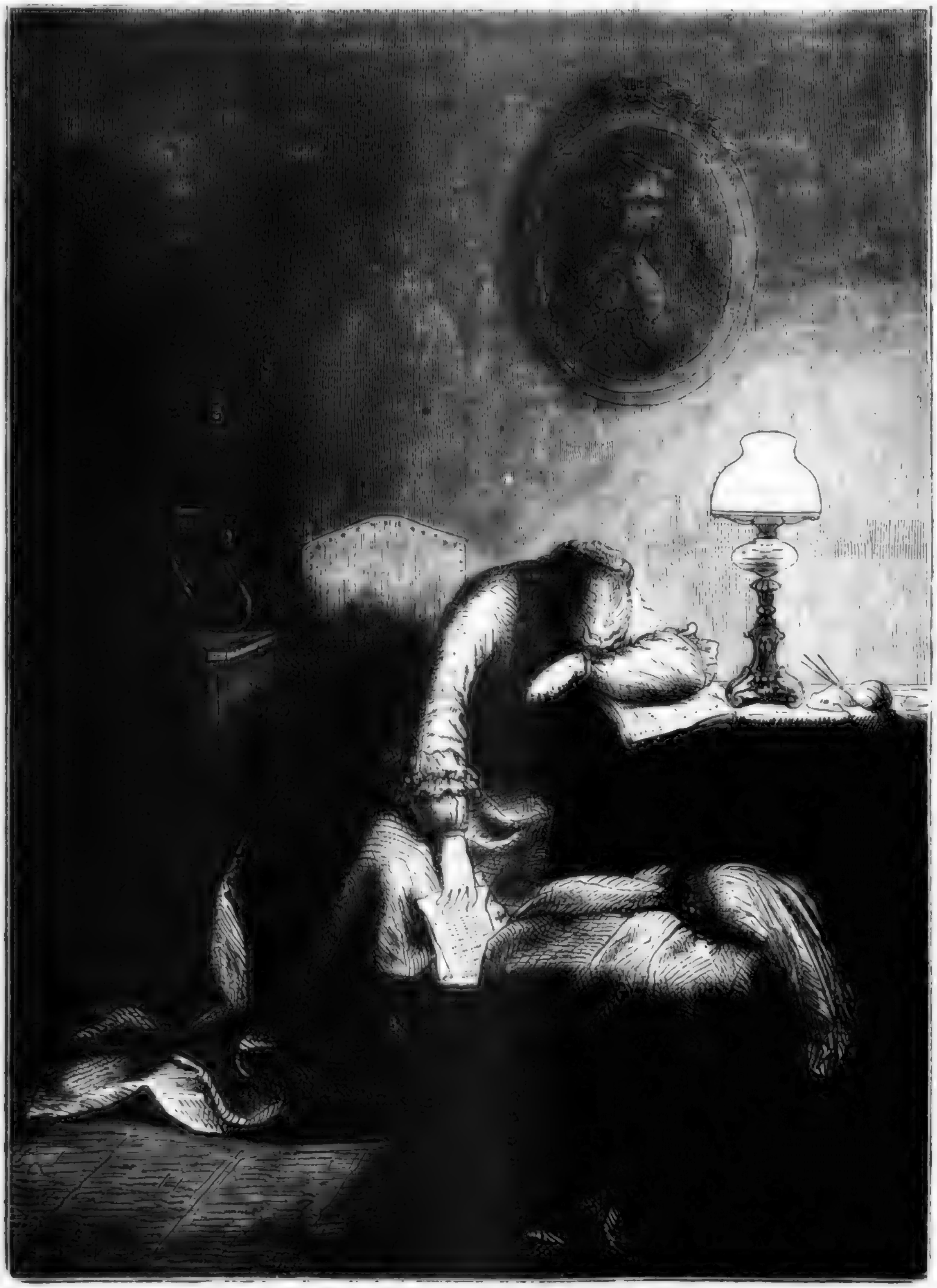
upon them. At once, both thought of the governess. Inquiry resulted in finding that Mrs. Jones had gone in the direction of the woods skirting the town, and had not returned. Hours of anxious watching followed, and then kind Mrs. Egerton sent some of the men from the hotel to seek for the hapless wanderer.



THE LIST OF THE DEAD.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 170.

It was nearly day-dawn when they returned, carrying a lifeless figure, drenched by the rain.

"We found her under the trees," they said, "and she is dead."

But Estelle, tearing open the soaked dress, put her ear to the heart, still faintly fluttering.

"She is not dead. Her heart beats," she cried.

"Go for a physician," said Mrs. Egerton, "and send Adele here."

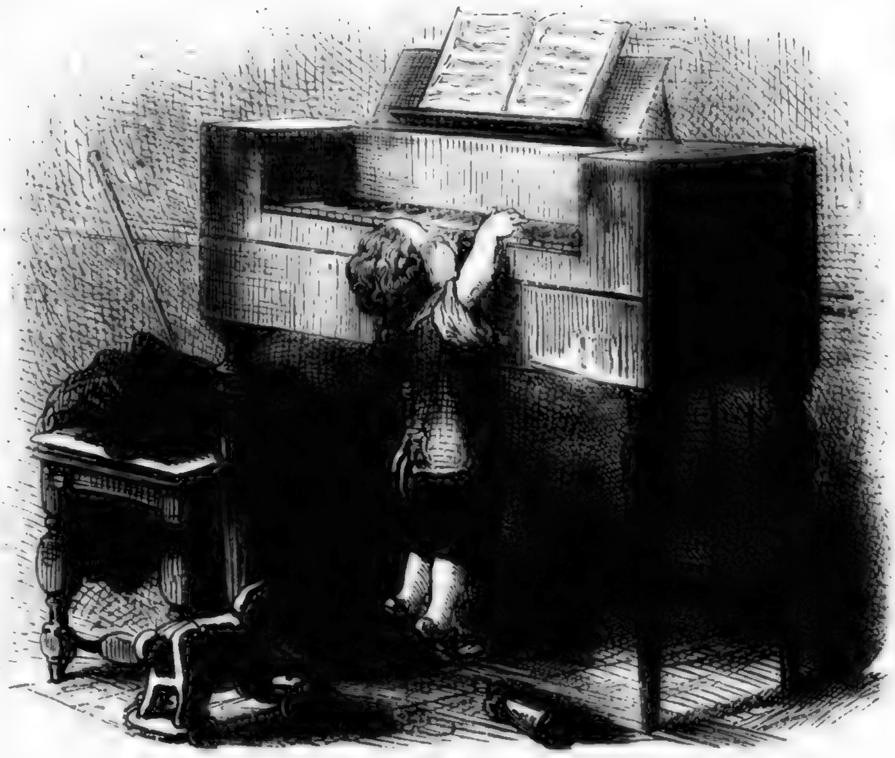
With rapid hands, the old lady, for the second time, removed the wet, clinging dress from the insensible form of her *protégée*, for the second time applied restoratives, and brought back the life-blood to the chilled, numbed limbs. Wearily the great dark eyes opened once more upon the loving face bending over her.

"Did not the lightning strike me? Will nothing kill me?" she said, with heart-breaking pathos.

"Mary!" There was grave reproof in the tone of her benefactress. "Mary, I thought you had put aside those wicked thoughts."

"But—— Oh, where can I hide?" she cried, wildly. "I must go away. I tried to go, but the storm came. I cannot stay here." And she rose to her feet, only to fall back fainting.

The physician, comprehending no word, but seeing the wild excitement, administered an opiate when consciousness returned, and the governess slept, with Estelle watching her, when the early morning train brought the Armstrongs and Edwin Harvey.



MOZART'S EARLIEST MUSICAL EFFORTS.—SEE PAGE 166.

There was the usual bustle of arrival, and the travelers, after breakfasting, went to their own rooms. Estelle, wearied by a night of watching—a new experience for her petted life—was also in her own room, lying down. Edwin Harvey came to Mrs. Egerton's sitting-room. She heard his rap and step as she bent over the patient, lying, still sleeping, in the next room, and came out to meet him, leaving the door partly open.

"Do I disturb you?" he asked. "I so longed to see you alone, I could not wait."

"I am glad you came," was the quick reply—"glad, because you, and you alone, can solve a strange doubt that has come only to-day in my mind. Tell me, Edwin, your old friend, who loved you when you were a curly-headed boy, why did you marry Constance Willoughby, loving Grace Emerson?"

"I did not. It is a long, sad story. Can you see no change in me?"

"You have aged twenty years since we parted. I should take you for a man of fifty, did I not know your real age."

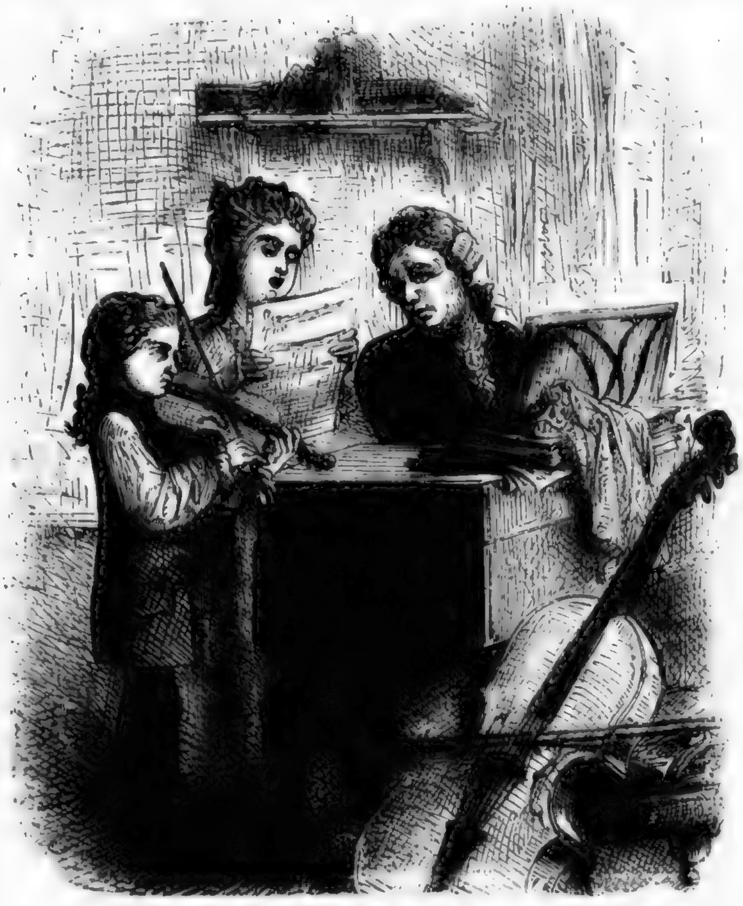
"It is sorrow that has changed me, not years. Sorrow and remorse."

"Remorse?"

"For keeping from a loving, faithful heart the bitter secret of my own."

"Tell me all, Edwin. If the strange doubt in my heart proves a truth, I may help you."

"There is no hope for me. But I will tell you. You know how deeply I loved Grace Emerson? I believed her the incarnation of all womanly sweetness and purity, and her love for me I thought equaled mine for her. I had to choose between her love and my father's blessing, and I chose her. Constance was to me then a mere child, a companion of my boyish holidays, a pretty plaything, full of affection, but wakening in my heart no strong emotion. In those days following my visit to Washington I often wrote to Grace, but I did not know then my father, too, wrote to her. She was a simple country girl, and she had supposed me a sort of prince, coming from the city. While every pulse of my heart was true to her, she wrote to me a long letter. In it she told me my father had written to her of Constance, and she refused to marry me and condemn me to poverty, when I might marry an heiress. It was a masterpiece, that letter, breathing only devotion to me, noble self-sacrifice to my interests, and a total renunciation of her happiness to mine. I answered it, refusing my freedom, and renewing every vow of love. My letter came back to me, with all the letters I had ever written to Grace, all my gifts to her. Tossing the package into my secretary, I went to see Grace, to find——"



YOUNG MOZART DEVELOPING HIS TALENT.

"Well?"

For there was a long pause.

"To find her married to a wealthy banker, who had fallen in love with her pretty face. She had fooled me to the utmost. All her pretty, innocent airs to cajole me covered a heart all vanity and ambition. My father's letter had told her I would be no prince, but a poor man, and she had cast me off, covering her falsehood, even then,

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with a mask of self-sacrifice. You know my nature. You know how utterly love would die in my heart, crushed under the bitter contempt I felt for such hypocrisy. Smarting, sore, humiliated, I went home, to find my father dying of pneumonia. Upon my sorrow for my father, my wounded heart, there crept softly a gentle influence, tender, sweet, womanly pity, that was infinitely precious. Mr. Willoughby insisted on my being his guest for a few months after my father died. He owned a princely mansion on Staten Island, and I could still go to my office every day. It was lovely Summer weather, and we could sit upon the porch or stroll in the garden, in the evening hours. In the sweet home atmosphere, Constance Willoughby grew into my heart, not with the fierce, unreasoning passion that had once shrined Grace there, but with the strong, enduring love founded upon respect and deepest tenderness. I can never describe her to you. With the most witching beauty, she was perfectly modest, unconscious as a babe of her power to win admiration. Possessing a well-stored mind, musical talent of no mean order, she was as gently reserved and maidenly as the simplest country girl. I cannot tell you how I loved her. I know now that Grace never held my heart as Constance did. In a month, I could look with cold contempt upon my dead love for Grace. In six years I have not conquered my love for Constance, my wife, my only true love."

"She is dead?"

"That is the sad story that has made me an old, heart-broken man. I married Constance, with no thought of her money, but loving her utterly. We returned to my old home in the Winter months, living at Staten Island in the Summer. There Mr. Willoughby died, leaving his wealth to Constance. We had not been married more than a year, when, coming home one evening, I found Constance pale, shivering, and shrinking from me with a timid fear, almost abhorrence. I questioned her in vain. All night she sat beside the window, refusing to explain this strange change in her loving manner, and so evidently distressed at my tenderness toward her, that, in very pity, I left her alone. In the morning, she shrank from my farewell kiss, but asked me if I would send her father's lawyer to see her. Wondering, yet thinking she would explain later, I left her, sending the old lawyer to see her. In the evening, when I returned home, the servants told me Mrs. Harvey had gone over to Staten Island, but had left a package upon my dressing-table. In that package I found all my letters to Grace, including the last, and her own hypocritical farewell to me. Upon the pile was a note from Constance. You shall read it."

As he spoke he placed in Mrs. Egerton's hand a folded paper. Opening it, she read:

> "I have read all these letters. You shall be happy, if I can make atonement for the wrong I did you when I became your wife I believed you loved me. I loved you so truly! I cannot live knowing your heart is not mine. To-day I made my will. All I have will be yours. You will marry Grace, and from my grave I will bless you both. I shall go from my old home in the rowboat in which you and I have so often spent a pleasant hour. The boat will be found, but I shall rest under the waves. If my body is washed ashore, bury me beside my father. CONSTANCE."

Silently Mrs. Egerton refolded the paper, and handed it back.

"The boat *was* found," said Edwin, "but my wife rests under the water."

There was a moment of profound silence; then Mrs. Egerton rose, and, taking Edwin Harvey by the hand, she led him into the room where Estelle's governess still slept.

With a cry that was indescribable, Edwin sank upon his knees beside the bed, hungrily scanning the beautiful face, while Mrs. Egerton, her doubt solved, went softly from the room, closing the door.

Long, in utter silence, Edwin knelt by the side of the sleeping wife whom he had so faithfully mourned for six years. A silence that might be felt reigned in the room, the sounds from outdoors coming muffled and subdued through the closed windows.

While he knelt, the large brown eyes opened wearily, with an utter misery in their depths. Like sunlight, a glory suddenly lighted them, and a voice, thrilling with love, whispered:

"My husband!"

"Always your true, loving husband!" was the tender reply.

"I am dying now. Oh, they will be cruel to waken me to life again, if I can die dreaming of Edwin," the sweet voice murmured.

"You are not dreaming," Edwin said, taking the little form in his strong embrace; "you are awake, Constance, and I am here, loving and faithful."

Into the soft brown eyes sprang a terror beyond words.

"Awake, Edwin!" Constance cried. "How came you here? Where is Grace?"

Then in brief, strong words, Edwin told his story once more, while the terror died out of the white face, and love unutterable shone from the soft eyes.

"But can you love me now? I am so changed!" Constance said, piteously. "See, my hair is white; it grew white while I was in the water."

For answer Edwin pressed his lips upon the white tresses, and while they lingered there Mrs. Egerton came into the room. Holding her hand, Constance said:

"If there are, indeed, happy years for us, Edwin, we must thank Mrs. Egerton for them. Twice she has snatched me back from the grave."

"But not until to-day did I know that I saved Constance for you," said Mrs. Egerton, gently. "Your gain will be my loss, Edwin, for if Mrs. Harvey is restored to life to-day, I presume Mary Jones dies for ever."

And while Constance rested her head upon Edwin's shoulder, Mrs. Egerton told the story of the last six years, and Edwin Harvey blessed her for the precious life she had twice saved.

LITTLE MOZART IN LONDON.

By Arthur Gaye, M. A.

Nowadays we do things—some things—very thoroughly. There are always plenty of people ready to tell us what we do inadequately, or not at all, but I think we scarcely get the credit that is our due in certain matters wherein we labor most conscientiously and unceasingly until the task is accomplished. When I say "we" thus familiarly, I mean, of course, that small but indefatigable contingent which makes these matters its especial study and delight, and I am thinking just now of the contingent of biographers and historians.

In a biography of the present day, there is apt to lurk a thoroughness which is almost appalling, and no class of literature is given to the world with such incontinent, and, as some complain, indecent haste. Scarcely has an eminent man vanished from the scene of his eminence, occasionally even before his race is fully run, but in almost every case long before the daisies have had a chance of softening the ugliness of that poor heap of clods which tells among us that another, eminent or obscure, is gone over to the majority, an announcement appears of the forthcoming "Life," and we may think ourselves lucky if we get only a "selection" of "letters" to boot. And so often what a "Life"! The biographer holds nothing sacred; omnivorous is he, and ruthless. He cannot even content himself with applying Chesterfield's maxim, "*Approfondissez*"—Go to the bottom of things—but when actually arrived at the bottom, must needs grub about and stir up until everything becomes turbid. Our historians are not much better. They cannot let the bloody Marys and stolid Georges of past ages rest in peace, and are not happy unless they can contrive to rake up musty records and triumphantly confute all that previous writers have labored to say on the subject.

It used to be said that we must go to Germany for thoroughness in any branch of literature, but for a downright, nothing-omitting, everything-exposing, pitiless biography or history, commend me to a man who lives within easy reach of Paternoster Row.

Talking of Germany and biographies, probably one of the best and fairest "Lives" ever written is that of Mozart by Otto Jahn, though, for some unaccountable reason, it is not that, I believe, but another, which has been lately deemed worthy to appear in an English dress. Jahn is wonderfully full without ever being offensively personal, and he has succeeded in recording, in one or other of his four fat volumes, all, or nearly all, that can be gleaned of his gifted countryman's history. Not quite all, however; for in the Mozarteum, or Mozart Museum, at Salzburg, certain notes are preserved which throw a little light on that, to us, especially interesting period of his life, the period, namely, of his visit to England. These few little scraps have, so far as I know, never yet been published to the world; and considering that the Mozart family remained in England for no less than fifteen months—*i.e.*, from April 10th, 1764, till the end of July, 1765, and that the generally known particulars of their residence in England are contained for the most part in a single letter read before the Royal Society at least four years after their departure, I may, perhaps, be excused for fancying that some notice of them will be welcomed by all *Mozartsverehrer*.

First, then, there is an amusing account of the passage from Calais to Dover. In those days there was no *Castalia*, and the sailing-packets were as likely as not to take half the day to get across. On this occasion the elements were not favorable. Mozart *père* appears to have been very seasick, which did not vex his soul very much, and to have had a good round sum to pay for the transportation of himself and family, which vexed it considerably. However, they all reached London in the fullness of time, father, mother, son and daughter—that "Nannerl" whose name must always be connected indissolubly with her brother's. "The first night," says Leopold, the father, "we spent at the White Bear, and the next day we moved into our lodgings at Mr. Couzin's, *Hare* cutter, in Cecil Court, Martin's Lane."

Speaking of their first reception at Court, he continues: "The favor extended to us by both their Majesties is indescribable; their kindly behavior scarcely allowed us to believe that they really were the King and Queen of England. We have met with extraordinary politeness at all the Courts we have visited, but what we have experienced here beats everything. A week ago we were walking in St. James's Park, and, although we none of us had on the same clothes as when they last saw us, they recognized us and nodded, and not only that, but the King let down the carriage window, and, putting out his head, smiled and greeted us, especially Master Wolfgang, with nods and waves of the hand."

Master Wolfgang's father was a very precise person, wrote the neatest of hands, and made a great point of noting down whatever was in the least degree likely to prove useful in time to come. It is to this careful propensity that we owe the subjoined list of his London patrons and acquaintances, no less amusing than it is explicit:

Le Roy et la Reine, S. James's Park in Queen's Palace.
Mr. Milord Eglinton.
Mr. Milord March.
M. L'Ambassadeur de Danemarck, Bothman, in Great Marlborough Street.
Mr. Lord Fitzmoritz, Dover Street.
Duches de Hamilton.
Duches of Ancaster in Barckley Square.
My Lady Haringthon et sa très jolie famille, Stable-yard, S. James's Park.
Mr. Kirckman, Pianoforte Maker, Broad Street, Golden Square.
Milord Thanet, Grosvenor Square.
Doctor Arne and his son, composers.
Miss Brent } singing womans.
Miss Young }
Lady Clive, Berkley Square.
Mr. Randal, in Five-field Row, in Chelsea, and his wife and children, with whom we stayed seven weeks, viz., from August 6th till Sept. —th.
Mr. William Groote, Apothecary and Chymist, the corner of Nassau Street, St. Ann's, Soho.

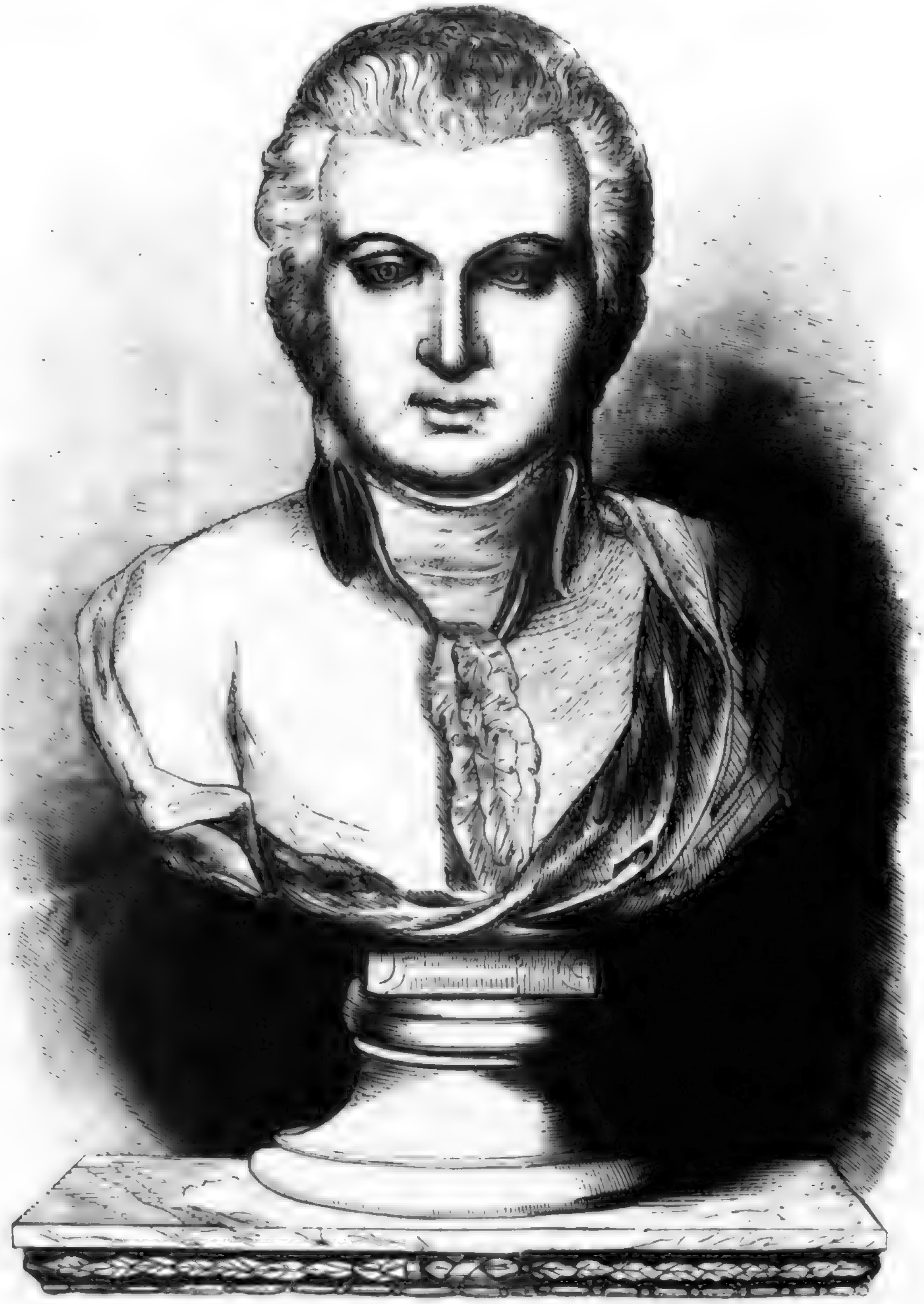
I have retained his own spelling and grammar, where he has written in English, translating where the notes are in his native language.

It is interesting to observe who were the patrons and patronesses of musical art in those days. All trace, I am afraid, of Mr. Couzin, the *Hare* cutter, in Cecil Court, has disappeared long since; but the name of Kirckman, Anglicized into Kirkman, still remains in high repute; and it is pleasant to find the name of our own favorite, Dr. Arne, included in the list of those who probably did homage to little Mozart and his sister.

Besides these notes and jottings, there is also to be seen in the Mozarteum a newspaper, about eight inches by five in size of page, and rejoicing in the comprehensive title of "Extract-Schreiben *oder* Europaeische Zeitung." It is the number for August 6th, 1765, and contains the following paragraph, headed "London, 5th July." It is worth translating at length:

> "The famous pianoforte-maker of this city, Burkard Tchudy, a Swiss by birth, lately had the honor of making for His Majesty the King of Prussia a piano with two rows of keys, which is much admired by all who have seen it. It has been noticed by everybody as something quite out of the common, that Dr. Tchudy has connected all the keys with a single pedal in such a way that the *crescendo* and *decrescendo*, which pianists have so long been desiring, can be produced at will. Dr. Tchudy, too, was clever enough to get his wonderful instrument played for the first time by the most wonderful performer in the world, namely, the seven or nine-year-old professor, Wolfgang Mozart, the marvelously gifted son of the Salzburg Capellmeister Leopold Mozart, and already as famous throughout Germany and France as he now is here. It was something quite entrancing to hear this little virtuoso's sister, only fourteen years of age, play with astounding facility the most difficult sonatas, while her brother accompanied her, improvising, on another piano. They both do wonders. The British Museum has not only begged for copies of the sonatas already published in Paris and London, as well as for portraits of this talented family, to add to its remarkable collection of curiosities, but has also received, at its own urgent request, some original MSS. by this little genius, among them a little chorus for four voices, with English words."

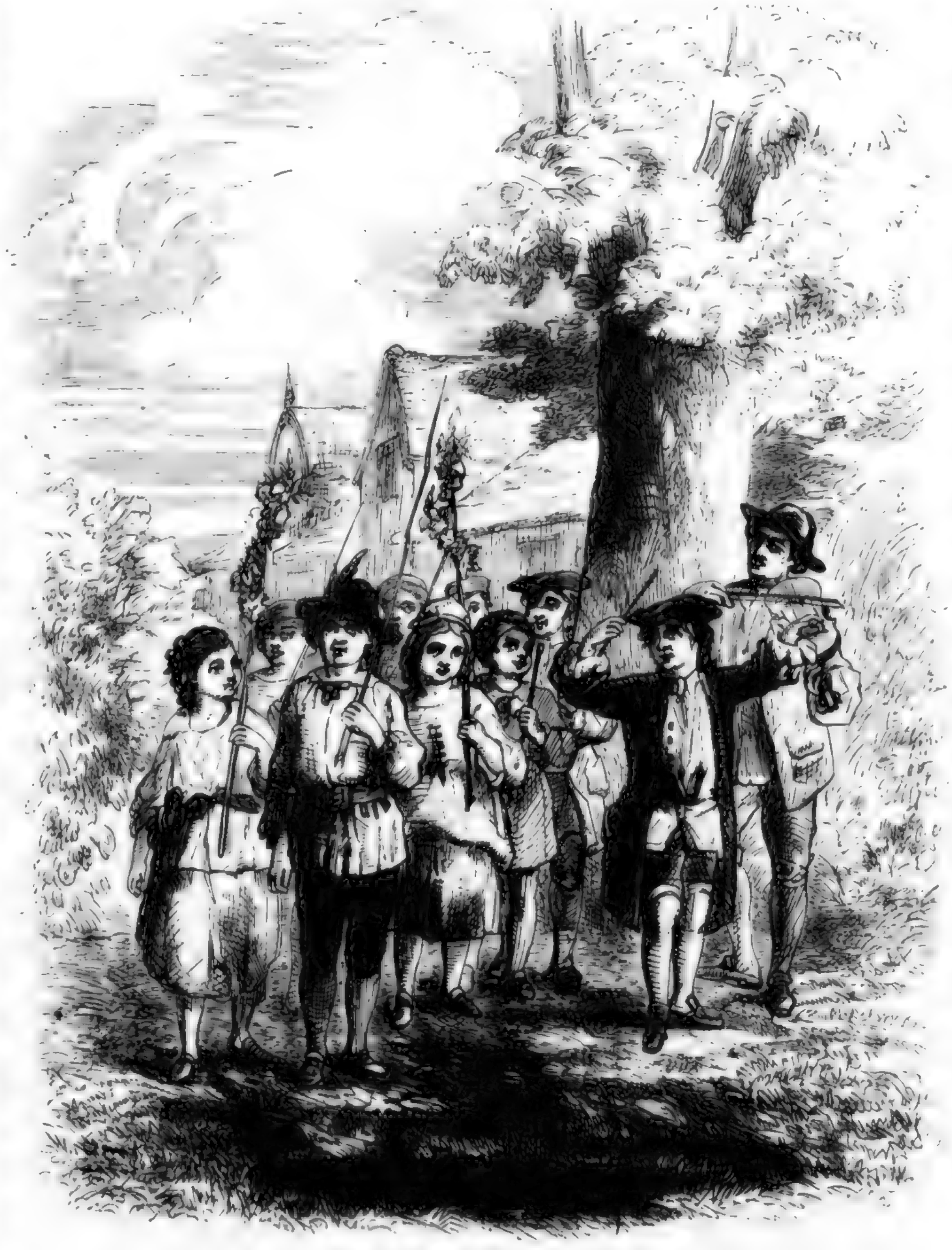
So runs the *Europaeische Zeitung*, and remains, now yellow with years, the solitary representative of Salzburg journalism a hundred and twenty years ago, yet still eight inches by five and as important and affable to "our readers" as ever, while those whom it sought to celebrate, Wolfgang and "Nannerl," have long since carried their music elsewhither.



MOZART.

Probably the only record of the residence of the Mozarts in England at all familiar to English readers is that contained in the "Philosophical Transactions," vol. lx., for the year 1770, No. 8, pp. 54 sqq. But people are not much given to reading Philosophical Transactions, and it may well be that even this account with the interesting incidents therein described is little known. Jahn, however, with that far-reaching thoroughness prevailing, as I said above, among biographers, has not suffered it to escape him—indeed, prints it *verbatim* in his "Life." One or two extracts will serve our purpose here. It is entitled "Account of a very remarkable young musician. In a letter from the Hon. Daines Barrington, F. R. S., to Matthew Maly, M.D., Sec. R.S. Received Nov. 28, 1769. Read Febr. 15, 1770. This was the Daines Barrington to whom so many of Gilbert White's letters are addressed. He seems to have been somewhat skeptical as to the age of the two children, and even went the length of writing to Salzburg for Wolfgang's certificate of birth or baptism (probably the latter), before he could be convinced that the father had not imposed upon him when he asserted that the lad was but eight years old. Determined as a true Briton to see that there was no humbug about it, Mr. Barrington put Wolfgang's genius to the severest test he could devise, placing before him a MS. duet, which it was absolutely impossible that he could ever have seen before. The score was in five parts, viz.: accompaniments for two violins, the two vocal parts, and a bass, the vocal parts being written in the contralto clef, while the others of course were in the treble and bass respectively.

But Mozart was not to be beaten: he first played the symphony in what the writer of the account calls "a most masterly manner," and then proceeded without hesitation to attack the duet itself, taking the upper line himself, while his father sang the lower. His voice of course was weak and childish, but "nothing," we read, "could exceed the masterly manner in which he sung." The father, on the other hand, was occasionally "out," and then the son would look back "with some anger," and set him right. He also threw in the violin accompaniments wherever effective. Mr. Barrington cannot find words in which to express his own amazement, or the enormous difficulty of the task. Finally, he endeavors to explain the latter by the following sufficiently perplexing comparison: "Let it be imagined," he says, "that a child of eight years old was directed to read five lines at once, in four of which the letters of the alphabet were to have different powers. For example, in the first line A to have its common power, in the second that of B, in the third that of C, in the fourth that of D. Let it be conceived, also, that the lines so composed of characters with different powers are not ranged so as to be read at all times one exactly under the other, but often in a desultory manner. Suppose, then, a capital speech in Shakespeare, never seen by him before, yet read by a child of eight years old with all the pathetic energy of a Garrick. Let it be conceived, likewise, that the same child is reading, with a glance of the eye, three different comments on this speech, tending to its illustration, and that one comment is written in Greek, the second in Hebrew, and the third in Etruscan characters. Let it be also supposed that by different signs he could point out which comment is most material upon every word, and that sometimes that perhaps all three are so, at others only two of them. When all this is conceived, it will convey some idea of what the boy was capable of, in singing such a duet at sight, throwing in at the same time all its proper accompaniments."



YOUNG MOZART AS A DIRECTOR.

He was next tried with equally remarkable results in *extempore* playing, and Mr. Barrington institutes a comparison between him and other youthful prodigies; such as Handel, and one John Barratier, which latter "is said to have understood Latin when he was but four years old, Hebrew when six, and three other languages at the age of nine." He comes to the conclusion that little Mozart is the most precocious of all. Though a genius, however, he was still a child, and on one occasion, "whilst he was playing, a favorite cat came in, upon which he immediately left his harpsichord, nor could we bring him back for a considerable time." So, too, "he would also sometimes run about the room with a stick between his legs by way of a horse." Nor was as yet his young life embittered by that jealousy among the brethren of the craft which doubtless was one of the main causes of his early death. On the contrary, all musicians whom he met, whether amateur or professional, appear to have done willing homage to the little master. Even Joh. Christ. Bach himself, the youngest son of the great John Sebastian, and teacher of music to the Queen, noticed him most affably, and on one occasion took him on his lap and played a sonata with him, each taking a certain number of bars in turn.

We can then easily understand the father's proud feeling when he wrote at about this time: "You can form no idea of it. What he knew when he left Salzburg is just nothing by the side of what he knows now." And again: "'Tis enough that my girl is one of the cleverest performers in Europe, for all she is but twelve years old, and that the giant (*grossmächtige*) Wolfgang, with his eight years, knows all that could be looked for in a man of forty."

During his stay in England, Mozart wrote six sonatas, with accompaniments for violin or flute, and dedicated them to Queen Charlotte. He also composed several orchestral symphonies, which "Nannerl," with her nimble fingers, had to copy out for him.

And this is all that remains on record of our "distinguished visitor" while on English soil. He staid, indeed, for some weeks, if not months, near Canterbury but the name of his host has not been handed down to us.

And there is but one further incident to mention, if indeed it be admissible at all, inasmuch as it had no connection with the visit to England. Nevertheless, here it is: Lange, Mozart's brother-in-law, the actor and artist, made a sketch of the musician's ear, and by the side of it painted an ordinary ear. This sketch is in the possession of Herr F. X. Jelinek, Curator of the Mozarteum. Under the two ears may be read, in Mozart's handwriting, "*Mein Ohr*" and "*Ein gewöhnliches Ohr*" respectively. The word "*Mein*" has been scratched out and "Mozart's" substituted by Lange.

The most noticeable feature of Mozart's ear, according to the sketch, was its extreme flatness to the head, which doubtless accounts for the extraordinary sensitiveness of that organ in him.

Here, then, I will leave our little visitor, having, I hope, placed on record a few additional details respecting him, which, if insignificant in themselves, will nevertheless perhaps be read with pleasure by those, and they must be many, who are ready to welcome anything new concerning that greatest of all musical prodigies, who began life under such happy auspices, and yet after barely reaching *il mezzo cammino della nostra vita* was, practically, worried to death, and was buried, like Moses, no one knows where. In the midst of the petty jealousies and professional unkindnesses which marred his later years, he must have often looked back with fond regret to the days of his boyish triumphs and unclouded happiness, when under the hospitable roof of Mr. Couzin, *Hare* cutter, Cecil Court, Martin's Lane.

THE LIST OF THE DEAD.

THE "List of the Dead!" Oh, fatal scroll!
How many fond hearts bleed!
How many cheeks grow white with fear,
Lest the one lov'd name be read!

Her trembling hand the paper lifts,
Her eyes glance o'er the List;
With shrinking heart she reads the names
Of "Killed," of "Wounded," "Missed."

His name she reads; her heart stands still;
Tears blind her stricken eyes;
Her head falls lifeless on her arm;
Her soul within her dies!

DUCK-HUNTING BY MOONLIGHT.

OF all the sports in the world, commend us to duck-shooting. Last Fall, in company with a friend, the writer took a trip to Princess Bay, in quest of the esculent fowl just mentioned. Arriving at Keyport, a pretty little Jersey seaport, we sought the good offices of Sam Wesley, a well-known duck-hunter, and one of the characters of the village.

"Wall," said Sam, in answer to our interrogatories, "Turkle Pond at evenin' is just about full of 'em; but the wust of it is, ye can't git 'em after ye've killed 'em. It'll be moonlight to-night, an' I think as good a plan as eny is to take a boat, go a mile or so up-shore, lay in the marsh, and kill 'em as they come up to feed. Black ducks is plenty now—I got forty-six yesterdee."

Following Sam's suggestion, we procured a light boat, and started for the hunting-ground. Myself and companion were provided with the most approved style of fowling-piece and accoutrements, while our guide was armed with the most curious-looking weapon ever fashioned by man. It was a double-barreled instrument, about four feet in length, and, judging by the size, must have weighed at least twelve pounds.

"In the name of wonder, Sam, what do you call that—that *thing?*" we inquired.

"That," said Sam, resting on his oars and contemplating the article with pride, "is a genuine old double-bar'l'd 'Queen Anne.' My great-granddaddy shot ducks with that wery identical fowlin'-piece, an' I never used no other. She fires with flint-locks, as ye kin see; an' I wouldn't trade her for fifty of yer new-fangled guns."

While we were examining the curious piece of mechanism, Sam remarked that there was a "diver" swimming ahead. Our companion was about to fire at the black object plowing rapidly through the water, when Sam caught his arm.

"You'd be throwin' away yer powder. That duck 'ud be ten feet under water afore the shot 'ud reach 'im."

Drawing the charge in the left barrel, Sam aimed at the duck, and snapped the cap. As quick as a flash the duck dived.

"Take the oars, one o' ye, an' row slow."

In a minute or so the diver came to the surface, a short distance from where he disappeared. Again a cap was snapped, and again the duck dived with lightning-like rapidity. These manœuvres were kept up for some time, until the diver ceased to take alarm.

"Now," said Sam, in a whisper, "he's got used to cap-snappin', an' won't dive. Now I'll let him have the right bar'l."

Sam fired, and the diver sprang into the air, fluttered helplessly a moment, and then fell with extended wings upon the water.

"Row quick," cried Sam, "or he'll sink!"

We rowed up to him, and lifted him in—a remarkably fine specimen of his species.

"The diver's fine eatin'," said Sam—"a good deal better'n the loon. Ye kin hear one now, if ye listen sharp."

We listened attentively, and presently heard a cry sounding something like the bark of a dog, ending with a wild, maniacal laugh.

"Ugh!" said Sam. "I don't like to hear it. Kind o' ugly to listen to on a dark night. It——"

"Hear the thunder!" broke in our companion, suddenly.

"Umph!" said Sam, with a snort. "Why, bless yer dear innercent soul! that ain't thunder—that's black duck! Some un's started a flock, an' they've rose. It's the beatin' of their wings on the water wot makes that thunderin' noise. There they go, now," and he pointed to a long, low, swiftly-moving black cloud which was going down the bay. "But wait a bit, young feller! There's a covey o' duck right ahead. Here," said Sam, glancing contemptuously at the writer's piece, which he was holding in readiness, "take my gun. She shoots sure, an' there's no fear o' missin'."

To humor him, we complied with his request, though it was like handling a twelve-pounder field-piece.

"Wait until they rise on the swell," was the direction. "If they take to wing, aim at the highest one, an' ye'll be pooty sure to fetch 'em all."

We followed his directions conscientiously and to the letter. The ducks rose on the swell, and then rose in the air. We were conscious immediately after of a rattling crash, an immense volume of smoke, and of taking a violent seat in the boat with a bruised shoulder.

"Confound your old 'Queen Anne'! 'Manton-twist' is good enough for us!" we exclaimed, a little impatiently.

"Guess ye fired both bar'ls," said Sam, with a grin.

However, we had the satisfaction of picking up six fat ducks, which was a compensation for the mishap.

"Duck-*shootin'* is great sport," ventured Sam, in a burst of confidence. "A durn sight better sport than nettin' 'em wholesale, an' then wringin' their necks arterward. Why, bless yer innercent souls, ducks is nothin' to wot they was twenty years ago. Ye mayn't believe it, but I've seed *three acres* of water covered with black duck, swimmin' so thick that ye might throw a handkercher enywhere amongst 'em an' not git it wet. For late years they haven't been so thick, but then a feller can't complain. I rec'lect old Cap'n Applegate used to hev a long swivel-gun mounted on the shore durin' duck season. The old man used to load her with half-a-pound o' powder, then he'd jam in a fistful o' paper, and then he'd put in 'bout a quart o' No. 4 shot with another fistful o' paper. Then the old feller 'd sit an' watch until a big flock o' ducks come along, an' then he'd git a keerful aim an' let her bang. Great Peter! he'd fetch 'bout a thousan' of 'em, fur the old gun had a powerful gift o' scatterin'—— D'ye hear that?" said Sam, breaking the thread of his narrative. "'Honk! honk! honk!' That's a flock o' geese, an' it's the old gander hollerin' that way. No use goin' for 'em—they fly too high. But we mought as well put in here."

The boat's bow was turned toward a little cove in the marsh, and we pushed a short distance into the rushes.

"This is as good a place as eny," whispered Sam. "We kin lay here behind the 'cat-tails,' where they can't see us an' we can see them. Le's see—tide's on the ebb, an' they'll begin to come ashore. They feed at night, an' come ashore when tide's low, so they kin git at the young shoots an' worms easier."

By this time the full moon had risen, and it was quite light. We could very plainly hear the "quack, quack, quack" of our victims, as they moved slowly in toward us.

How our nerves tingled and our hearts beat as we sat silently waiting for them! Presently we caught sight of a dark group paddling along. My! how nervous we were! They came within a hundred and fifty yards of us, and then stopped. They seemed to hold a short consultation, and then moved in a lateral direction. Misery! Disappointment! But they stop again, and come right toward us!

Nearer and nearer they come, with eccentric movements. Our fingers are on the triggers, and we mentally pray that Sam won't use the "Queen Anne." We safely part the rushes, thanking our good fortune that the wind is toward us. We both aim, one to the right, and the other to the left. At a preconcerted signal we fired, and killed eleven of the flock. After picking up the spoils, we took up a position more to the left.

We did not have to wait long before a still larger flock came in view. Again the exasperating movements were gone through, and then they calmly sailed into range. It occurred to us that they looked larger than the others we had seen, and we were about to speak of it, when the old "Queen Anne" was poked over our shoulder.

"Let me go fur them," whispered Sam, eagerly. "I acterly believe that they're Canuck geese. Haven't seen eny aroun' here in six years."

We gave way to the old man, and nervously watched his proceedings. Gracious! how we dreaded that ancient weapon! The geese sailed gracefully down in single file, with an old gander on the lead. Sam's eyes were fixed on them, and he slowly raised his piece. Taking a long aim, which was most painful to our shrinking tympanums, he pulled trigger, and the old thing let go with an awful crash.

We were confident of finding old Sam flat on his back in the boat when the smoke had cleared away, and were much astonished to find that the shock had no effect whatever.

"Old Nancy's reliable," said Sam, with a triumphant air. "She fetched five or six of 'em that time, certain."

We pulled out, and found that Sam's shot had laid five birds low. Then, at his suggestion, we pulled out into open water. After sailing around awhile, we killed seven more ducks. By this time it was well on toward midnight, and there was a heavy sea-fog coming in.

"We're nearly five miles from town," observed Sam, "an' I can't see the light on the guardboat off the P'int. That shows the fog's travelin' fast, an' if we don't want to git cotched, we'd better be gittin' down-shore."

Sure enough, the fog *was* driving in fast. We could see it rolling in in heavy, black banks, and already the breeze was freshening. It was something of a disappointment to have to give up our sport so soon, but we had to submit to the inevitable.

Sam bent to his oars, and the boat fairly jumped under the vigorous strokes of the handy oarsman. But it was of no use; the wind traversed faster than we did, and in a short time we were in the very thick of the fog. It came in so dense that the light of the moon was almost shut out, and at intervals it was so dark that we could scarcely see ten feet ahead. By-and-by we got fairly bewildered. We knew that the shore should be on our left, but somehow we could not hear the waves washing up on the beach.

We were certainly going in the wrong direction. Sam stopped rowing, and sounded with an oar. It touched bottom; and turning the boat's head around, we rowed a hundred yards or so, and sounded again. Good! the water was getting shallower. We kept on, and in a few minutes had the satisfaction of hearing the rollers.

"Now," advised Sam, "I think we'd better go ashore, an' haul the boat up an' make her fast. The crick's just below, an' ef we try to cross it we mought git out of our bearin's agin. We kin go up to old Mushrow's an' git a stateroom till mornin'. If I hain't mistaken, we hain't fur from there now."

So we hauled the boat up, and, taking the oars, started for "Old Mushrow's." In order to reach the road to the hospitable Mushrow's, we were obliged first to ascend a high clay bank—there was no going *around* it, for it was a mile or so long.

"It's like climbin' a hill o' soft soap," remarked our guide, "but it's got to be did. Mind yer foot-hold," said he, when he had got nearly to the top, "fur if ye slip, down ye go."

No sooner were the words out of his mouth, when Sam's feet went from under him, and he slid gracefully and rapidly to the bottom, his knees making deep grooves in the plastic soil. The old man toiled up again with an oar in one hand and the old "Queen Anne" firmly grasped in the other. Then he took the lead, and brought us over heaven knows how many sloppy fields, over rail-fences and among tree-stumps, against which we rasped our skins; and just as *we* were about to give up, we spied a light.

The way we made for that light was a caution. It

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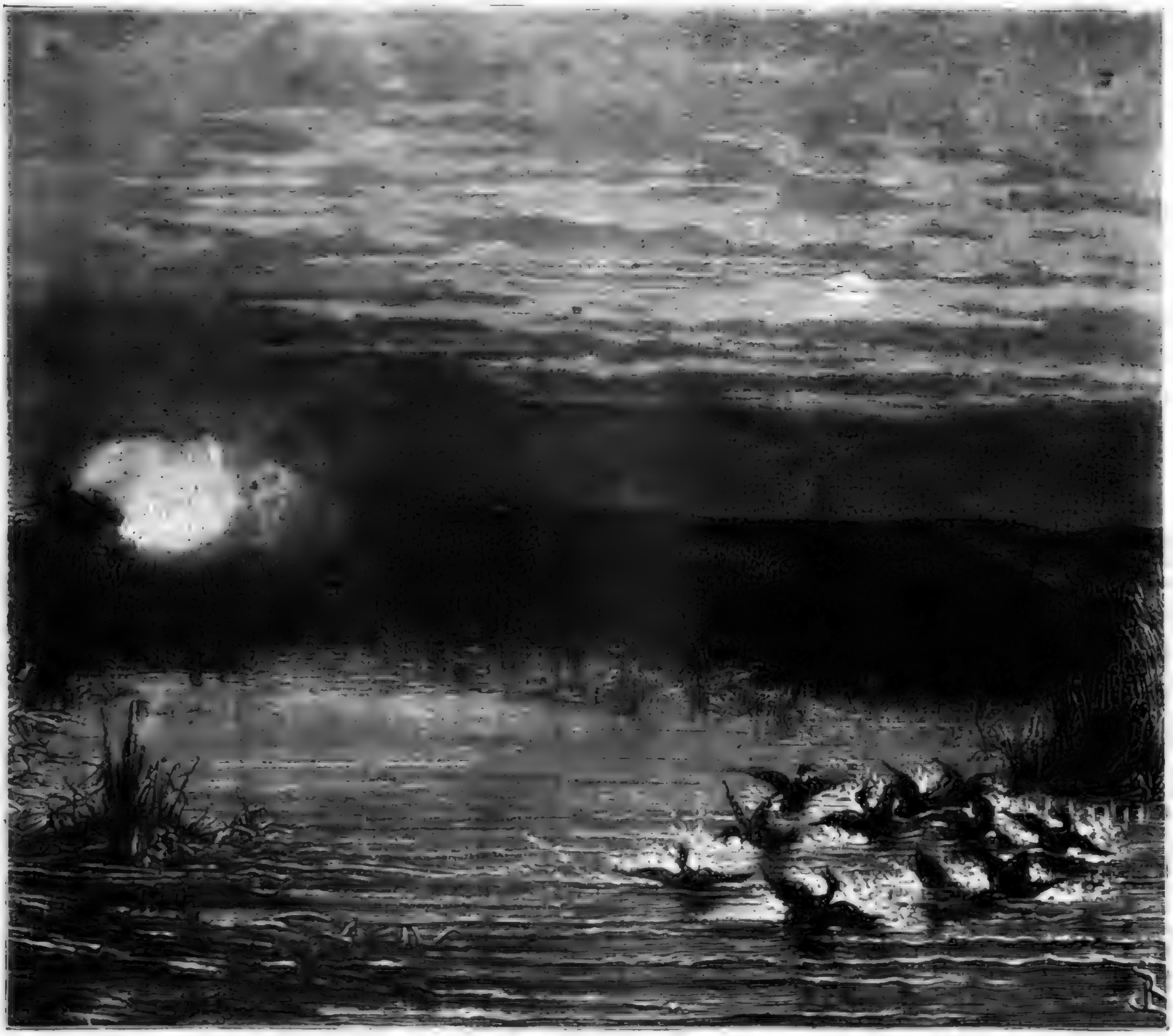

DUCK-HUNTING BY MOONLIGHT.—SEE PAGE 170.

didn't take us long to reach it, the reader may be assured. Then we had to stand and hammer at the door for some time before we were admitted.

The sight of the rousing fire in the old-fashioned fireplace repaid us for all our vexations; and when we were extended on the floor, wrapped in blankets, with our feet toward the grateful blaze, we were the most comfortable beings imaginable.

In the morning we partook of a hearty breakfast, and then took leave of our kindly host. We found our boat all right, and shoving off, we headed for the village.

On counting over the spoils, we found that we had one diver, five geese, and twenty-four black ducks, making thirty in all—which, considering drawbacks, was a good night's sport, after all.

A MURDER DISCOVERED THROUGH THE WIDOW'S AFFECTION.

This fine instance of the untiring ardor of a wife in her search for her husband, and in solving the mystery of his disappearance, is also interesting in another point of view. The case exhibits a pertinacity of justice in unravveling crime at a period—the reign of Charles II.—when it becomes all the more creditable, as showing that even then, whatever might be the political partiality of the judges, they were at least firm and resolute in doing their office between man and man.

The strange story, in the report handed down to us, is this:

Thomas Kidderminster was the only son of Walter Kidderminster, of Tupsley, in the County of Hereford, and was at first a man of position; but being wronged out of his paternal estates by the intrigues of his stepmother, he was compelled very early in life to enter into the service of the Bishop of Ely, who employed him as his steward, till the commencement of the Civil War, and the time when the prelate himself was committed to the Tower for his unshaken loyalty.

Mr. Kidderminster afterward had the management of other gentlemen's estates in Cambridgeshire. At last, thinking it prudent to convert his property into money, and to endeavor to settle upon or to sell his estate, which he claimed, in Herefordshire, he sent his wife, then *enceinte*, to London, and telling her he would return in ten days, he departed through Cambridgeshire to Essex, with a number of writings, taking with him about five or six hundred pounds in gold.

Traveling in a by-road for safety, Mr. Kidderminster took a guide with him; but on reaching Chelmsford at night he discharged him. Mr. Kidderminster himself

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put up at the White Horse Inn, at Chelmsford, where it appears he had lain at other times, and was very well known; but there he was murdered on the same night, in April, 1654.

The last place his wife heard of him was Cambridge. A report was spread that he was gone to Amsterdam, where she sent to inquire for him, but was assured he was not there. After some time, she heard he was at Cork, in Ireland. Thither she also sent, and made a most diligent and exact search for him both in Cork and throughout Munster. Again there was a rumor that he was in Barbadoes, and again did she have inquiries set on foot at Barbadoes.

She continued constantly carrying on investigations after her husband, till her sister one day, in 1662 or 1663, reading the newspaper, suddenly cried out:

"Sister, here's news of your husband!"

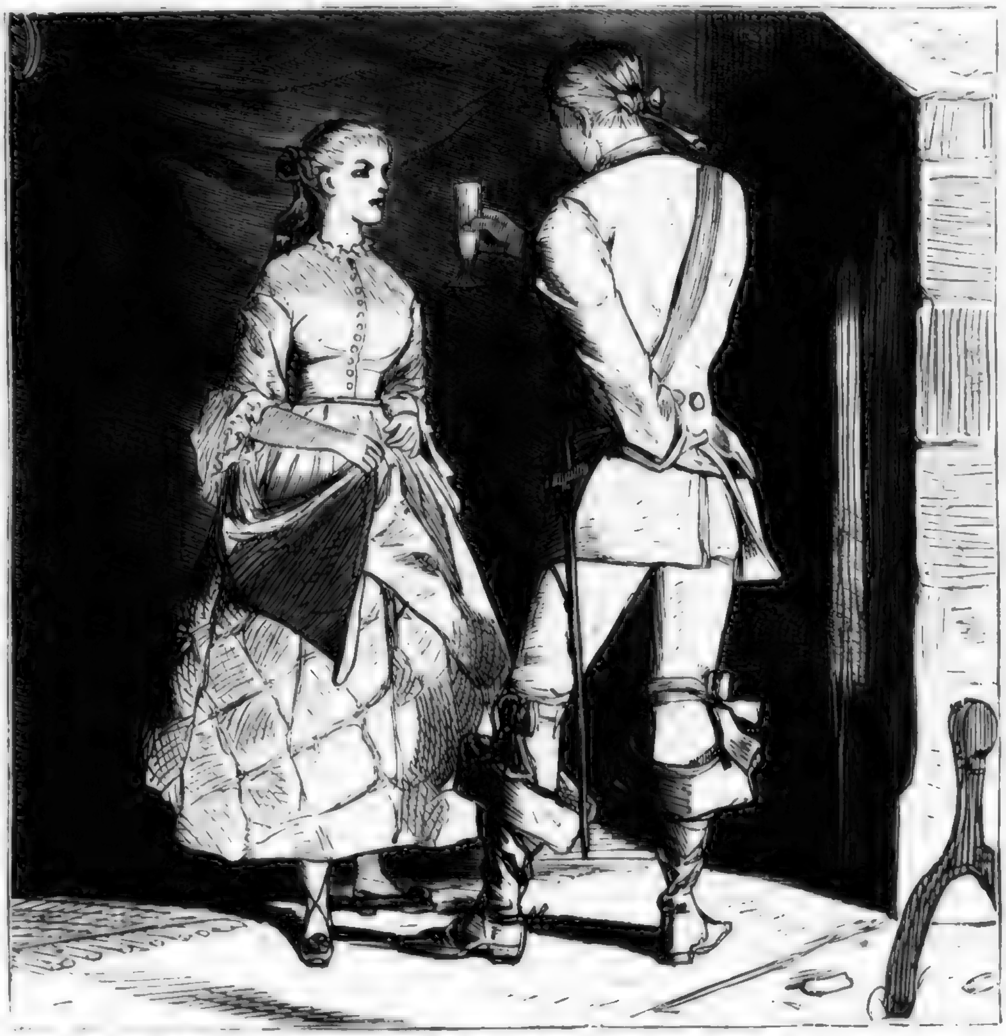
The intelligence was in these terms:

> "The bones of an unknown person, supposed to be robbed and murdered some ten years back, are found buried in a back-yard in Chelmsford Whosoever can give any information of any person missing, let them give notice to Mr. Talcott, coroner, in Feering, or to the constable of Chelmsford, or to Mr. Roper, bookseller, over against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street."

Upon Mrs. Kidderminster comparing the time of her husband's being missing with the time in the newspaper of the supposed murdered body's lying concealed, it appeared to be extremely probable that it referred to him. She immediately went to Mr. Roper's, and by his advice set off for Chelmsford, and for want of conveyance went on foot with a friend.

They proceeded on their journey as far as Stratford, where, a little beyond the town, they lost their way, turning to the left hand of the road. At last they came to Romford, and, by that time being very weary, went into a house at the further end of the town, the sign of the Black Bull, where they accidentally found one Mary Mattocks, who lived at Horn Church.

Mrs. Kidderminster being now quite worn out, and not able to go on foot any further, inquired whether any horse could be hired in that town. Mrs. Mattocks being present, interposed, and answered that there was no horse to be hired, nor any convenience of coach or wagon to be had upon that day. They asked Mrs. Mattocks how far it was to Chelmsford; she answered, fifteen miles. Mrs. Kidderminster asked her again, whether she knew Chelmsford. She replied that she did—very well; for she was born and bred there. "If she knew the White Horse?" "Very well; and one Turner, a very honest man, kept it. But he that kept it formerly was one Sewell, who, if he had had his deserts, had been hanged long ago, for there was certainly a gentleman murdered in the house."



A MURDER DISCOVERED THROUGH THE WIDOW'S AFFECTION.—"HE DRANK TO HER, AND MADE HER DRINK."

Mrs. Kidderminster was induced to make further inquiry, and told Mrs. Mattocks that her husband was missed much about that time. Mrs. Mattocks informed her that the ostler who lived in Sewell's time at the White Horse now lived at Romford. With an intention to gather from him what circumstances she could, she sent for him, but he refused to come; for the messenger having heard part of the discourse, communicated it to him, which made him unwilling to appear.

Mrs. Mattocks then advised Mrs. Kidderminster to go to one Mrs. Shute, her aunt, at the sign of the Cock, at Chelmsford, and she could give her such intelligence as would answer her expectation.

Upon this Mrs. Kidderminster and her friend resumed their journey toward Chelmsford. Mrs. Mattocks, after their departure, told the people of the house that a guilty conscience needs no accuser, and that she had heard the ostler had a hand in the business, and had received sixty pounds and a suit of clothes.

Mrs. Kidderminster went directly to the White Horse Inn, where, after some conversation with Mr. Turner, then master of the house, he advised them to go to Mrs. Sewell's, at the Shears, in Colchester Lane. When her friend went out to Mrs. Sewell and inquired for the White Horse Inn, Mrs. Sewell asked what business he had there; to which he answered that he was come to inquire about a gentleman that had been murdered there some years ago. To this Mrs. Sewell replied:

"Ay, this is Turner's doings. He has put us to great trouble about it already, but I will be avenged on him."

They now returned to the White Horse, where Mr.

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Turner gave his account concerning the discovery and disinterment of the corpse, and the subsequent proceedings, which was this:

Mr. Turner had pales between his neighbor's meadow and his orchard. A great wind having blown them down, he resolved to make a mud wall; in digging which they found a skull with all the teeth in it but one, and a hole on the left side of the skull, about the size of a crown. Several country people came to see it, who had observed new turf laid upon the place. Upon digging on they perceived that the corpse had been crammed in double. The coroner sat upon the bones, and the jury found a verdict of murder committed, a blow upon the side of the head being evidently the cause of the person's death.

At this time Sewell, who formerly kept the inn, and his wife and two daughters, were alive, as also the ostler and maid-servant who lived in their family. Mr. Turner, to vindicate the reputation of the house, applied to the justices of the peace of the county, who issued out warrants against Sewell and his wife, who were taken up; but, upon their examination, they denied all knowledge of the matter. The magistrates, however, bound them to appear at the next assizes, and Mr. Turner to prosecute.

Sewell died about a fortnight before the assizes, but it was suspected he was poisoned by his wife. He showed visible signs of a troubled mind. He often desired his wife to allow him to speak to some of the chief men of the town, for otherwise he could not die; which his wife would not permit.

At the assizes, Mrs. Sewell appeared, and nothing being positively proved against her, she was continued under bail till next assizes, at which time the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, Sir Orlando Bridgman, went the circuit. His lordship, finding that no clear account of the person murdered could be ascertained, nor who were the murderers, ordered that notice should be inserted in the newspapers, by which means Mrs. Kidderminster had the first intimation of it.

Such was Mr. Turner's account. But to return to Mrs. Kidderminster's own proceedings. She quitted Chelmsford and made inquiry at Romford for the ostler, Moses Drayne.

She asked him to describe a man who left his horse behind him when he was ostler at the White Horse, in Chelmsford, and what clothes he wore. He answered that the gentleman was a tall, big, portly man, with his own hair, dark brown, not very long, curled up at the ends; that he wore a black satin cap, and that his clothes were of a dark gray; which she found agreed with her husband's figure. She then asked him what hat he wore; he replied:

"A black one."

"Nay," said she, "my husband's was a gray one."

At which words he changed color several times, and never looked up in her face afterward, but told her that one Mary Kendall, who had been a servant at Chelmsford at the time of the gentleman's stay there, could inform her much better. She now left him; but before she quitted the town she went again to the Black Bull, and spoke to the master of the house, who advised her to speak again with Mrs. Mattocks, for she would be her best evidence.

Accordingly Lord Chief Justice Bridgman was informed of what Mrs. Mattocks could prove; and he advised Mrs. Kidderminster to return to Romford and get Mrs. Mattocks to make oath before a justice. Justice Mildmay, of Mildin, issued a warrant for the apprehension of Moses Drayne, the ostler, who was immediately committed. After which Mrs. Kidderminster found Mary Kendall, who could not be prevailed on to make any discovery. She was, however, traced to London, and was committed to Newgate. Here she was told by her fellow-prisoners that her running away was an argument of guilt, and that therefore she would be hanged; upon which she confessed all to Mrs. Kidderminster, and told her she would not have continued so long in an obstinate denial, but that Sewell's daughters had threatened her that if she confessed they would swear against her, and have her hanged first.

Sewell's wife in the meantime died of the plague; but Mrs. Kidderminster, with the special consent of the Lord Chief Justice Bridgman, caused Mary Kendall to be removed from Newgate to Brentwood, the day before the assizes.

The trial of Moses Drayne came on; he pleaded not guilty. Mary Kendall gave in evidence:

That she was a maid-servant in the inn where the gentleman was murdered, and that she, having dressed herself in her best clothes, had leave of her master to go to Kilden, where her father lived; and upon her return home that night, her mistress bade her fetch a pair of sheets, and lay them upon the bed in the room called the King's Arms. When she came in the room, she found the gentleman standing with his back toward the fire, and with his hands behind him. He drank to her and made her drink up the glass of beer, and bade her go and fetch him a napkin, to make him a cap. He asked her whether she was the man of the house's daughter, or his maid. She answered she was his servant. The master and mistress being in the room all this while, and having supped together with the gentleman, he, in the presence of the maid and the mistress, delivered his cloak-bag to the master of the house, and told him there was in it near six hundred pounds, and writings of considerable value. Then her mistress bade her go to bed and lie with the younger children, in the further end of the house, that being not her usual lodging; here she was locked in that night, and her mistress unlocked the door in the morning. She said that between one and two o'clock in the morning she heard a great fall of something; that it shook the room where she lay, though it was in the furthermost part of the house. When she came down in the morning, she found her master and mistress and the ostler sitting very merrily at the fire, with a flagon of drink before them, none of them having been in bed that night, nor the two daughters, Betty and Priss, who were appointed to lie in the same room where the maid used to be. She, not seeing the gentleman stirring in the morning, after some time, asked her mistress if the gentleman was gone.

"Yes," answered she, "though you were so good a housewife that you could not get up;" and blamed her for lying in bed so long.

She asked her mistress whether the gentleman had left anything.

"Yes," said her mistress, "he left you a groat," and put her hand in her purse and gave it her.

"Then," said the maid, "I will go and make clean the chamber."

"No," said the mistress, "my daughters and I have set that to rights already; do you what you are about, and then go to your flax-wheel."

The chamber door was locked for eight or nine weeks afterward, and no person permitted to enter it but themselves. Once she asked her mistress why that room was locked, and not kept clean for guests as usual. The mistress answered that "they had no guests fit for that room, for it was kept for gentlemen."

Some time afterward, on a Sunday, her master gave her the key to fetch his cloak out of his chest in his chamber; there she saw the gentleman's suit of clothes, and his cloak-bag, which she saw him deliver to them. About nine weeks afterward, her mistress sent her up into the room where the gentleman had been murdered, to fetch something, it being the first time she had been in that room since it had been locked. She searched over the room, and looked upon the tester of the bed, and there she saw the gentleman's hat, his hanger, boots, and the satin cap which she took off the gentleman's head and hanged up his hat, and laid it upon the table, when she made a cap of the napkin and put it on the gentleman's head. She took the gentleman's hat, his hanger, boots and cap, and carried them down to her mistress and the ostler.

She asked her mistress, "You said the gentleman was gone to London in a coach; did he go without clothes, or did you lend him some? for I saw his clothes in my master's chest, and these things are his too."

The ostler said, "Those things are mine."

The maid answered, "You are a rogue. I am sure they were the gentleman's; I know not whose they are now."

Her mistress, hearing the maid and the ostler quarreling, she fell upon the maid, and there arose violent words betwixt them, when her mistress broke the maid's head in three several places, so that the blood ran about her ears. She talked louder, and asked her mistress "whether she intended to murder her, as she did the gentleman?" Then her master, hearing this disturbance, came to them, and persuaded her to hold her tongue and be quiet.

She further desposed that the ostler received sixty pounds of the gentleman's money; for that some short time after the murder he lent sixty pounds to a woman who kept the Grayhound Inn in the same town; and that that must be the money, for the ostler was worth nothing of his own at the time of the murder; and that the ostler had the gentleman's clothes, which she had seen in her master's chest; and that the ostler sent them to one Clarke, a dyer, in Modsam, to have them dyed into a liver color. The dyer asked him, "Why he would have the color altered, since they were of a better color before?"

The ostler answered that he would have them dyed because he did not like the color. And about a twelvemonth after, he dyed the gray hat black. Then she deposed further, that her master raised himself to a good condition on a sudden; for before, he was so poor that his landlord would not trust him for a quarter's rent, but would make him pay every six weeks; and that he could not be trusted for malt, but was forced to pay for one barrel under another. That shortly after, they bought a ruined malt-house, and new-built it, and usually laid out forty pounds in a day to buy barley. There was seen, upon a sudden, a great change in the daughters' condition, both as to their clothes and otherwise; and they were observed to have gold in great plenty.

Mary Mattocks deposed that while Goodwife Shute and she were drying their clothes in the churchyard, Mary Kendall came there also to dry her basket of clothes, saying:

"My mistress Sewell has beaten me cruelly to-day, and broken my head in three places, and almost killed me; but I have told her pretty well of her roguery."

"What roguery?" said Goodwife Shute.

"It is," said she, "concerning the gentleman they murdered there!"

"Murdered there!" said Goodwife Shute; "dost thou know of any murder done there?"

Her kinswoman going away, she held her by the apron, that she might stay to hear what she would say.

"No, Goody Shute," she said, "I don't know it, but there is a great suspicion of it."

She then told them the story, that in the heat of the quarrel her master pulled her out of the room, and cried:

"Mary, will you leave off prating and be quiet? Can't you be quiet, but you must talk at this rate? Your mistress is a perverse woman, and I'll give you twenty pounds, and you shall be gone, and live no longer with her."

"And," said she, "Goody Shute, I have the twenty pounds, and I do intend to be gone."

Said Goody Shute, "Mary, Mary, take heed what you do. I would give them the twenty pounds again, and go and acquaint some justice of the peace of it; for the twenty pounds may hang thee twenty years hence."

So they parted.

By the next morning all was hushed up at home, and she, Mary Kendall, came to Goodwife Shute, and begged of her to say nothing of their yesterday's discourse; for what she had then said proceeded from passion, or else she had never said it.

Said Goodwife Shute, "If I do not hear it questioned, I shall say nothing of it; but if at any time it comes in question, I will both say it, and make you say so too." But Mary Kendall, being re-examined to this matter, denied the receiving of the twenty pounds.

There were two women, one of them a washerwoman of that town, and the other a Quaker, that lived in the next house to Mr. Sewell, who both gave evidence at the trial. The washerwoman was going by the house very early, between one and two in the morning, to wash in the town, and the Quaker was sitting up for her husband, who was not then come home. They both of them made oath that about those hours they heard a noise in Mr. Sewell's house, and a man's voice, crying:

"What! will you rob me of my money, and murder me too? If you take my money, spare my life!"

They then heard something that fell very heavy, and a noise as it were of chairs and stools thrown about the room, and all the lights put out, and after that no further noise was heard.

The next morning these women inquired at the inn what might be the occasion of the noise the night before, for they thought they heard somebody cry out "Murder!" But they were answered they must be mistaken, for there was no noise there, nor was any person in the house but their own family.

William Denton, Mr. Kidderminster's servant in the Isle of Ely, was produced as evidence to prove the horse, and the gentleman's clothes and hat, which he did.

Upon this evidence the jury found Moses Drayne, the ostler, guilty; and after sentence he was remanded to prison, where he was about to make a sincere confession; but his wife coming in in the meantime, took hold of him, and bade him hold his tongue and confess no more; for if he died for it, he should hang nobody else.

Moses Drayne having confessed that Betty, the eldest daughter, had a share in the murder, and Mary Kendall having sworn at the trial that the two sisters were not in bed that night the murder was committed, Mrs. Kidderminster moved the coroner to procure a warrant from the justice of the peace to apprehend the two sisters; which being done, they were bound over to appear at the next assizes. When the assizes came, both the daughters appeared, and a bill of indictment was preferred against them to the grand jury, before whom Mary Kendall gave the same evidence that she had done before at the trial of Moses Drayne, and there was also what he had said in prison. But the grand jury, thinking the proof not sufficient to find the bill, returned an ignoramus, and the two sisters were discharged by proclamation.

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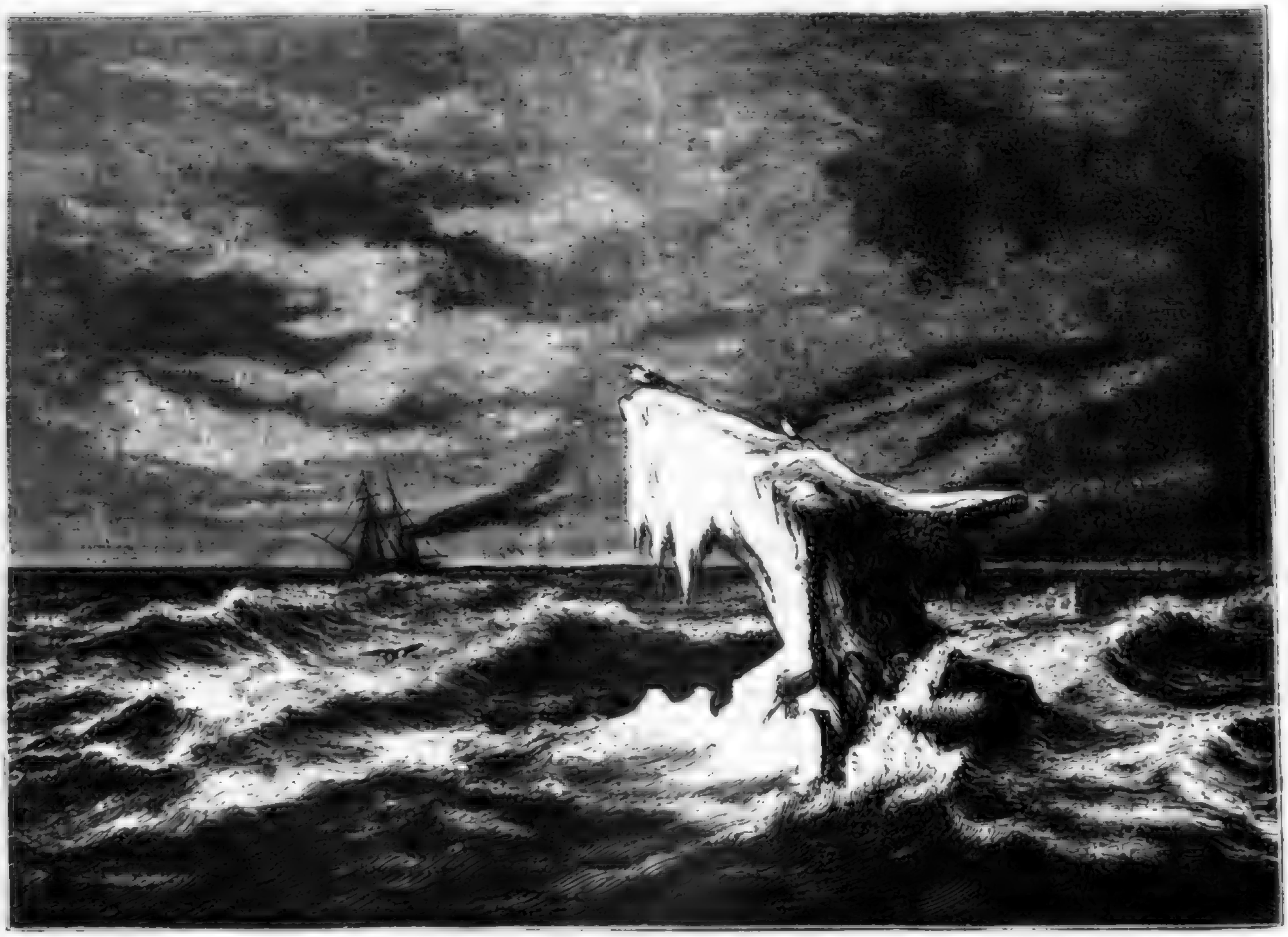
THE AUSTRIANS IN THE ICE.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "TEGETTHOFF" TO KAISER FRANZ-JOSEF'S LAND.

By Godfrey A. Hudson.

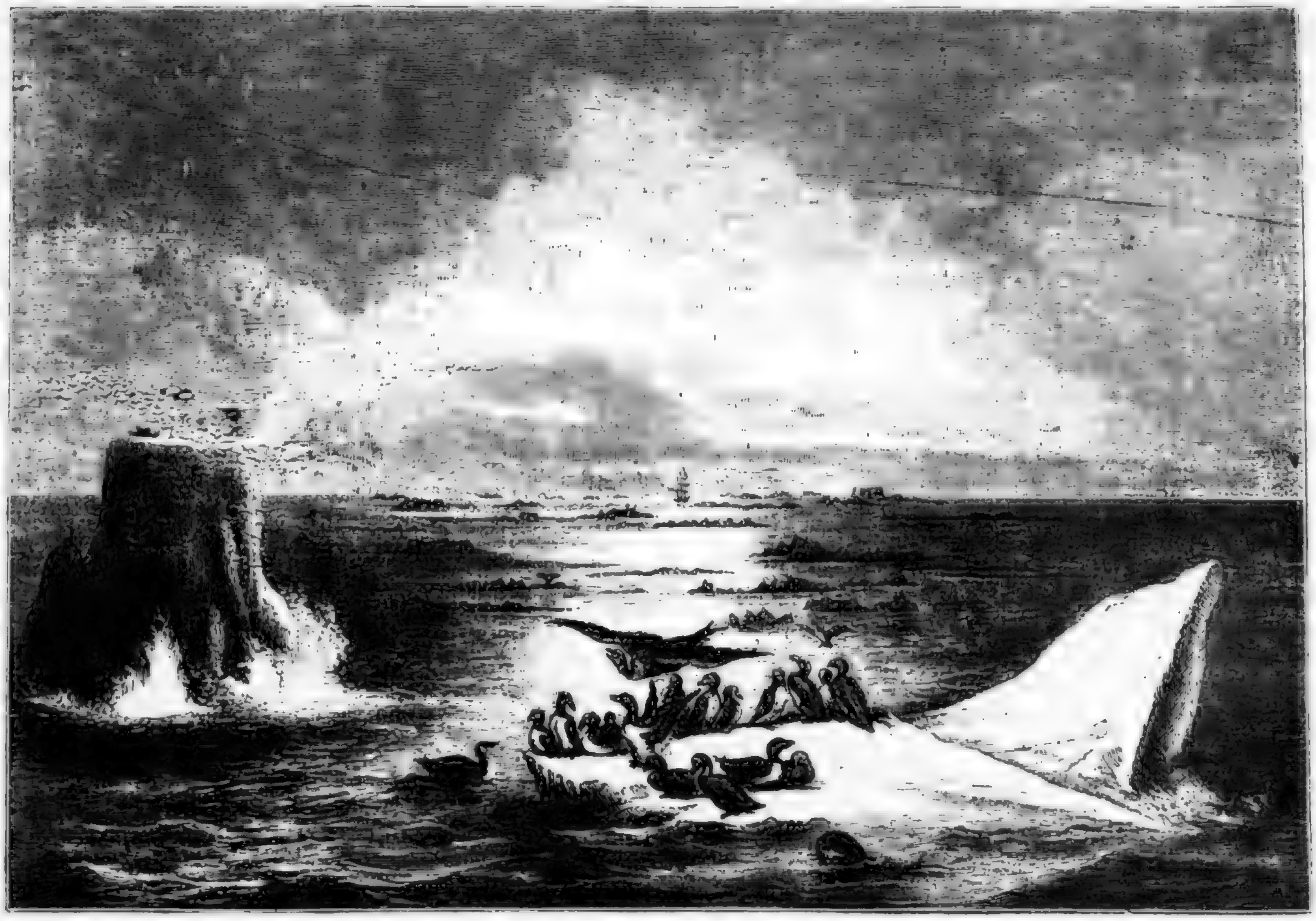
The wisest and best informed of the ancient Greeks and Romans had very vague ideas of those regions of the earth which lay far from the neighborhood of the Mediterranean, the Euxine, the Red Sea and the Euphrates. The half-mythical adventures of the Argonauts have most likely a real foundation in fact; but the utmost limit of their piratical voyage was the northeastern extremity of what we now call the Black Sea; so that they could not have gone further north than about to the parallel of 40° N. But they, and those who sailed thither after them, brought back strange reports of a people who dwelt much further north, whom they called *Hyperboreans*, "Dwellers beyond the North Wind." According to some accounts, they lived in a land of perpetual sunshine. Other accounts made their land one of almost perpetual darkness. Putting both accounts together, we have what was really the truth: that their year consisted of a day and a night, each lasting for some six months. This theory was incredible to Herodotus, who, in his wide travels, had never seen any such thing. He could not believe that there were people who slept six months at a stretch, and then kept awake for another six months.



THE FIRST ICE.

The Phœnicians were the most adventurous voyagers of the early ages. Centuries before Christ they had established trading posts upon the African and European coasts of the Mediterranean, whence they made voyages far t the north. They traded with what they called the *Cassiterides*, or "Tin Islands," which probably meant the southern end of Great Britain, and the adjacent islets, whence they brought back stores of that metal, which entered largely into the composition of the bronze which answered many of the purposes for which we now use steel. They were very careful not to let the rest of the world know where were the regions with which they carried on so lucrative a traffic.

In time the Greeks came in for a share in the honors of voyaging and the profits of trade with distant regions. Pytheas, a Hellenic navigator, dwelt at Marseilles, somewhere about the time of Alexander the Great or his immediate successors—say, about 300 B.C. He made at least two long voyages to the far north, of which he wrote accounts, fragments of which have been preserved by later writers. He appears to have sailed along the western and northern coasts of Europe. In one of his voyages he sighted a country which he styles *Thule*, which was most probably Iceland, though some have tried to identify it with Norway or even with Jutland, in Denmark. Some of his reports seemed quite incredible to men of southern Europe. Thus, he says, that after sailing six days beyond Thule into an unknown sea, he found that daylight did



STILL LIFE IN THE FROZEN OCEAN.

not wholly disappear at any time during the twenty-four hours. Soon after, his progress was impeded by a strange condition of the ocean, which seemed to be "neither water, land nor air, but a mixture of all three; the water being so viscid that the vessel could not make its way through it." To us of this day, the matter is clear enough. He had encountered the edge of a floe of "field-ice." Wise geographers of after centuries—such as Strabo and Polybius—set down Pytheas as an arrant liar; and spoke of him much as we speak of Baron Munchausen. But the extant fragments of his narratives show him to have been not only a bold navigator, but a keen and sagacious observer. He was, as far as appears, the first man who determined the latitude of a place by means of the shadow cast by the sun; and he was also quite aware of the preponderating influence of the moon upon the tides.

Most of the early navigators added piracy to their other avocations. Homer speaks of the Phœnician voyagers as being wont to "do all manner of injury to man." The stern rule of the Romans put a check to these marauding voyages. If the Romans plundered the regions which they subdued, they endeavored to put down plundering on the part of others. When the Roman Empire went down, piracy revived. The narrow seas and navigable waters of Europe became so many highways for the Northern Vikings, or sea-robbers. When after a weary interval of a thousand years civil society began to be re-established, the spirit of voyaging for trade and discovery was again aroused. The voyages of Columbus were at once the cause and the effect of this. His first expedition had for its immediate object the finding of a direct passage by sea for the trade between Europe and the Indies. And when it was found that a vast continent lay straight across the direct route, men began to hope that a passage might be found around it. It was assumed that the northern extremity of America, like the southern, terminated, at no very high latitude, in a point or cape, and that by sailing around this the mariner could enter the Pacific, and thence make his way to India by a route shorter than those around Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope. To the English and the Dutch such a passage would be of great advantage; for Spain, then in the height of

FORMATION OF THE DEPOT AT "THE THREE COFFINS."

her power, monopolized the trade by the other routes, and made short work with all others who intruded upon the lands and the waters which she claimed as her exclusive possession.

To this persistent effort to find a northwest passage are owing primarily all modern voyages of discovery in the Arctic regions. Among the most notable of these are those of the Cabots, 1497-1502; Willoughby, 1553; Frobisher, 1576-78; Davis, 1585-87; Barentz, 1594-96; Hudson, 1607-10; Baffin, 1616; Behring, 1741; Cook, 1776; Ross and Parry, 1818-21; Parry and Franklin, 1824-29; Franklin and Crozier, 1845-48.

When Hudson entered into the great bay which bears his name, the conclusion was at once jumped at that here was a great opening from the waters of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific; and that by way of Hudson's Bay the northwest passage would be found. In 1743 the British Parliament offered a standing reward of £20,000 to the crew of any vessel which should first make the passage that way; and some years afterward the offer was so extended as to include any northern passage for ships, with an additional reward of £5,000 to any vessel which should reach the North Pole. The Hudson Bay theory has been shown to be true in so far as this, that connected with this great gulf is a winding passage unobstructed by land, through which a vessel might make its way, were it not for the perpetual ice. This was demonstrated by Lieutenant McClure, who in 1850-54 led the crew of the exploring ship *Adventurer* eastward through the ice-encumbered seas connecting the Pacific and the Atlantic, and finally met an expedition under McClintock which had been pushing westward, mainly with a view to ascertain the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions. Both of these commanders received high honors and rewards.

But the demonstration of the actual existence of a northwest passage showed also that it was useless for any practical purpose. There was not one chance in ten thousand that any vessel would ever be able to make its way through the ice by which it is closed. For some years before, and ever since, all attempts at Arctic exploration have been made with purely scientific purposes; for the various "searching expeditions" for Sir John Franklin—such as those led by Kane, Hayes and Hall—though fraught with thrilling interest, are but episodes in this general design.

The ideal aim of recent Arctic expeditions is to reach the North Pole, and thereby to solve certain important geographical problems, among which is whether there is an open sea girdling the Pole. If any one will look upon an artificial globe—or, lacking that, upon a map drawn upon a "polar projection"—he will see that there are several routes by which a vessel may attempt to reach the Pole. One lies through Baffin's Bay and Smith's Sound, between Greenland and what appears to be a frozen archipelago lying off what is probably the northern coast of the American Continent; a second way lies between Spitzbergen and the eastern coast of Greenland; a third is by way of Behring's Straits. The first of these routes is the one which has been most frequently attempted; the second has been tried several times, notably by the North German expedition of 1869-70; the third way is now in process of trial by the *Jeannette*, a steam yacht fitted out by the New York *Herald*. It must be borne in mind that the most northern point ever reached by man is, as far as we now know, latitude 83° 10′, which was attained by a sledge-party of Nares's expedition in 1876. Between this point and the Pole is a distance of about 500 English miles; what lies within this space is as yet wholly a matter of speculation and conjecture.

The design of this paper, and of one which will follow it, is to present a *résumé* of the voyage and besetment of the Austrian ship *Tegetthoff*, during the years 1872-74, which presents some features quite as remarkable as any other Arctic voyage of which we have any record.

Although the geographical position of the Austrian Empire, and other circumstances, had prevented its Government from taking any prominent part in the solution of the great geographical questions of the day, a desire had sprung up to do something in the way of Arctic exploration; this was intensified by the failure of the German expedition. Count Wilczek volunteered to contribute about $20,000 toward defraying the cost, and the Imperial Government took the rest upon itself. Early in January, 1871, the construction of a steamer for this purpose was begun, and the persons who were to have charge of the expedition were selected. These were Carl Weyprecht, a lieutenant in the Austrian navy, and Julius Payer, a lieutenant in the army; the former to have the command of the vessel itself, and the latter to have command of any sledge expeditions which should be undertaken. Both were comparatively young men, Weyprecht having been born in 1838, and Payer in 1841. Both had served with distinction in their respective arms of the service; and Payer had also been a member of the late German expedition. Both were men of high scientific attainments; and Payer, who is the historian of the expedition, is also an accomplished artist. The numerous illustrations which accompany his narrative, a part of which will be here reproduced, are from his pencil.

While the *Tegetthoff* was in course of construction and fitting up, it was thought advisable that Weyprecht and Payer should make a preliminary voyage in the seas lying between Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya (Nova Zembla), in order to gain some idea whether the climate and condition of the ice were such as to give fair hope of success to the expedition during the next year. This pioneer voyage was made in a little sailing cutter called the *Isbjörn* ("Ice Bear"). This voyage was begun on June 20th, 1871, and ended on October 4th. The general results were favorable. The sea was much less encumbered with ice than had been anticipated, and the *Isbjörn* went as far north as latitude 78° 38′ without meeting with serious obstacles. This was almost 150 miles further north than any vessel had ever been known to have reached in that direction.

The general scope of the expedition of the *Tegetthoff* was now settled. Its object was to be simply that of Arctic exploration. The existence of an open polar sea, or the possibility of reaching the Pole by boat or sledge expeditions, was neither affirmed nor denied. The general idea was to go in a northeasterly direction as far as they could during the first year. Where they should winter was to be left to circumstances; most likely, as they thought, it would be somewhere on the coast of Siberia. If the ship was to be abandoned, the crew were to try to reach the coast, and thence make their way to more southern regions by some of the great rivers. Among the possibilities in the case was that the return to Europe would be overland from Behring's Straits; and in anticipation of such an event, they were provided with an Ukase from the Czar ordering all Russian authorities to give every aid and succor to the adventurers.

The *Tegetthoff* was a steamer of 220 tons burden, with an engine of 100 horse-power. She took on board coal sufficient to supply daily wants for warming and the like, and also to keep up steam for some sixty days. All told, there were on board twenty-four souls, with most of whom we shall have to become acquainted. They had also eight dogs, who play a not inconsiderable part in the adventures. One of them, "Jubinal" by name, was a huge

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red fellow, born somewhere in Siberia, beyond the Ural Mountains. "He was," says Payer, "the victor in all fights, the leader of the sledge-team, and could drag four men on a hard, level path without any effort." The others were of Lapland or Newfoundland breed. The *Tegetthoff* was built and equipped at Bremerhaven. On the morning of June 13th, the vessel glided quietly down the Weser, and was soon out in the North Sea. The immediate point of destination was Tromsö, in Norway, which is, with the single exception of the neighboring Hammerfest, the most northern town in Europe. Here they were to take in some supplies and to make any repairs which might have become necessary. The narrative of this portion reads like an idyl:

"Light winds from the south carried the *Tegetthoff* on her lonely course over the North Sea. In undimmed brightness the blue sky stretched overhead; the air was balmy and mild. In the gray distance frowns the iron rampart of countless cliffs encircling the barren wastes of Norway. Occasionally a sea-gull comes near us, or some bird rests on the mast-head; now and then a sail is seen on the horizon—but save these, no life, no event. On board the *Tegetthoff* are heard all the languages of our country: German, Italian, Slavonic and Hungarian. The crew is light-hearted and merry. In the evening a gentle breeze carries the lively songs of the Italians over the blue sea, glowing under the midnight sun; or the monotonous cadence of the *Ludro* of the Dalmatians recalls the sunny home which they are so soon to exchange for its very opposite, which remains a sort of mystery to all their powers of fancy. Thus begins peacefully our long voyage into the frozen ocean of the North."

The *Tegetthoff* reached Tromsö on the 3d of July. Here was taken on board a person who was to be rather notable in the ensuing months. This was Captain Olaf Carlsen, a pious old Arctic voyager, who was to act as "ice-master and harpooner." On the morning of Saturday, July 13th, officers and crew heard Mass from a French priest; and bidding adieu to the friends whom they had found or made there, they bade farewell to the quiet little town of Tromsö. "The Hamburg mail steamer," says Payer, "was entering the harbor as we left it, and the passengers greeted us with loud and long cheers. We steamed through the narrow Grötsound into the open sea, Carlsen acting as our pilot. Then the engine-fires were put out, the sails set, and the first and last voyage which the *Tegetthoff* was destined to make began."

They were now heading northward, and before ten days had passed they came upon the ice, in about latitude 74°. "Though surprised," says the narrative, "at finding the ice so far to the south, we never imagined that this was anything else but a collection of floes which had perhaps drifted out from the Sea of Kara through the Straits of Matotschkin. But only too soon the conviction was forced upon us that we were already within the frozen ocean, and that the navigation in the year 1872 was to differ widely from that of the preceding year. The temperature of the air and the sea fell rapidly, and during the two following weeks it remained almost uniformly below the freezing point, without any essential difference between day and night." From Payer's narrative we extract some passages descriptive of this part of the voyage:

"For some days we had been in a world utterly strange to most of us. Dense mists frequently encircled us. There is no more melancholy sound than that which accompanies the decay and waste of the ice as it is constantly acted upon by the sea and the thaw, and no picture more sad and solemn than the continous procession of icebergs floating like huge white biers to the south. Ever and anon there rises the noise of the ocean swell breaking amongst the excavations of the ice-floes, while the water oozing out from their icy walls falls with a monotonous sound into the sea; or perhaps a mass of snow, deprived of its support, drops into the waves, to disappear in them with a hissing sound as of a flame. Never for a moment ceases the crackling and snapping sound produced by the bursting of the external portions of the ice. Magnificent cascades of thaw-water precipitate themselves down the sides of the icebergs, which sometimes rend with a noise like thunder. The fall of the Titanic mass raises huge volumes of foam, and the sea-birds, which had rested on its summit in peaceful confidence, rise with terrified screams, soon to gather again on another ice-colossus.

"But what a change when the sun, surrounded by glowing cirrus clouds, breaks through the mist, and the blue of the heavens gradually widens out! The masses of vapor, as they roll up, recede to the horizon, and the cold ice-floes become in the sunlight dark borders to the 'leads' which gleam between them, on the trembling surface of which the midnight sun is mirrored. Where the rays of the sun do not directly fall upon it, the ice is suffused with a faint rosy haze, which deepens more and more as the source of light nears the horizon. Then the sunbeams fall drowsily and softly, as through a vail of orange gauze; the shadows grow fainter and fainter, and all nature assumes a dreamy aspect. In calm nights the air is so mild that we forget that we are in the home of ice and snow. A deep ultramarine sky stretches over all, and the outlines of the ice and the land tremble on the glassy surface of the water.

"When the sun sinks at midnight to the edge of the horizon, then all life becomes dumb; and the icebergs, the rocks, the glaciers of the land, glow in a rosy effulgence, so that we are scarcely conscious of the desolation. The sun has reached its lowest point. After a pause it begins to rise, and gradually its paler beams are transformed into a dazzling brightness. Its softly warming light dissolves the ban under which congelation had placed nature; and the icy streams, which had ceased to run, again pour down their crystal walls.

"Only the animal creation still enjoys its rest. The polar bear continues to repose behind some wall of ice; the flocks of sea-gulls and divers sit around the edge of a floe, calmly sleeping with their heads under their wings. Not a sound is to be heard, save perhaps the measured flapping of the sails of the ship in the dying breeze. At length the head of a seal rises stealthily for some moments from out the smooth waters; lines of auks, with the short, quick beat of their wings, whiz over the islands of ice; the mighty whale again emerges from the depths, and far and wide is heard his snorting and blowing, which sounds like the murmurs of a waterfall when it is distant, and like a torrent when it is near. Day reigns once more with its brilliant light, and the dreamy character of the scene is dissolved."

The *Tegetthoff* slowly made her way through the ice-floes, not unfrequently being brought to a full stop, and again with all her steam-power forcing her way through the barrier, until at length she entered a reach of coast-water, twenty miles broad, and steered due north, skirting Novaya Zemlya, whose mountainous coasts were still in sight. Behind them lay a belt of ice more than a hundred miles wide. Then they fell into more ice-floes, through which the steamer could scarcely make her way.

On the 12th of August the mist at noon was so thick that they made fast to a great ice-floe. When the mist lifted they were astonished to perceive a vessel upon the horizon

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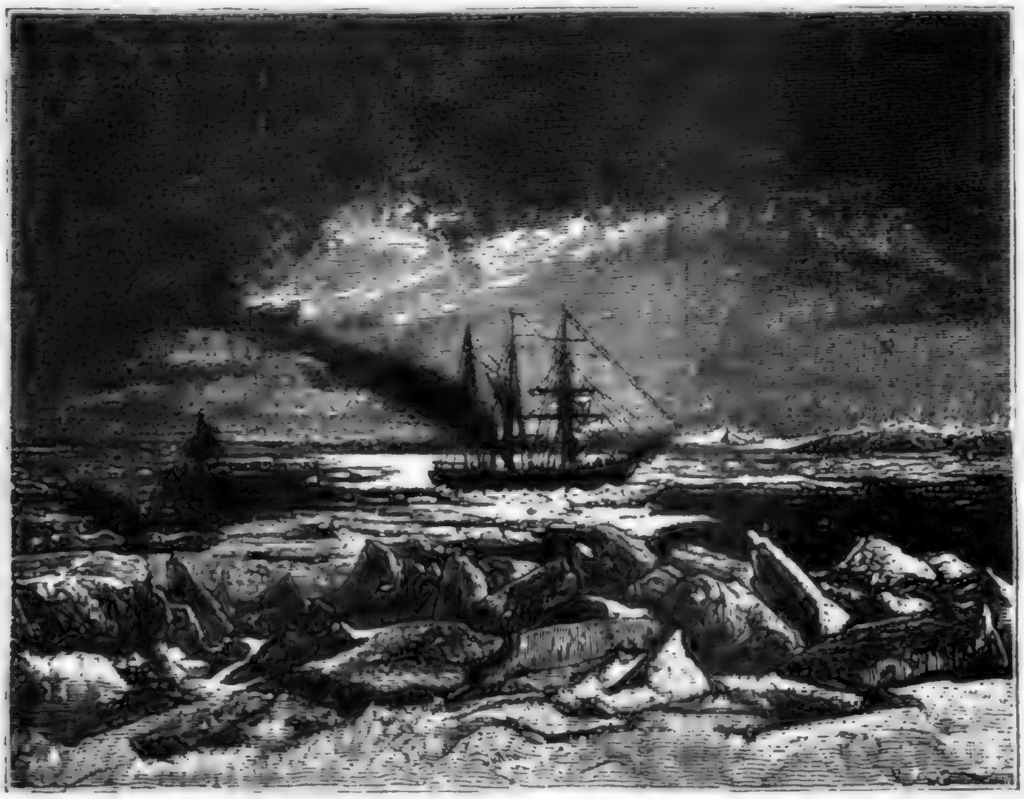


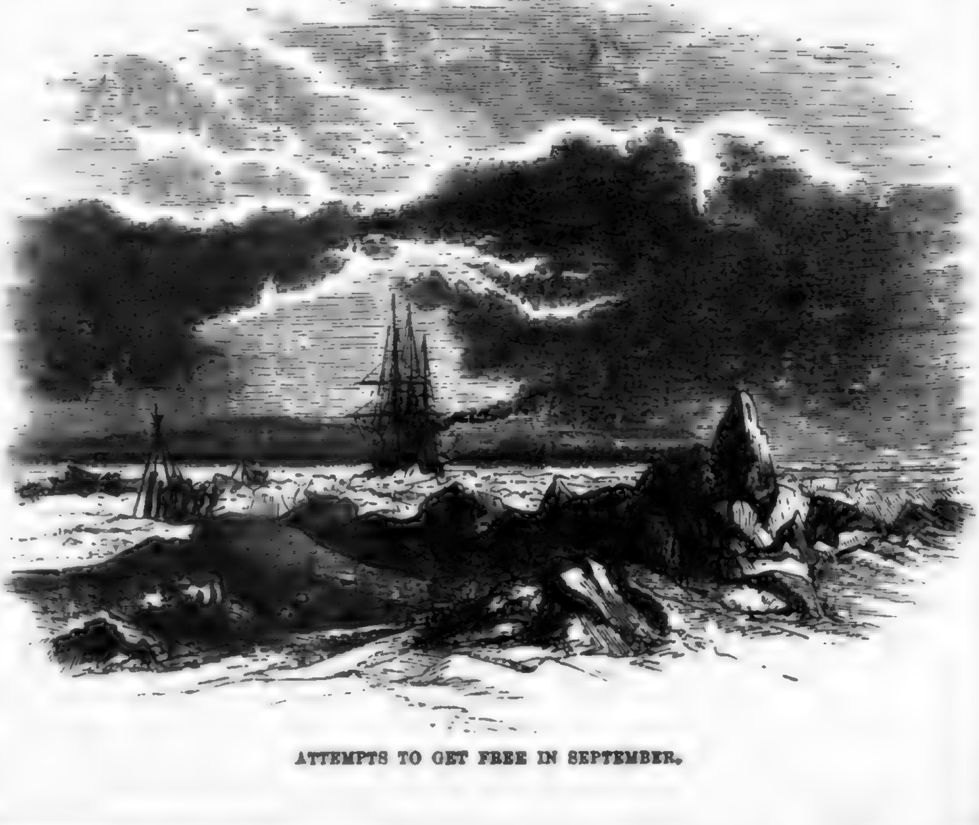
THE "TEGETTHOFF" AND "ISBJORN" SEPARATE.

which was endeavoring to attract their attention by firing from a mortar. As the vessels approached the Austro-Hungarian flag was seen flying at the peak of the stranger, which proved to be none other than the *Isbjörn*, the same in which Weyprecht and Payer had made their pioneer voyage a year before. She had come from Spitzbergen for the purpose of establishing a depot of provisions on the coast of Novaya Zemblya; had caught a glimpse of the *Tegetthoff* two days before, and had followed and overtaken her. Among those on board was Count Wilczek, the munificent patron of the expedition. "That in a sailing vessel, and without any sufficient equipment," says Payer, "the *Isbjörn* had succeeded in following and overtaking the *Tegetthoff*, which had penetrated so far with difficulty, and by the aid of steam, was a proof of both skill and resolution." It was also an evidence of the uncertain character of the navigation through the ice. The two vessels kept company, mostly through tolerably clear water, until the next day, when they came upon closer ice, and fastened themselves to some firm land-ice close to the Barentz Islands. Here they lay eight days, in order to establish the depot and to determine its exact geographical position.

"The Barentz Islands," says the learned Professor Höfer, who was one of the party on the *Isbjörn*, "are flat, girt with cliffs, and separated by narrow straits from the coast. The rocks consist of a black friable slate, frequently alternating with strata of mountain limestone of the carboniferous period, varying in thickness from one to twelve yards. These strata are filled with a countless number of fossilized inhabitants of the sea, of species which are utterly foreign to the climate as it now is, and whose cognates live only in warm seas. This is an indisputable proof that there was once in these high latitudes a warm sea, which could not possibly co-exist with such great glaciers as those which now immerse themselves in the seas of Novaya Zemlya. That portion of the earth, now completely dead and buried in ice, once knew a period of luxuriant life. In its seas there reveled a world of life, manifold and beautiful in its forms, while the land, as the discoveries on Bear Island and Spitzbergen prove, was crowded with gigantic palm-like ferns. This carboniferous age of the earth's history was the rich and fertile youth of the high North, which lived out its time more rapidly than the Southern zones, now in all their vigor and maturity."

We quote from Professor Höfer a description of the present vegetation of the Barentz Isles; for it is virtually the last which we shall meet with in this voyage of the *Tegetthoff*:

"Before us lies a small grayish-brown fragment of the earth. The cold, level ground is covered with sharp-edged pieces of rock, which appear to be macadamized, so closely are they rammed together. Here and there, about a fathom's length from each other, lie brownish-green masses like mole-hills. When we examine them more closely, each mass resolves itself into a vast

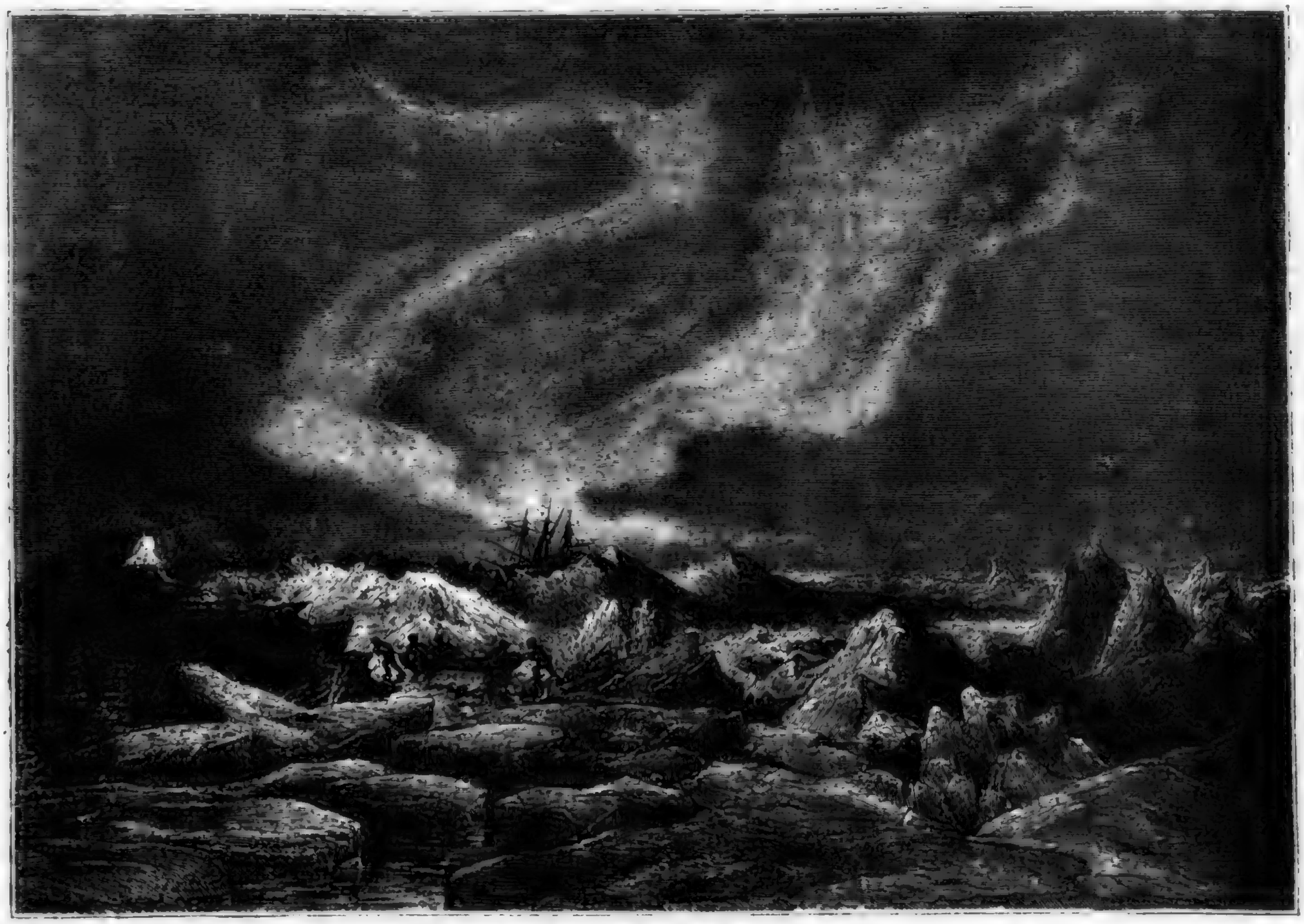


ATTEMPTS TO GET FREE IN SEPTEMBER.

number of small plants of the same species (*Saxifraga oppositifolia*), whose little stalks are covered with dark-green leaves, which are alive, and also with brown leaves, which have been dead for years, but wither in the cold much more slowly than with us. From this small heap tender rosy blooms raise their little heads, bidding defiance to the bitter snowy winds which sweep over the miserable plain. Another species of saxifrage (*Saxifraga cæspitosa*), with shorter stalks and yellowish-white flowers, growing in thick clumps, forms, together with the first-named variety, and the more rarely appearing *Saxifraga rivularis*, the hardiest representatives of this family of plants so frequently found in the Polar regions. If to these we add the *Draba arctica*, with its yellow flowers, forming in valleys large patches of sward, the yellow flowering poppy, and a rare willow (*Salix polaris*) which with some few leaves peeps forth from the soil, we have described nearly the whole flora of that desolate waste, in which a mere passing glance would scarce detect the existence of vegetable life among the *débris* of rocks and the heaps of snow.

"Mosses are found here and there in the moister fissures of the rocks, and especially on the coast, where old drift-wood or the bones of whales and other animals afford the nourishment they need; and in some places the mosses spread themselves out into small carpets. Lichens love to shelter themselves under the clusters of the different kinds of saxifrage, though sometimes they are found by themselves. One peculiarity of the flora of the far North is their growth in clumps. Only thus can these tender organisms maintain their existence against the stern elements. And this, indeed, is a characteristic of all Arctic creation, which is found in the animal world also, when its means of nourishment are hard to find. Examples of this are seen in the herds of reindeer, of lemmings, of walruses and seals, and in the vast flocks of birds; all of which illustrates the principle that common danger begets common defense."

The short season of navigation was fast drawing to a close. Everything indicated that there was no time to be lost. On the 20th of August, farewells were said, and the *Tegetthoff* steamed out into the gathering ice-pack, leaving the *Isbjörn* behind. During the night the progress of the steamer was stopped by a barrier of ice. Steam was blown off, and the ship was made fast to a floe. Five walruses, who had been watching them from a rock, leaped into the little ice-hole around the vessel. As if at a preconcerted signal, the ice closed in all around the doomed *Tegetthoff*, which was never again to float in the water. She was beset, and fast prisoner in the ice, in latitude 76° 22′, more than two degrees south of the place where the *Isbjörn* had sailed safely a fortnight later the year before.



AN AURORA DURING THE ICE-PRESSURE.

Well was it for the adventurers that they could not know the future which lay before them. "We must have been filled with despair," says Payer, "had we known that evening that we were henceforward doomed to obey the caprices of the ice; that the ship would never again float on the waters of the sea; that all the expectations with which our friends, but a few hours before, saw us steam away to the north were now crushed; that we were no longer discoverers, but passengers against our will on the ice. From day to day, through many long months, we hoped for the hour of deliverance. At first we expected it hourly, then from week to week; then at the seasons of the year and changes of the weather; then in the chances of new years. But that hour never came; yet the light of hope, which supports man in all his sufferings, and raises him above them all, never forsook us amidst all the

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depressing influence of expectation cherished only to be disappointed."

The *Tegetthoff* was beset by the ice on the 20th of August, 1872. For a year and ten days the ice-field in which the vessel was held fast drifted slowly back and forth, north and south, east and west, but with a general northward tendency; its course, or, rather, the lines which would have been marked by the keel of the vessel, crossing and recrossing each other like the threads of a spider's web. The incidents of that year will be passed in somewhat rapid review.

The long Winter had set in unusually early, and with unusual severity. At the close of August the temperature of the frozen ocean is usually about freezing point; now it was almost constantly much below it. "A cold, bleak air," says Payer, "enveloped us; there was abundance of snow; the sun showed himself rarely, and for some days he had sunk at midnight under the horizon. The ship and her rigging were stiff with ice, and everything indicated that Winter had begun. As the masses of ice which inclosed us consisted only of small floes, we were led to hope that the strong east wind would soon disperse them. But the very contrary really happened; for the low temperatures, the calms and falls of snow bound the floes of ice only the more closely together, and within a few days congealed them into one single field, in the midst of which the ship remained immovable."

The record for several months reads almost monotonously. We condense into the briefest space some of its salient points. Early in September the temperature was some twelve degrees below the freezing point. The sun now remained for six hours below the horizon, and the formation of young ice in a single night often reached such a thickness that the only hope for deliverance that year lay in the setting in of heavy equinoctial storms to break up the ice-fields. On the 2d, the cabin lamp had, for the first time, to be lighted at half-past nine in the evening; and next day they began to heat the interior part of the ship. During the following night, the stern of the *Tegetthoff* was gently lifted out of the water by the pressure of the ice from below. "Of the formidable nature of such a pressure," says Payer, "we had as yet no presentiment. Though our situation seemed desperate, it was not attended by immediate danger; and, condemned as we were to inactivity, we found the amusement and occupation we needed in skating on the young ice, which covered many of the newly formed ice-holes between the floes. Besides the duty of making and recording meteorological observations, the training of the dogs, the bringing ice to the kitchen to be transformed into water, the manufacture of oil, expeditions on foot to explore our surroundings, were the only forms in which our energies could be exerted. Absolute loneliness surrounded us. Even the Arctic sea-gull and the gray stormy petrel were rarely seen."

On the 9th and 10th there was a heavy storm from the northeast which partially broke up the floe, and for a week the voyagers tried by sawing and blasting to complete the work which the elements seemed to have begun. "But," says Payer, "blasting with powder, whether above or below the surface ice, proved ineffectual. Even old fissures in the ice appeared to defy further disruption. Segments which had been laboriously made by sawing froze together again almost immediately; and even the application of steam was powerless to set our floe in motion, and force the breaking-up of the parts which had been sawn through. It was of no avail that, up to October 7th, we kept open a trench around the ship, by destroying in the day the ice which had been formed during the night. The expected disruption of our ice-field never happened. Dark streaks in the sky still proclaimed that we were in the neighborhood of open water; and though they seemed to indicate only 'leads' of no great breadth or extent, they helped to sustain our hopes. But these were soon doomed to be disappointed; for even these 'leads' closed up, and at the same time the temperature fell to an unusually low degree." On the 19th of September, the thermometer stood at more than forty degrees below the freezing point. There were, moreover, frequent falls of drifting snow. "As long as fissures remained," says Payer, "we had opportunities of seal-hunting; but by the end of September the ice-holes were overspread with spongy ice, which hindered the movements of our boats within them. The alternate openings and closings of the water-ways around us seemed in our monotonous life a harmless spectacle; for the lofty walls of piled-up ice had not as yet the language of imminent and threatening dangers."

On the 22d of September there was a fissure in the ice about thirty paces from the ship, and all thought that the moment of deliverance had come—but it did not come; neither did the equinoctial storms come which were looked for to break up the ice-floe. All the time they were slowly drifting northward, and on October 2d they had passed the parallel of 77°. Four days afterward they made their first acquaintance with an individual of a class to whom they were in time to owe much. Payer's record reads thus: "On the 6th of October our first bear was killed, and divided among the dogs, for as yet we had not learned to regard the flesh of these animals as the most precious part of our provisions. A fox, also, the first seen during this expedition, showed himself during the previous night. He had evidently come from Novaya Zemlya, and his curiosity had led him close to the ship, from whence he was driven by the dogs."

The slightest incidents came to be regarded as matters worthy of note. Thus, says Payer, "On September 29th, a snowfinch flew from the coast of Novaya Zemlya to the ship, hopped about the deck for a little time, and after delighting us all by his little song, again left us. Some few sea-gulls still wended their flight to the spaces of water in our neighborhood. Skimming over the top of the mast, they seemed to gaze down upon us; and then, with a shrill cry, darted away like arrows toward the south. There was something melancholy in this departure of the birds; it seemed as if all creatures were retiring from the long reign of night which was before us."

Something must be done to break the weary monotony of life; "and so," says our narrator, "we fell on the plan of building houses of ice around the ship. The activity of a building-yard reigned on our ice-floe. Heavy ice-tables were broken or sawed through; the dogs in the sledges carried the fragments to their appointed places, and with these blocks we raised crystal walls and towers. Snow, mixed with sea-water, furnished an inexhaustible source of the most excellent mortar; and while we worked most laboriously at these meaningless erections, we earned, at least, by our labor, the reward of sleep free from care."

During September and the latter part of October, while they were slowly drifting northward, they were in sight of the almost Alpine coast of Novaya Zemlya; over which almost daily rose the gigantic luminous arches of the parhelia, the recognized precursors of stormy weather. While land was in sight, although there was no possibility of reaching it, there still seemed some connection between them and the world beyond the limits of their drifting ice-floe. "But now," says Payer, "the land was gradually disappearing from our sight. During September we had moved slowly; but with October we drifted at a greater speed, so that by the 12th of this month we saw nothing but a line of heights some thirty miles off, toward the south. At last every trace of land disappeared from our gaze; a hopeless waste received us, in which no man could tell how long we should be, nor how far we should penetrate."

Sunday, October 13th, was a notable one in the history of the expedition. "To the superstitious among us," says our author, "the number 13 was clothed with a profound significance. The committee of the expedition had been constituted on February 13th; on the 13th of January the keel of the *Tegetthoff* had been laid down; on the 13th of April she was launched; on the 13th of June we left Bremerhaven; on the 13th of July we left Tromsö; after a voyage of 13 days we arrived at the ice; and on this 13th of October the thermometer marked 13 degrees below zero."[*]

On the evening before, the cabin lamp was seen to oscillate, showing that the floe was in motion, and during the night there was a violent movement of the ice around them. As they were sitting at breakfast a fearful noise was heard. Rushing upon deck, they found that the floe had burst apart directly under the ship, which was now surrounded and "squeezed" by the ice. The after part was fiercely "nipped," and the rudder, which was the first to encounter the assault, shook and groaned. All hands sprang upon the quivering ice, and tried to bind the fissures together by ice-anchors and cables, filling them up with snow, in the vain hope that the frost would complete their work.

"But," says Payer, "just as in the rising of a people the wave of revolt spreads on every side, so now the ice uprose against us. Mountains reared themselves from out of the level fields of ice, and the low groan which issued from its depths grew into a deep rumbling sound, and at last rose into a furious howl as of myriads of voices. Noise and confusion reigned supreme, and step by step destruction drew nigh in the crashing together of the fields of ice. Our floe was now crushed, and its blocks, piled up into mountains, drove hither and thither. Here they towered fathoms high above the ship, and forced the protecting timbers, as if in mockery of their purpose, against the hull of the vessel; there masses of ice fell down as into an abyss under the ship, to be engulfed in the rushing waters, so that the quantity of ice beneath the ship was continually increased, and at last it began to raise her quite above the level of the sea." Half an hour before noon, according to their custom, a portion of the Bible was read on deck to the crew. The portion read was a part of the tenth chapter of the Book of Joshua. "But," says Payer grimly, "if in those days the sun stood still, it was more than the ice now showed any inclination to do."

The terrible commotion continued, and preparations were made to abandon the ship. A little after noon the *Tegetthoff* heeled over on her side, and huge piles of ice threatened to precipitate themselves upon her. Half an hour later she righted, and the crew went below to their dinner. But in a few moments another violent strain was felt upon the vessel, and the men rushed upon deck, some with their unfinished food in their hands, others stuffing it into their pockets. It seemed that the time had come when the vessel must be abandoned. Calmly and quietly each officer fulfilled the duty which had been assigned to him in such an emergency. Weyprecht got the boats ready; Lieutenant Brosch (who, as is elsewhere noted, "had entire charge of the victualing department, and deserved the heartiest thanks for the skill and self-sacrifice with which he performed the duty"), cleared out the supply of provisions to be taken in them. "I myself," says Payer, "attended to the sledges, the tents, and the sacks for sleeping in, and distributed to the crew their fur coats. We now stood ready to start, each with a bundle—whither, no one pretended to know; for not a fragment of the ice around us remained whole; nowhere could the eye discover a still perfect and uninjured floe to serve as a place of refuge. Not a block, not a table of ice was at rest; all shapes and sizes of it were in active motion—some rearing up, some turning and twisting—none on a level. A sledge would at once have been swallowed up; and in this lay the horror of our situation. For, if the ship should sink, whither should we go, even with the smallest stock of provisions? Amidst this confusion, how reach the land, thirty miles distant, without the most indispensable necessaries?"

The dogs seemed to comprehend the peril of the situation. They had sprung on chests, and stared on the waves of ice, as they rose and roared. "Every trace of his fox-nature," says Payer, "had disappeared from Sumbu. His looks, at other times so full of cunning, had assumed an expression of timidity and humility; and, unbidden, he offered his paw to all passers-by. Little Pekel sprang upon me, licked my hand, and looked out on the ice, as if he meant to ask me what this all meant. The large Newfoundlands stood motionless, like scared chamois, on the piles of chests."

By four o'clock the pressure moderated; a calm ensued, and they could survey their position. The damage, after all, had been slight. The knees and cross-beams still held, and there was only seven additional inches of water in the hold, and this was soon pumped out. This result was owing to the strength of the ship, and to her fine lines, which enabled her to rise when "nipped" and pressed; while her interior, so well laden as to become a solid body, increased her powers of resistance.

"But," says Payer, "though thankful and joyful for the issue, our minds were clouded with care and anxiety. Henceforth we regarded every noise with suspicious apprehensions, like a population which lives within an area of earthquakes. The long Winter nights and their fearful cold were upon us. We were drifting into unknown regions, utterly uncertain of the end. When night came, we fell asleep with our clothes on, though our sleep was disturbed every now and then by the onsets of the ice, recurring less frequently and in diminished force; but daily—and for one hundred and thirty days—we went through the same experiences, in greater or less measure, almost always in sunless darkness."

The speedy restoration of the floe was now their first desire. They thought that severe frost and heavy falls of snow would effect this. They had yet to learn that severe cold, even unaccompanied by wind, will break up fields of ice from the contraction it causes. They also consoled themselves with the hope that the ice-pressures, which they thought due to the proximity of land, would cease when they had passed the eastern end of Novaya Zemlya, and should enter the Sea of Kara. But this hope died away, for observation showed that they were drifting, not northwestward into that sea, but northeastward into unknown seas. We group together some characteristic incidents of that long drift, using, with much abbreviation, the words of Payer:

"*October* 21. At night we were alarmed by a loud noise,

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[*] Thirteen degrees below zero, according to Réaumur's scale, equivalent to about zero on Fahrenheit's scale, or 32° below the freezing point of water.

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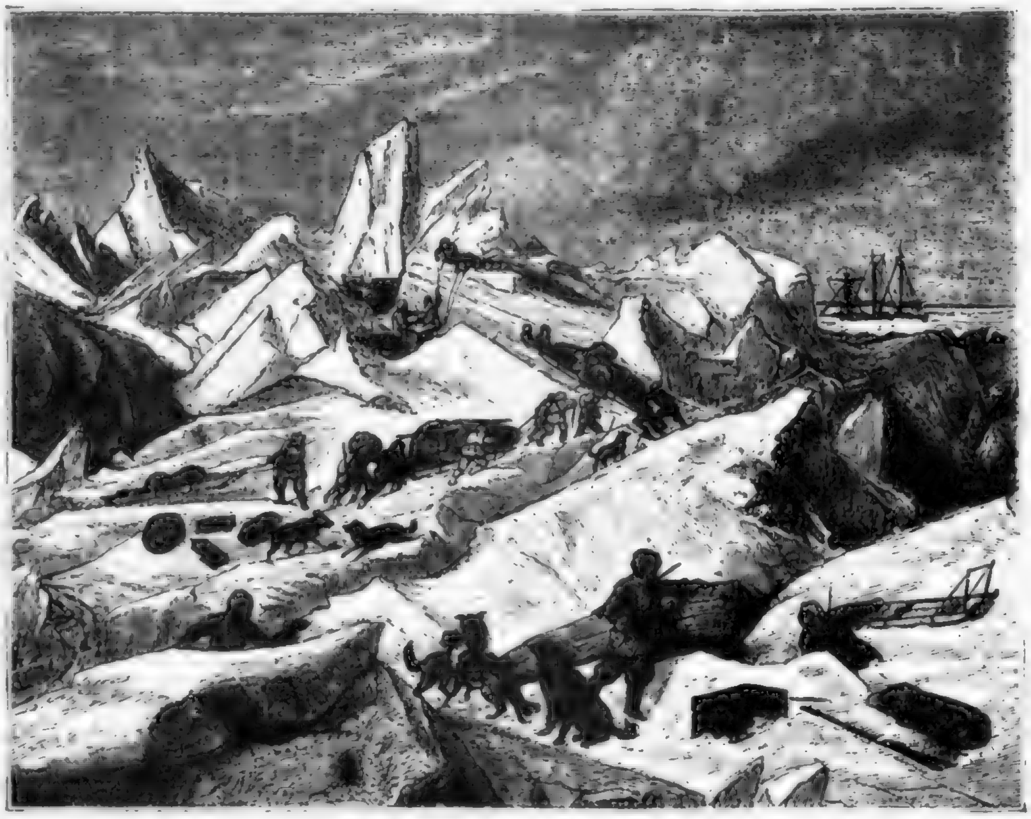
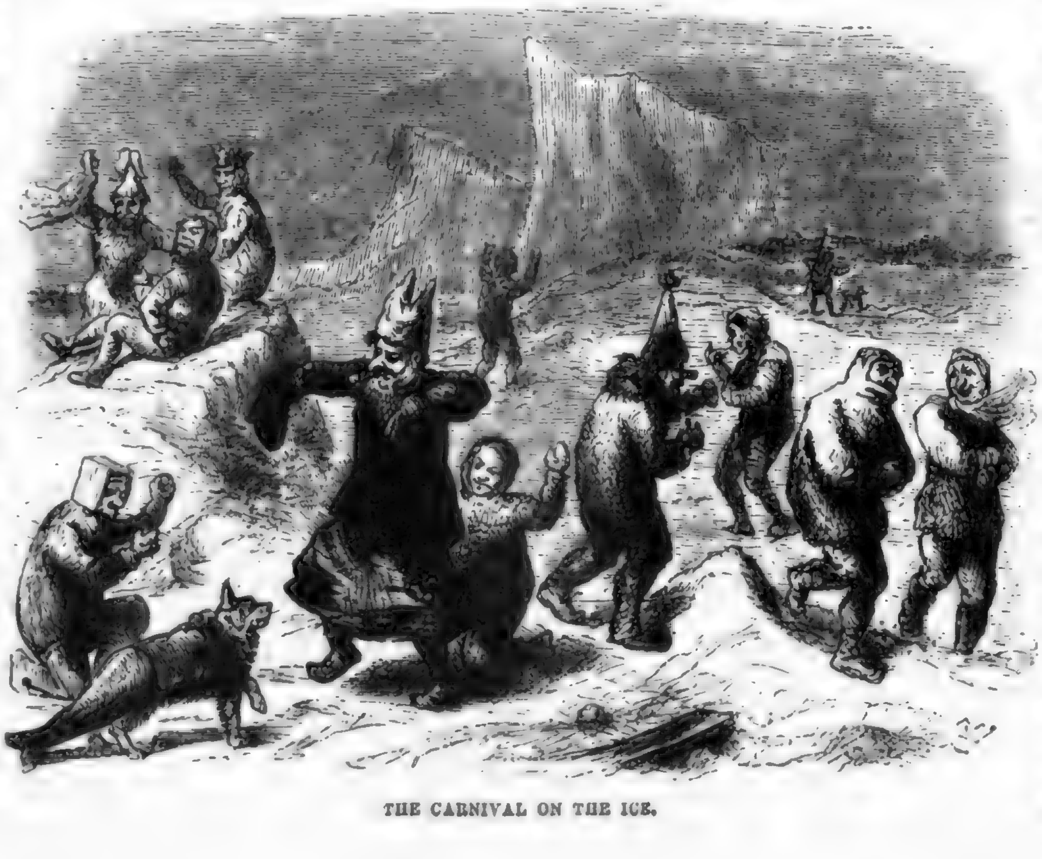
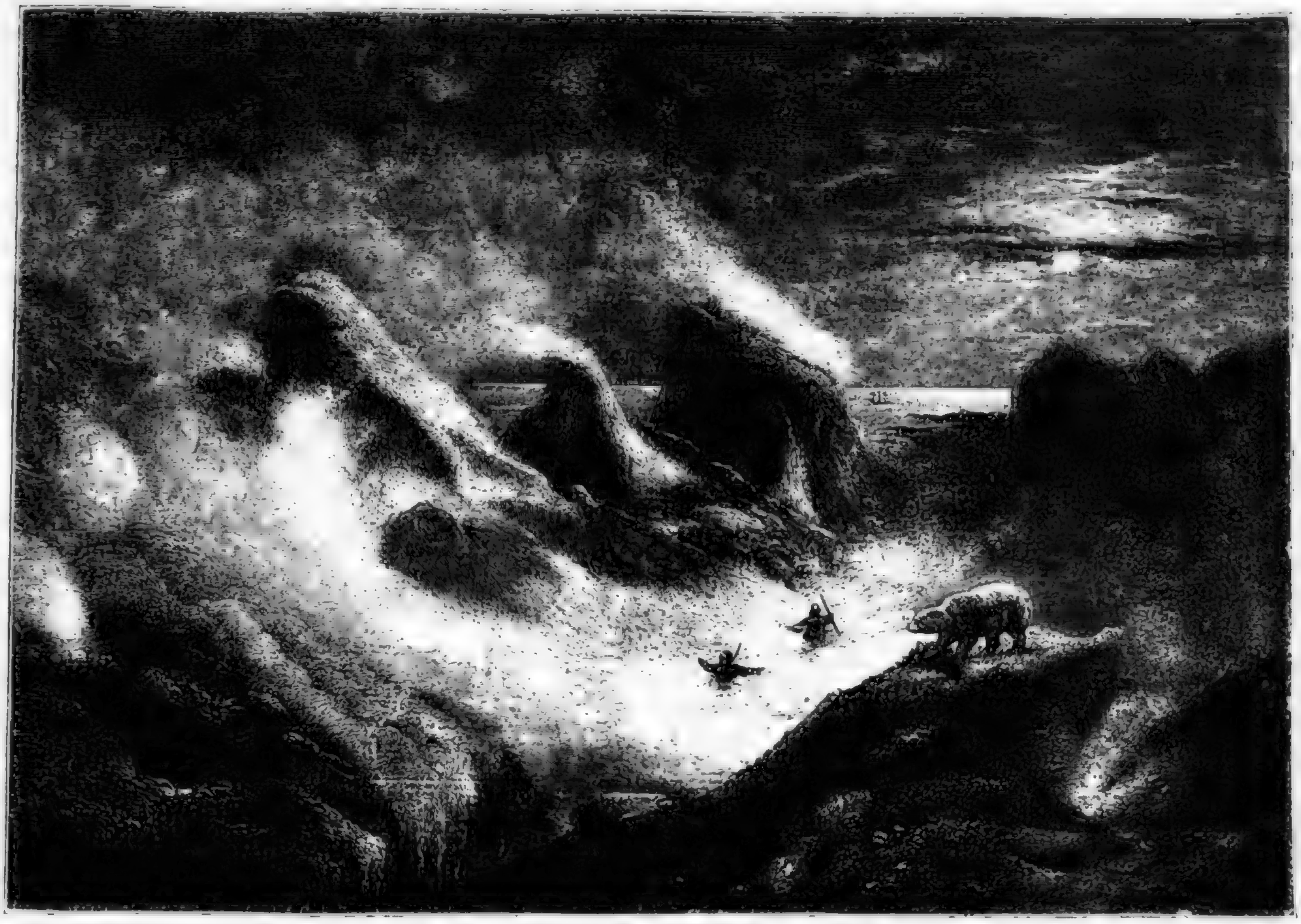


ICE-PRESSURE IN THE POLAR NIGHT.

and in a few minutes all were on deck. A fissure had opened on the starboard side of the ship, connecting with one which had formed astern. In an hour this fissure had widened about four feet, and we worked by the light of lamps to fill it up with snow and pieces of ice. The low temperature (—21° F.) led us to expect that this chasm would be bridged over without further effort on our part. The moon stood surrounded by a vast halo in the heavens, and illuminated the awful loneliness of our abode. When any one comes down from the deck into the cabin, the eyes of all are turned upon him to read in the expression of his face what is going on above; for each dreads to hear it announced that the ice is in motion. In the afternoon, when the fissure closed, we heard the old dull sound from the ice, the ship strained violently, and all were on deck ready to leave. About nine o'clock in the evening, the motion of the ice was again felt. Full of fears as to what the night would bring, we go early to rest. No one knows how short that rest may be. The frozen pumps are daily thawed by boiling water. —*October* 24. The daylight is now so feeble that the lamps have to be kept lighted during the day, with the exception of two or three hours in the forenoon. Many of the crew are suffering from frost-bites on their hands.—*October* 28. To-day the sun took leave of us. Only with its upper edge had it appeared above the horizon. A coal-house has been finished upon the ice, but what reliance can be placed upon such an abode in such a position? A storm may carry away the planks which form its roof; sparks may set fire to and consume it; and at any moment it may sink through the ice into the gulf beneath. —*October* 30. At half-past three o'clock in the morning there is a dreadful straining and creaking in the ship. At once we spring from our berths, and stand on deck with our fur garments on, and with our bags. New fissures have appeared, which rapidly enlarge themselves. The two boats and the coal-house are now surrounded by upforced masses of ice, and separated from us. At noon there is a renewed and excessive straining of the ship, and such a rushing sound in the ice that it seems as if the whole frozen sea would in the next moment boil and rise in vapor. During all the afternoon the noise continues, and the fissures send forth dense vapors. Almost every night our sleep is disturbed by a horrible awakening within a great creaking, groaning coffin. Men can accustom themselves to almost anything; but to these daily recurring shocks, and the constantly renewed question as to the end and issue of it all, we cannot grow accustomed. It is not dangers that we fear, but worse far; we are kept in a constant readiness



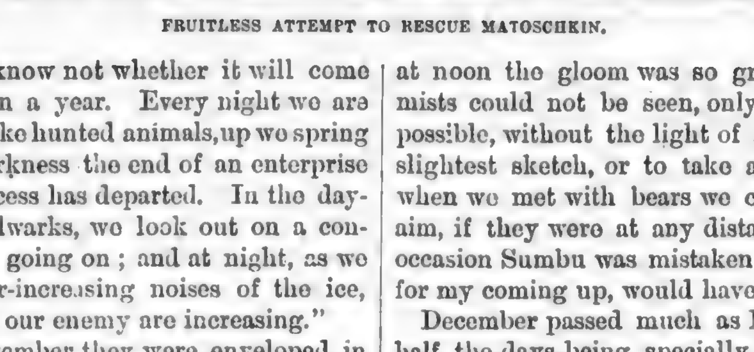
THE CARNIVAL ON THE ICE.



FRUITLESS ATTEMPT TO RESCUE MATOSCHKIN.

to meet destruction, and know not whether it will come to-day, or to-morrow, or in a year. Every night we are startled out of sleep, and, like hunted animals, up we spring to await amid an awful darkness the end of an enterprise from which all hope of success has departed. In the daytime, leaning over the bulwarks, we look out on a continual work of destruction going on; and at night, as we listen to the loud and ever-increasing noises of the ice, we know that the forces of our enemy are increasing."

In the beginning of November they were enveloped in deep twilight; but the dreary waste had been transformed into a scene of magical beauty. The rigging of the ship, white with frost, stood out clearly against the gray-blue of the sky. The broken ice, now covered with snow, looked like rocks of azure-tinted alabaster. At noon vails of frosty vapor rose up from the ice-holes, and one might almost fancy that the frozen ocean was boiling. Every preparation for wintering in the ice was now completed. The topmasts were struck, but some sails were kept set, so that the ship might get under way, should the ice break up. Everything also was in order, so that they could take to the ice at a moment's warning, should this be necessary. During the month the temperature was nearly uniform, usually about —13° F., the lowest point being —32° F. In the beginning of the month the nights were dark, and it was only occasionally that an aurora was seen. In clear weather, day could just be distinguished from night; but even at noon the gloom was so great, says Payer, "that the mists could not be seen, only felt; and it was no longer possible, without the light of a lantern, to make even the slightest sketch, or to take aim with the rifle. Hence, when we met with bears we could not be certain of our aim, if they were at any distance from us; and on one occasion Sumbu was mistaken for a fox, chased, and, but for my coming up, would have been shot."



PEKEL, SUMBU AND JUBINAL.

December passed much as November had done; about half the days being specially noted as marked by great agitation of the ice-floe. The moon returned about the middle of the month, and by its light sledge expeditions were extended six or eight miles from the ship, over snow and hummocks, to some recently frozen ice-holes, which presented a scene of strange beauty. Bears were frequently shot, one of them within five paces of the ship. Generally there was no perceptible difference between the light of noon and midnight; the sky was usually overcast, and the light of the occasional auroras rarely exceeded that of the moon in its first quarter. Their first Christmas in the ice is thus described:

"For a short time, about noon, we were made uneasy by a movement and pressure of the ice. But the alarm passed away, and we gathered together for a choice and gorgeous feast, both on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, and each of the cabin-mess had a bottle of good wine to himself. Each of the crew received half a bottle of wine,

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a quarter of a bottle of a mysterious decoction prepared by our excellent Dr. Kepes, which he called 'artificial wine,' and, in addition thereto, an allowance of 'grog,' so weak, however, that even a baby might have drunk it without harm. Dried fish, roast bear, well kept and seasoned, nuts and the like, contributed in their way to heighten the joyous feelings which this day, at least, animate even the most miserable of men. The dogs, at other times so insatiable, had for once enough and to spare, and carried off the fragments to bury them in the snow. The contents of a chest full of presents, which we had brought with us, were distributed by lot, and great was the delight of those who won a bottle of rum or a few cigars."

New Year follows Christmas in the Arctic regions as elsewhere. Payer's journal for that day reads rather sadly: "The last day of 1872 afforded us no very happy thoughts as we looked back upon its events. It had been to us a year of disappointments. The comparison drawn between our actual condition and the expectations we had so ardently cherished seemed full of the bitterest irony. This day, also, about noon, a pressure from the ice alarmed us for a short time. This passed away, and cheerfully and hopefully we awaited the first hour of the new year. With a bottle of champagne—one of the two still left—we meant to greet its coming in. But the champagne proved a delusion. Klotz, who had charge of the precious bottle, meant it to be well iced, and exposed it for four hours to a temperature of —30° F., and the consequence was that the bottle burst and the champagne was frozen solid. At midnight the crew serenaded us, and we afterward marched forth in a body, with torches, and walked around the ship, whose rigging glowed in the light of the tarred torches."

This New Year's Day was also marked by a scene in which the dogs played the leading parts. They were allowed to come down into the cabin, where, says Payer, "their eyes were so dazzled by the light of the lamp, that they evidently took it for the sun; but by-and-by their attention was directed exclusively to the rich remains of our dinner, which appeared to satisfy their notions of the wonders of the cabin, from which they had heretofore been excluded. They behaved themselves with great propriety, all except Jubinal, who appeared to be indignant that we had allowed him to live so long on dried horse-flesh, while we were reveling in luxury. He accordingly made his way into Lieutenant Brosch's cabin, where, discovering a mountain of macaroni, he immediately attacked it, and warned us off by growling fiercely till he had devoured it all. Sumbu, when outside the cabin, most inexcusably suffered himself to be made drunk with rum by the sailors; and everything which he had scraped together for weeks and buried in the snow was stolen from him by the other dogs."

On that day Carlsen, the pious old Norwegian ice-master, made this entry in the log-book, in his native Norse: *Onsker at Gud maa vere med os i det nye aar, da kan intet vare imod os*—"May God be with us in the new year, and nothing can be against us." "In this new year," says Payer, "with its happier issues, was verified again the eternal truth, that Providence acts in ways not to be fathomed, and that it is folly in man to mark out his own path beforehand to his own mind. The sun of this new year, whose beams were to light us to new lands and discoveries, was still low beneath the horizon."

We condense into a brief space a *résumé* of the account which our author gives of life on board the *Tegetthoff:*

The officers' mess-room was warmed by a stove which burned only from twelve to twenty pounds of coal a day. This stove had one troublesome enemy in the shape of a hole as big as a man's head in the door of the mess-room, through which a cold stream of air poured itself, and filled the whole space to a depth of three or four feet. Hence, while in the berth next to the stove there was a temperature ranging from + 85° to + 130° F., in the others the cold would do no discredit to the Pole itself. Poor Midshipman Orel, who occupied the hottest berth, was often compelled to rush upon deck when an ice-pressure came, and in so doing he had to pass in a minute or so through a variation of more than 150° of temperature. But this hole was absolutely essential for ventilation. "If the door be opened, there rolls in a mass of white vapor; if any one opens a book which he has brought with him, it smokes as if it were on fire. A cloud surrounds those who enter; and if a drop of water falls on their clothes, it is at once converted into ice, even at the stove."

The berths for the four officers and the doctor are around the sides of the room. In the centre is a table; in a recess is a library of four hundred volumes in various languages. Peterman's *Mittheilungen* stands close by the side of Shakespeare, between whom and Milton are a whole tribe of romances. Under the cabin is the magazine where are the supplies of alcohol and petroleum, and 20,000 cartridges—so, what with the number of lamps constantly burning in various parts of the ship, the danger from fire was by no means to be overlooked. Once, indeed, they narrowly escaped being blown up, when Carlsen accidentally fired off a rifle in this magazine of combustibles. The daily meals of the officers were: for breakfast, cocoa, biscuit and butter; for dinner, soup, boiled beef, preserved vegetables, and *café noir;* in the evening, tea, hard biscuit and butter, cheese and ham. The standing drink was snow-water, though every month the doctor prepared a cask of "chemical wine," made of water, alcohol, tannin, sugar and glycerine. "One thing more there was," says Payer, "which, alas! incommoded us much too little—wine; that is, wine made in Austria and from grapes. The want of room in our cabin prevented us from laying in a large stock, and what we had was frozen in a cellar below the mess-room in the middle of December. Each, however, had a bottle of rum as an allowance for eighteen days. Many of the articles of food must be thawed before the process of cooking begins. The tins with preserved meat stand for hours in boiling water, and the things for supper on the cabin stove, in order to be thawed. A plate of cheese that steams, butter as hard as a stone, which has thrown off the salt it contained in great lumps; ham as hard as the never-thawed ground of the *tundra* of Siberia—form an icy repast, especially if we use knives so cold that they break with the least exertion of force."

The quarters of the crew, as described by Payer, are worth looking at: "Passing by the steaming kitchen, we enter their mess-room. Here, in a narrow space, we find the toilers of the sea and the mountains, eighteen in number; a little band who for the first time encounter darkness and cold, the horrors of which are increased to men born and bred in the sunny South. It could be no little thing to such men to be torn from sleep almost every night by the movement of the ice; to sit day after day in the long night of Winter without any real intellectual occupation, and yet not to become demoralized, but remain calm and composed, and ever ready to obey and oblige. Can higher be said in their praise?"

We think not. We do not recall, in all the narrative of Payer, a single instance of misconduct on the part of a man of the entire crew. Much of this was of course owing to the rare qualities of the two officers in command. We will catch a few glimpses of them in their relations with the crew: "Every Sunday, at noon, we celebrated Divine

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service. Under the shelter of the deck-tent the Gospel was read to the little band of Christians gathered together by the sound of the ship's bell, in all that grave simplicity which marked the worship of the early Christian Church. The service over, we sat down to the Sunday dinner, which was graced by a glass of wine and cake. Carlsen, the ice-master and harpooner, and Lusina, the boatswain, were our guests by turns." Carlsen was evidently a Lutheran; Lusina was, we suppose, a Catholic. "Carlsen," continues Payer, "always appeared in his wig, trimmed with extra care, and, on the high festivals of the Church, decorated also with the cross of St. Olaf. Lusina was ready to talk with enthusiasm on any subject whatever, prefacing his stream of words with some sententious remark, or with some far-fetched introduction. During our meals the conversation turned on our plans for the future. We talked of polar bears; we discussed the probability of our reaching Siberia; but very seldom did we venture to speak of what filled the minds of all—our captivity in the ice. Political combinations formed our favorite theme. The events of 1870 were related as the latest news, and we thought anxiously of the issue of the war between Germany and France, and feared lest Austria should be compelled to take part in it."

In the course of time a sort of school was set up, to obviate as far as possible the evils of too much enforced leisure among the men. "Weyprecht, Brosch and Orel," says Payer, "undertook the Italians and Slavonians, I the Tyrolese. To avoid all confusion, I retired with my smaller body of pupils to the shed on deck. Here, with the thermometer far below freezing point, the seeds of wisdom were sown in the hearts of these simple sons of nature; but, alas! the climate was not favorable to its growth. After many painful disillusions, they were made to comprehend that the Pole was only the intersection of lines in a point, of which nothing was to be seen in reality. If in this little lecture-room an exercise had to be examined, and the scholars were obliged to hold their breath in order that the teacher, who spoke out of a cloud, might be able to see the slate; or when the pupils, engaged in a division sum, had suddenly to stop to rub their hands with snow, was it a matter of wonder if the school did not flourish exceedingly?"

"Except for an hour, from five to six o'clock in the evening," says Payer, a little later on, "when they were encouraged to take exercise in the open air, the rest of the time of the crew was spent in school, or in the duties of the watch, or in the work of the ship. Our supply of Slavonic books was, unfortunately, not very ample, and besides, not all the crew were able to read; the greater, therefore, was their tendency, like men of southern climes, to harmless noise; and I believe that some of our people never ceased to speak during the whole expedition. Lusina speaks Italian to the occupants of the officers' cabin, English with Carlsen, French with Dr. Kepes, and Slavonic with the crew. Carlsen has adopted for the 'Slavonians,' as he calls our people, a kind of speech compounded of Norwegian, English, German, Italian and Slavonic. The crew, with the exception of the two Italians, speak Slavonic among themselves."

There were some marked characters among the heterogeneous crew. In a brief space Payer hits off the characteristics of several of them, of whom we are sorry to say that five had run away from their wives. There were Marolà, the steward, and Fallesich, who had worked on the Suez Canal, who were great singers; Palmich, with his lance, whose very glance transfixed everything; Vecerini, the Job of the party, and the merry Sussich and Catarinich, with Latkovich and Lettis "the philosophers," Zaninovich, "the pearl," and Stiglich, "the immovable confessor of passive obedience, and the unlawfulness of resistance." These were all Italians or Slavonians. More interesting than any of these were the two Tyrolian *jägers*, Haller and Klotz, both of whom had served in the army; Klotz also having been the useful companion of Payer when a couple of years before he had been engaged in the survey of the glaciers of the Orteler Alps.

"Klotz," says Payer, "was not indeed the most useful, but the most interesting, person of the little community. A lofty calm worthy of an Evangelist graced his outward man. Of still greater stature than Andreas Hofer, he wore, like him, a large black beard. As a hunter, a guide, a collector of stones, and a lonely enthusiast, he had moved about the Tyrolese mountains, leading a life of visions. At home he was regarded as an incomparably bold mountaineer; and the ropes of the ship were to him so many convenient footpaths. His reputation as a physician was great in his native land; and on board ship he failed not with his good offices. Haller, his fellow-countryman, shared with him the office of armorer and the duties of hunter and driver of the sledge-dogs; and when we began our sledge-journeys, both of them were ready to relieve the others in dragging."

As to the food of the crew, we are told that "it consisted principally of preserved meats, different kinds of pulse, and the products of the chase. Bear-flesh, roasted, was liked by all; the seal was at first despised, till necessity corrected taste. Besides 'artificial wine,' water was their strongest drink." Real wine was not, however, quite unknown to the crew; for Payer notes that "wine is an important preservative against scurvy; and notwithstanding our small supply, we served it out to the crew twice a week, at the rate of two bottles for eighteen men." Among other remedies for scurvy, they had several hundred tins of preserved vegetables, a cask of cloud-berries, which had been procured at Tromsö, and a hundred bottles of lime-juice. The expedition suffered less from scorbutic diseases than most others which have spent so long a time in the Arctic regions—a comparative immunity which Payer attributes to the fact that they were "fortunate enough to shoot no less than sixty-seven polar bears—a larger number than had fallen to any previous expedition."

During the month of January, 1873, ice-pressures of more or less severity occurred almost every day—one of the most terrible being on the 22d. "When we awoke in the morning, the crashing of the masses of ice was fearful, and the ship trembled like a steamer under very high pressure. When we hastened on deck, we were greeted by the long howls which issued from the ice. Ten paces astern of the ship, the ice had in a moment been heaved up into mountains. With the greatest difficulty, amid the profound darkness that prevailed, the boats were got on board, and many stores reshipped; though some of our coal had to be sacrificed. A tent formed of sails was engulfed, and our water-hole displaced by the pressures. It was only after many attempts that we succeeded in finding a thinner ice-table, which we pierced till we found water. On January 26th, tremendous pressures again roused us from sleep. In half an hour every preparation was made to leave the ship; and I believe that many of us, while waiting the issue, longed that the ship might be crushed, so that we might escape from the torture of continually preparing to abandon her." The pressure passed away, and "once more we breathe freely, and can contemplate the wonderful change that has come on everything around us. A few minutes have sufficed to create a maze of mountain-chains from a plain of ice. The flat

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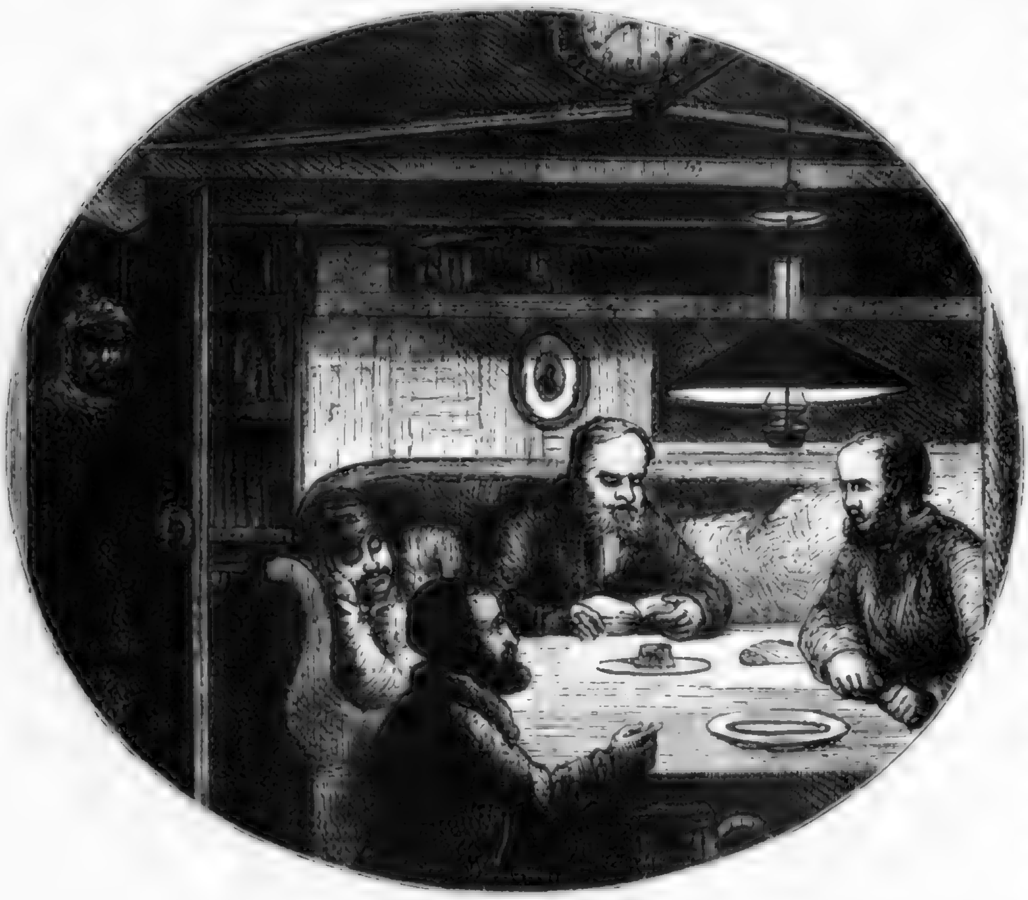


IN THE MESS-ROOM.

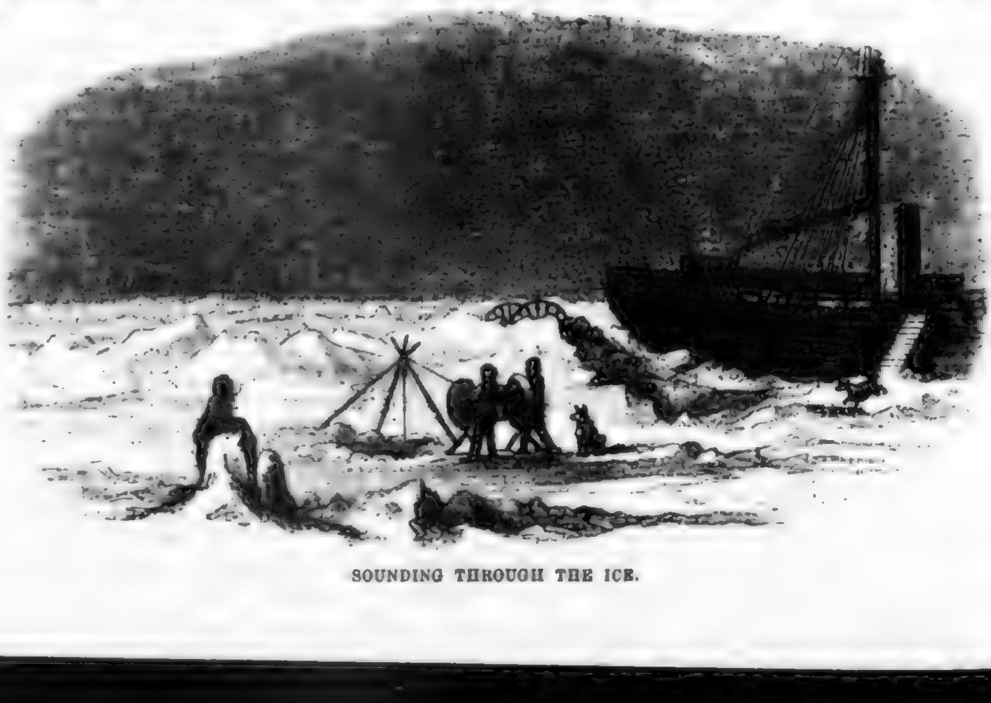
surfaces covered with snow, which we saw yesterday, have gone. Ice-ruins are visible on every side. Abysses gape between the shattered masses, and show the dark sea beneath. Gradually a calm has crept over all; equilibrium is restored in the desolate realm of ice; new 'leads' and ice-holes have been opened up; but for the *Tegetthoff*—no liberation."

But the long night of their first Winter in the frozen ocean was coming to a close. They supposed that they were wintering nearer the Pole than mariners had ever done before; though, as they afterward learned, Hall at about the same time was a little further north than they were. At noon on January 10th, a decided brightness was visible. Ten days later a brilliant carmine tint was seen on the southern horizon an hour before noon. On the 12th, the first death occurred in the expedition, one of the dogs, Matoschkin, being killed by a bear.

During February, the cold grew more intense. The quicksilver in the thermometers froze, and for the last week of the month remained solid. On the 17th, petroleum froze, at a temperature of —49° F., in the globe of the lighted lamp. The last day of the month was the coldest of all, the thermometer marking —52° F. The ship was beset on August 21st, in lat. 76° 22′, long. 62° 3′; on the 27th her position was in lat. 79° 12′, long. 71° 38′. During the six months the floe had thus drifted through 2° 50′ of latitude, about 135 miles, and through 9° 35′ of longitude.

The sun made its long-awaited appearance above the horizon on the 19th of February. Payer thus describes the scene: "As of old the worshipers of Belus watched the approach of the sun on the willowy banks of the Euphrates, so we, too, standing on the mountains of ice, or perched on the masts of the ship, waited to hail the advent of the source of light. At last it came! A wave of light rolled through the vast expanse of heaven, and then uprose the sun-god, surrounded with purple clouds, and poured his beams over the world of ice. No one spoke for the time. Who, indeed, could have found words to embody the feelings of relief which beamed on the faces of all, and which found a kind of expression in the scarcely audible exclamation of one of the simplest and least cultured of the crew—'*Benedetto giorno!*' 'Blessed daylight!' The sun had risen with but half his disk, as if reluctant to shine on a world unworthy of his beams. A rosy hue suffused the whole scene, and the cold Memnon-pillars of ice gave forth mysterious whispers in the flood of heat and light. Now indeed with the sun had a new year begun—what was it to bring forth for us and our prospects? But, alas! his stay was short. He remained above the horizon for a few minutes only; again his light was quenched, and a hazy violet color lay over distant objects, and the twinkling stars shone in the heavens.

"While we watched the sun's return, we had also an opportunity of looking on each other by daylight. How shocked and surprised were we with the change which had been wrought on us in that long polar night! Our sunken cheeks were overspread with pallor; we had all the signs of convalescence after a long illness—the sharpened nose, the sunken eye. The eyes of all had suffered from the light of lamps, which had burned for months—



SOUNDING THROUGH THE ICE.

those especially who had used them for hard work. But all these consequences were of short duration under the beneficent influences of the daylight and the spring sun, which soon brought color into our faces. Cheerfulness gradually returned to all on board the *Tegetthoff*, as we reveled in the warm beams of the sun. We built a house of ice, without a roof, and open to the south; and thither the healthy and the sick, on calm, fine days, used to repair from the dreary ship, and sun ourselves like lizards. But within the ship it was still night."

Nobody doubted in the least that the time of the deliverance of the *Tegetthoff* from her icy thrall was approaching. It must be borne in mind that they were even now scarcely forty miles north, though considerably to the eastward, of the point which the *Isbjörn* had reached in her pioneer voyage without being seriously incommoded by the ice, almost at the close of the season for voyaging. Nobody doubted that the imprisoning floe would before very long break up, and the *Tegetthoff*, once more in her proper element, could go where she pleased. How these anticipations were disappointed has yet to be shown. For the present, we confine ourselves to brief excerpts from the memoranda of the next six months:

For one thing, bears soon began to grow numerous and bold. The chase of these was not without peril. One day, late in February, Palmich, Haller and Klotz set out after one which had ventured close to the ship. The thermometer stood at —40° F., and before long the hunters came back unsuccessful. The face of one was frost-bitten, and the feet of the others had no feeling in them. It seemed that there was nothing left but amputation; but after several hours' rubbing with snow, sensation returned, and with it no little suffering. Swellings as large as a man's fist rose on their feet, which were only reduced after the application of ice for several days. "The end of February," says Payer, "reminded us of the carnival-time in the land of the South, and the crew appeared in such masks as they could command; but their masquerading formed a sad and mocking contrast with the gravity of our position. The men bestowed all their art on Sumbu, who was dressed up as the demon *Lindwurm*, and deported himself in a manner highly befitting his costume."

THE HOLY LIGHT.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 191.

With March the Spring had, at least in name, begun; but instead of the gleams of early vegetation, there was only a blinding white waste, with driving clouds of ice-needles, while parhelia of almost daily occurrence shone through the frosty mists. During most of the month the thermometer usually marked —36° F. April brought no very favorable change, although the temperature moderated greatly. Snowfalls were frequent; and the ice was so deeply covered as to render sledging impracticable. Among the changes produced by the softening of the weather, none was so agreeable as the return of daylight to the cabin of the ship, so that the lamps, which had been kept constantly burning for five months, might be extinguished.

At the beginning of May there were premonitions which seemed to indicate a speedy breaking-up of the ice-floe. "On the 2d," says Payer, "when we heard in the distance the now familiar sound of the ice-pressures, we heard them not only without dismay, but as the voice of a joyous message. Three-quarters of a year had passed away since we were first caught in the ice. The hour of our liberation seemed at hand. If we once got free, it lay within the bounds of possibility that we might reach, if not the somewhat mythical Gillis's Land, then at least the uninhabited Arctic coasts of Siberia. Siberia had, in fact, become the rosiest of our hopes. Some, indeed, still indulged in extravagant expectations, and counted on the discovery of new lands, even while we were drifting with the ice. But our wishes for the most part had become so subdued that the discovery of the smallest cliff would have satisfied our ambition as explorers."

Birds had now come to make their appearance. Late in March the first of these winged visitors had appeared—little "divers," which flew over the ship to the open spaces of water to seek their food in the countless crustaceæ which there abound. Then came gulls, and on the 24th of May the advance-guard of the auks; "and from that date," says our author, "we were constantly entertained by the whirring sounds of their flight. As they keep one direction in their flight, we could shoot only those which passed over the ship. They were a useful addition to our table, though they had to be steeped in vinegar to make them palatable. The majestic Burgomaster gull appeared somewhat later; and later still, the ice-birds frequented the shores of the lakes around us, and hovered about the remains of the bears we had shot. These birds settled with the greatest boldness in the immediate neighborhood of the ship, and day and night filled the air with their wild, shrill cries."

In the meanwhile preparations had been made to put the steam machinery of the *Tegetthoff* in working order. About the first of May an event occurred—four Newfoundland puppies were littered. Three of them died; the survivor, who received the name of "Torossy," came to be not only a great pet with the men, but a favorite of all the other dogs, and in many ways an important member of the expedition. The tragic fate which finally befell him is one of the most touching of the minor episodes of the narrative.

By the end of May the ship began slowly to settle, and the water rose between the ice and the hull on the fore part of the ship; but it was soon apparent that these changes were not sufficient to set the vessel free, and persistent efforts were made to aid these natural operations. There was constant digging and sawing and blasting on the floe all through the months of May, June, July and August; "labors," says Payer, "in which the whole crew of the ship, with the exception of Orasch, the cook, and the sick, took part; labors, alas! which admonished us of the impotence of man when he contends against the power of Nature. Only on the port side of the ship were our efforts to dig through the floe at all successful. On the starboard side the floe had been so enormously increased by the tables of ice forced upon one another, that we had not pierced through the ice after sinking a shaft eighteen feet deep." Still later, they bored to a depth of twenty-seven feet, and still struck upon solid ice. During the latter half of the Summer the ice had melted away from the sides of the ship so far that there was danger of its overturning, and they were obliged to shore it up by strong timbers braced against the masts. The *Tegetthoff* looked no longer like a ship, but like a building ready to tumble down.

Toward the close of June the temperature rose to from ten to twenty degrees above the freezing point. On these days the air seemed to have the mildness of Southern climes, and felt oppressively sultry when there was no wind. Wreaths of mist moved along the icy wastes, which glowed with sunlight, while the long dark lines of ice-wall lay in deep shadow. The air was filled with flocks of birds, and great sea-gulls, shunning companionship, sat for hours on the top of an ice-cliff, or in the middle of a floe. We quote a description of a Summer day in the ice:

"No one who has not actually seen it can imagine the blaze of light in the Arctic regions on clear days, or the glow which sometimes floats over the cold ice-floes, with their outlines in constant vibration, while refraction transforms the icebergs into innumerable shapes. The sun's power is sometimes so great as to blister the skin in a few hours, and the glare of the snow and ice produces snow-blindness if the eyes be not carefully protected. At a little distance, the sea appears to be of a deep black color, though it still preserves its ultramarine hues in the narrow 'leads'; even the pure blue of the heavens may be called almost black when compared with the dazzling sheen of the ice. In the middle of June there was an incessant dripping and oozing in the ice-world, and streams of thaw-water flowed into the open fissures. By the end of the month the surface of the ice resembled snow, and even at some depth it was viscous, instead of brittle and hard as glass, as it is during the colder season. The moisture, from which there was no escape, became exceedingly troublesome. In spite of our stout leather sea-boots, we never had the comfort of dry feet during the whole of the Summer; and this we felt the more, as our labors to free the ship, which we had commenced at the beginning of May, forced us to be constantly amid the snow and ice."

During July the weather was generally gloomy and unsettled, the mean temperature being about three degrees above the freezing point in the shade, but far higher in the sun, when it happened to shine, which was but rarely. Thus, on the 9th, the thermometer in the shade stood at +34° F., while in the sun it was +110° F. "But," says Payer, "neither wind nor temperature made any change in our position. The sun, on which our liberation depended, was seldom visible, and the winds, on which we had counted, failed to blow. There was observed a vertical decrease of five or six feet in the thickness of the ice; but this diminution was from the surface downward; while in the sea itself there was little or no thawing, because the temperature of its surface was still below the freezing point. Nothing was to be seen from the deck but ice; and Klotz, coming down one day from the topsailyard, described our position with a melancholy laconic brevity: *Nix als Eisch, und nix als Eisch, und nit a Bisserl a Wosser*—'Nothing but ice, and nothing but ice, and not a bit of water.' Fissures, indeed, were formed every now and then, but they closed up again almost as soon as opened."

The warmest day during this brief Summer of 1873 seems to have been August 4th, when the thermometer in the shade marked about +42° F., or ten degrees above the freezing point. Life on the narrow space of the floe had quite assumed the character of that of mere insects, who dwell on the leaf of a tree, and care not to know its edges. Excursions five or six miles were regarded as displaying an extraordinary amount of enterprise and discovery. But for some time a dark mass of ice had been seen at a much greater distance, and one day a party started to find out what it was. After traveling some twenty miles they reached it, and discovered it to be a huge iceberg, upon whose broad back were two moraines. "These," says Payer, "were the first stones and pieces of rock which we had seen for a long time; and so great was our joy at these tokens of land, that we rummaged about among the heaps of rubbish with as much zeal as if we had found ourselves among the treasures of India. Some of the party found yellow *pyrites*, which they fancied to be gold, and gravely considered whether they would be able to take a quantity of it back to Dalmatia. Our walk to this 'dirt iceberg' was an event in our monotonous life, and

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was often repeated. These expeditions enabled us also to form some estimate of the size of our floe, the diameter of which could not be less than thirty or thirty-five miles."

August 18th was the birthday of the Emperor of Austria; and on that day, says our author, "the ship was dressed with flags, the only form left to us of expressing our loyalty. Our dinner was as sumptuous as the circumstances permitted; though fasting would have been more appropriate, as the third day after this was the anniversary of that sad and gloomy day on which we were inclosed in the ice." Since the beginning of February they had been drifting generally to the north and northwest, driven hither and thither, as they supposed by the winds rather than by any current. Toward the close of August there was a succession of calms, and the floe lay almost motionless, in about the furthest eastward point which was reached.

The 30th of August, 1873, found them in lat. 79° 43′, long. 59° 33′. "That day," says Payer, "was a memorable one. It brought a surprise such as only the awakening to a new life can produce. About midday, as we were leaning over the bulwarks of the ship, and scanning the gliding mists through which the rays of the sun broke ever and anon, a wall of mist, lifting itself up suddenly, revealed to us, afar off in the northwest, the outlines of bold rocks, which in a few minutes seemed to grow into a radiant Alpine land. At first we all stood transfixed, and scarcely believing what we saw. Then, carried away by the reality of our good fortune, we burst forth into shouts of joy: 'Land, land at last!' The news of the discovery spread in an instant. Every one rushed on deck to convince himself with his own eyes that the expedition was not, after all, a failure. There before us lay the prize that could not be snatched from us. Yet not by our own action, but through the happy caprice of our floe, and as in a dream, had we won it. For thousands of years this land had lain buried from the knowledge of man; and now its discovery had fallen into the lap of a small band, themselves almost lost to the world, who, far from their home, remembered the homage due to their sovereign, and gave to the newly discovered territory the name of 'Kaiser Franz-Josef's Land.'"

But even then gloomy thoughts would intrude, when they thought that their floe was still drifting, and that they were at the mercy of its movements. For the present, at least, there was no possibility that they could set foot upon the land which they had discovered. Even if they should leave their floe, and reach the land over the ice, the floe, with the inclosed ship, would drift away, and they would be cut off, without hope of rescue.

In the beginning of September, they began to drift a little to the south, and almost lost sight of the land. But by the end of the month the drift was again toward the northwest, carrying them to latitude 79° 58′, the ultimate point which the *Tegetthoff* and its floe were to reach. The weather during September was stormy and gloomy, though the temperature was unusually mild, with frequent falls of snow. Early in October they were driven close to land, and the floe seemed to be breaking up. On the 1st of the month, the distance from the ship to its edge was 1,300 paces; on the 3d, it was 875; and on the 6th, only 200 paces. The shocks which the floe now received caused the ship to quiver and shake. There was every reason to expect that the ice would suddenly break up, and everything was kept in readiness to abandon the ship should it be necessary. On the 31st, they were driven within three miles of a low headland, and found themselves surrounded by icebergs. If these should drift, they would crush everything in their way. They were now in latitude 79° 51′ N., longitude 58° 56′ E. Here the floe appears to have grounded, and here they were to pass another Winter.

The experiences of this second Winter; the abandonment of the *Tegetthoff* in the following May; and the marvelous journey over the ice, and the ensuing boat-voyage of ninety-six days, which resulted in their reaching the shores of Novaya Zemlya, will form the subject of another paper.

THE HOLY LIGHT.

Hildebrand the hermit sits
  Gazing out beyond the bay;
Round and round the curlew flits,
  Dash'd with flecks of snowy spray.
Suddenly an angry roar
  Comes across the dark'ning foam;
Women gather on the shore,
  Watching vessels far from home.
Sullen murmurs fill the air,
  Preludes of an awful night;
And the hermit breathes a prayer,
  As he trims the Holy Light.

Weary toilers on the deep,
  In whose heart their bread is cast,
Men for whom the women weep,
  Will be welcomed home at last;
Guided by that silver spark,
  Hope will fill their honest breasts;
Safe they'll steer their bonny bark
  To the haven where she rests.
Noble vessels outward bound,
  As they travel out of sight,
Cheers and blessings fling around,
  Farewells to the Holy Light.

Now the boats are safely home,
  And the village is asleep;
Who are these that darkly roam,
  Laughing at the angry deep?
Wreckers, waiting for the prey
  Flung them by the faithless waves,
Haunt by night the lonely bay,
  Hide by day in hollow caves;
And these robbers of the dead
  View the beacon burning bright—
Watch the breakers far ahead,
  And they curse the Holy Light.

Hildebrand the hermit sees
  Shadows tremble on the sand,
And he sinks him on his knees,
  For he fears the wrecker's hand.
Hildebrand unbars the door,
  Wanders from his lonely cell;
All is silent on the shore,
  And he fancies all is well.
Silently the village sleeps
  Through the fury of the night;
Stealthily a woman creeps
  Underneath the Holy Light.

Fiercely howls the baffled storm,
  Sulkily the waves retreat,
Washing up one lifeless form
  To a lonely woman's feet.
Round the neck and features stiff,
  Greedily her fingers play;
All is darkness on the cliff,
  All is darkness round the bay.
Now the stars break, one by one,
  Morning breaks—ah, God! the sight,
When the woman finds her son
  Dead, beneath the Holy Light!

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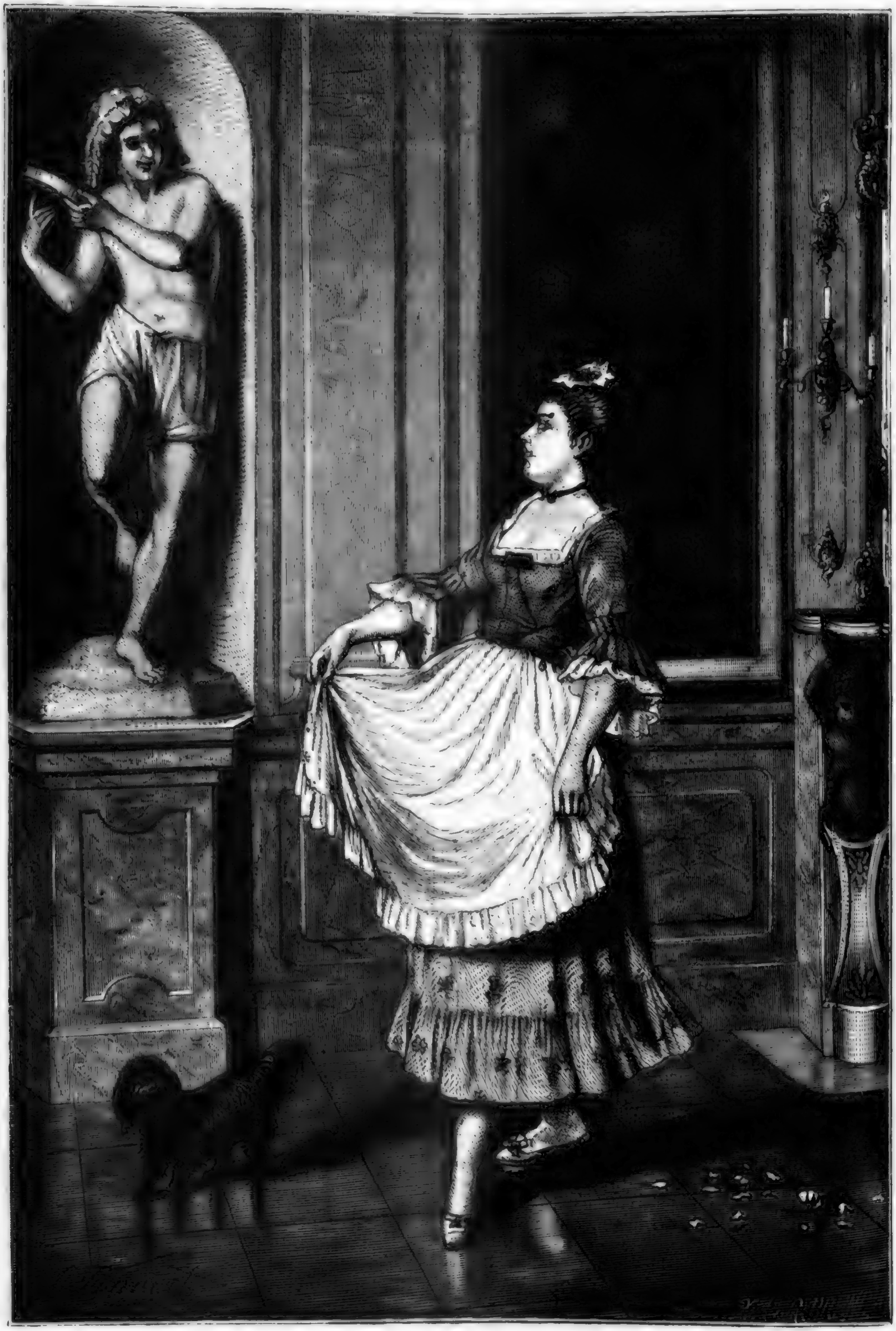

DANCING TO THE MUSIC OF ART.

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"NOT GUILTY!"

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED).

COLONEL DYSART was just raising a glass of sherry to his lips. An unseen power arrested his hand suddenly—the wine fell with a crash upon the table, ran unheeded along the cloth, and dripped down on Meg's smart dress An ashy hue of horror, dismay, wrath—heaven only knows what other emotion—overspread his thin, haughty face. He actually glared at Moultrie.

"I beg your pardon"—how strange and thick his voice sounded!—"did I hear you aright? Fortescue—did you say Fortescue?"

"Gerald Fortescue," repeated Moultrie, in surprise.

"Then," almost shouted the colonel, and his voice shook with strong excitement, "I decline to receive him! I recall all that I have said! No man of that name can pass my gates, or enter beneath my roof, 'or touch my hand. *He cannot come here!*"

Blank consternation. Miss North grew pale, but did not speak a word. Evidently she understood the colonel; but Meg and Moultrie sat dumbfounded. The latter started up from his chair, at last, coloring high.

"Really, sir, this is most extraordinary. Will you have the goodness to explain yourself?"

"Unhappily, I cannot!" replied the colonel, stiffly.

Meg thrilled with shame and indignation. What was the meaning of this boorish conduct? Coming, as it did, from the ever-courteous, colonel, she could scarcely believe her own senses.

"You have offered a gratuitous insult to a friend whom I highly esteem!" cried Moultrie, hotly.

Miss North rose quickly, in the *rôle* of peacemaker.

"Danton! you do not understand. It is a private affair. It would be quite impossible for Colonel Dysart to receive your friend. Had you mentioned his name at the beginning of your story, we should have known that, at once. It is also impossible for him—for *me*—to tell you the cause. Forgive this wretched blunder, and shake hands—let none of us ever speak of it again."

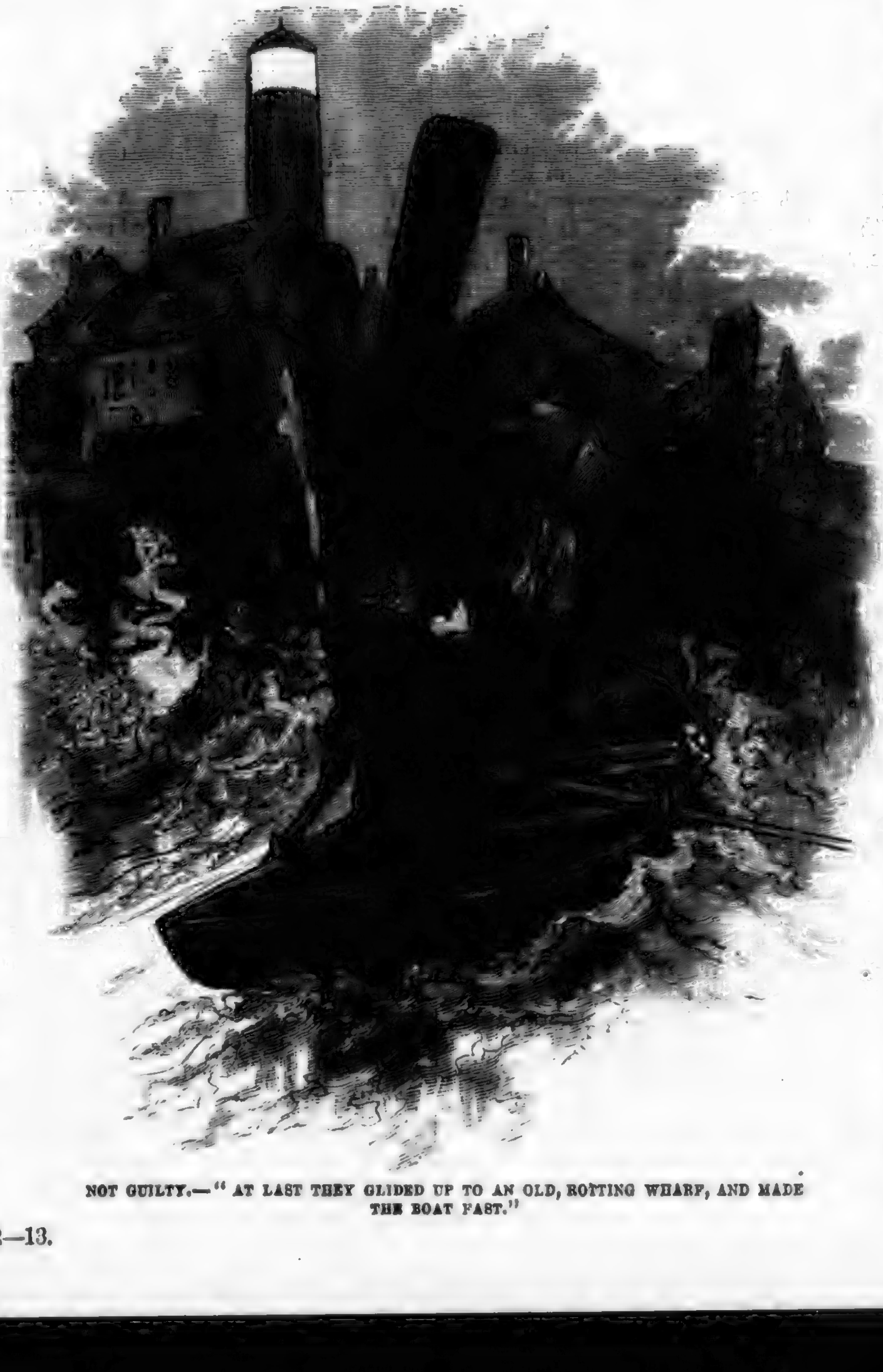
"If there is one thing above all others which I hate," said Danton Moultrie, "it is a mystery!"

"So do I," murmured Meg, *sotto voce*. "What in the world has poor Mr. Fortescue done?"

"Nobody can regret this mistake more than I," faltered the colonel. "I would make the matter plain to you if I could, sir, but I cannot—I cannot!"

They looked at each other. Moultrie was haughty and defiant, the colonel sorrowful and conciliatory. Constance North gazed from each to each with pleading eyes. Finally they did shake hands, but rather feebly; and a wet blanket seemed to have dropped on every one.

Meg dared not ask a question. The dinner ended abruptly. The carriage, which had been brought to the gate, was sent quickly away. It was a most unpleasant incident; nobody spoke of it again, and nobody could forget it.



NOT GUILTY.—"AT LAST THEY GLIDED UP TO AN OLD, ROTTING WHARF, AND MADE THE BOAT FAST."

Meg seated herself in a corner of the drawing-room, and there remained, unnoticed, all the evening, while the colonel and Moultrie indulged in an amicable game of chess, and Constance played difficult selections from Chopin and Schubert. At last, disgusted and heart-sore, the girl stole away to her own chamber. Even nunky had forgotten her—Constance had pushed her out of his heart.

She went to bed, but not to sleep. Years after she would remember the misery of this night, even when greater miseries had racked and torn her heart. A white moon was shining on the sea; it peered in at her window, as if to search out the secret which she sought to hide, even from herself. She tossed from side to side of her belaced and beruffled pillows. She heard Constance's voice upon the stair, and Moultrie's.

"Good-night, my darling," he said, tenderly. Then silence settled down upon Beach Hall.

In the wee small hours, Meg sat up in bed. The moon was now sinking; her head ached, her heart ached. She was oppressed with a great terror and dismay. She whispered her confession to the darkness:

"I am in love with Constance's lover!—the man whom she will marry in a few days, at the furthest. Oh, shame! Oh, misery!"

For a long time she sat there, staring into vacancy. What should she do? Did Constance—did Danton Moultrie, suspect her disgraceful secret? They might suspect, but they should never *know*. And then a strange resolution sprang up in her heart—something born of her humiliation and deep despair. Before another night she would show Moultrie that he need not avoid her—that he could play fast and loose with her no more. She would take a step which should save her from discovery, and ease the wretchedness which seemed gnawing her very vitals.

Somewhere toward morning she fell asleep, and when she awoke, breakfast was over at Beach Hall. For this she gave silent thanks—she did not care to meet Miss North and her lover just then. A servant brought her a cup of chocolate, and carried an order to the stables for Miss Dysart's pony-carriage—she was going out for a morning ride.

She dressed herself very simply, and descended the stairs to the colonel's library. The door stood open, and the colonel himself was within, reading his morning papers. She flung her arms around his neck, and kissed him with right good will.

"Where are Constance and Mr. Moultrie?" she faltered.

"Gone to ride, pet."

"I am going to ride, also, and when I come back I may bring you news. Nunky, pray tell me, who *is* Mr. Moultrie's yellow fever friend—the Gerald Fortescue whom you cannot abide, and about whom I surely thought you two would come to blows last night?"

The colonel's face grew strange and stern. His whole manner changed.

"Hush!" he cried, in a horrified tone; "I shudder to hear that name from *your* lips, child! Never speak it again—hate it!—abhor it!—fly from the person who dares to mention it in your presence!"

"And why should I do that?" she asked, aghast.

"Because I command it—I, who have tried to fill the place of father and mother to you! Faugh! the mention of that man is as poison in my mouth! Moultrie might have asked him here safely enough; he would never have accepted the invitation; he knows that he could not cross the threshold of Beach Hall alive!"

Meg said nothing, because she did not know what to say. Presently his excitement subsided. He gave her a keen, suspicious look.

"Has Constance been telling you anything?"

"Constance?—no," answered Meg, with an injured air. "I am not her confidante. How is it that she knows all your secrets, nunky, while I—I—am shut out in the cold?"

"What do you mean by secrets?" he demanded, harshly. "Nonsense, child! Constance is older than you, and far more discreet. Some time I may tell you about Gerald Fortescue, but not now. There, kiss me again, and be careful that Jap does not run away with you."

So he dismissed her. At the gate waited a trim basket-carriage, and a pony as black and sleek as a cricket—gifts from the colonel to his niece and heiress. Meg sprang into the vehicle, picked up the reins, and drove smartly off toward the town.

It was four miles away, and she had plenty of time to think over what she was about to do; but her resolution did not waver. She reached the wood where Danton Moultrie had received the injuries which forced him to postpone his marriage. Overhead, the pines murmured in the wind, and their delicious fragrance mingled with the salt odor of the sea, which rippled on the shore not a mile distant. Long shafts of light, like arrows, slanted through the tree-tops, and fell across the road; birds sang, sky-flowers bloomed; Castor followed at the carriage-wheels, but his little mistress was deaf and blind to all the beauty and joy of the world this day.

She emerged, at last, upon a level, monotonous road, brightened by frequent glimpses of the bay, and snapping her lines over Jap's fat back, swiftly approached the town of Blackhaven.

Down the principal street of the place went the pony, and stopped before a dingy law-office.

Here Meg leaped to the ground, gave Jap to an urchin who was playing marbles on the sidewalk, and resolutely mounting a flight of dirty steps, she opened a door on a still more dirty landing, and found herself in the office of Messrs. Bond & Deed, the two lawyers of Blackhaven.

A remarkably cheerless room, sunless and musty. The floor was not over clean, the chairs were literally on their last legs. A disorderly table, covered with law-books, and newspapers, and stumps of cigars, occupied one corner. In another stood an uncommonly high desk, and, perched upon a stool before it, sat Robin Leith, with some papers spread before him, copying away as if for dear life.

As the door opened he looked up; he saw her standing there in her wide hat and crisp white dress, fresh as a rose, lovely as morning.

He stared in blank amazement; then his face assumed an apoplectic hue; he sprang down from the stool. It was the first time that he had seen her since that parting in Dawson's shanty.

"Miss Dysart," he stammered—"Meg!"

She closed the door and advanced toward him.

"The last time we met, Robin, I was in a fearful temper—do you remember? I told you that we must be strangers henceforth. All the same, I am here to-day to ask a favor of you. Are you quite alone?"

"Yes," he answered, setting her a chair, which she declined to see. Leith was not ignorant of the turn which affairs were taking at Beach Hall. For a fortnight the gossips of Blackhaven had been busy with the names of Danton Moultrie and Colonel Dysart's heiress.

He stood before her now in an ink-stained linen coat, his hair on end, a pen sticking out from behind his ear, his lean, unhandsome face full of surprise and expectancy.

"Whether you wish it or not," he answered, "I am—I shall always be your friend. What can I do for you, Meg?"

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The blood streamed into her face, her heart failed her, but only for a moment; then she flung back her handsome head defiantly, and replied:

"There is not another girl in Blackhaven who would do this thing—not another in all the world, perhaps. You will be greatly shocked. Prepare yourself—*one—two—three!* Robin, will you marry me?"

He stood like one who could not believe his own ears—stared at her blankly.

"Weeks ago," she continued, with a little, hysterical laugh, "you asked the same question of *me.* I know it is not customary for young ladies to return such compliments, but I could think of no other way in which to acquaint you with my change of views. Don't look at me in that fashion, but answer!—will you marry me, or not, Robin?"

And this to a man who had been for months—ay, years, wildly enamored of her! His time had now come. He had only to take that for which he had long yearned with a sleepless, intolerable yearning.

His face put on a look which Meg Dysart had never seen upon it before.

"What has led to your change of views, Meg?" he said, in a thick, labored voice. "It is certainly my right to ask."

She colored to her temples. Her lovely mouth was drawn a little, as if in pain.

"I cannot tell you that—you must be content with facts. Explanations I will not give."

"You asked me to marry you, Meg. Look me in the face, and answer me honestly. Do you like me a whit better than you did six weeks ago?"

She looked him in the face, and the hysterical laugh arose to her lips again. Rob Leith, with his wild head and ink-stained coat, cut, at that moment, a most ridiculous figure.

"No," she answered, frankly—"I do not like you a whit better than I did six weeks ago, Robin."

"There is no prospect that you will ever like me?"

"None that I can see."

"Then, in heaven's name, why do you mock me like this?"

She made an impatient gesture.

"I am not mocking you! How stupid you are! I am in earnest—terrible earnest; cannot you see that? I offer you my hand—it is the best that I can do. Will you accept it?"

"No!" answered Robin Leith, sternly—"a thousand times no!"

She had expected a different reply. She looked as if she had received a cold *douche.*

"You will not marry me?" she cried, coloring high with chagrin and mortified vanity.

His dark eyes were full of pain. It was plain that he did not find it easy to answer her as he was about to do.

"I will not marry you, Meg. I should be a fool and a scoundrel if I would. I do not need to be told that Danton Moultrie is at the bottom of this matter. You are unhappy—you are miserable, poor child! How can I help you?"

He pressed toward her with eager sympathy; but she waved him angrily back.

"You cannot help me—I have no need of your help; and I forbid you to so much as name Danton Moultrie to me. We are now quits. Six weeks ago I rejected you—to-day you have rejected me. Good-by. I like you better than I ever did before, Robin!"

And she fled through the door, and down the dirty stair, threw a coin to the urchin who was holding Jap, and rode swiftly off down the hot, silent street. Once in the shelter of the wood, she laughed and cried together. She was humiliated—she was relieved.

"Miss Margaret Dysart, heiress and beauty," she said to herself, mockingly, "you have asked a man to marry you, and he has declined the honor. What do you think of that? Poor Robin! He has some sterling sense, after all."

It had been her intention to go back to Beach Hall, and announce her engagement to Constance and Danton Moultrie. Now she could do nothing of the kind. Certainly she would never reveal to living mortal this abortive attempt to wed a rejected suitor.

Thoughtfully, very thoughtfully, Meg urged Jap through the fragrant pine wood, and finally turned his docile head into a rough road leading down to the beach.

Burning and breathless the sands stretched out under the fervid sun. It was now high noon. Meg left the pony-carriage in a sheltered spot, with Castor to guard it, and walked aimlessly off over the lonely shore.

"Shall I go quietly back to Beach Hall?" she asked herself, dismally, "or leap into the sea, and so make an end of it all?"

The tide was receding, and at low tide Gull Beach was not a favorable place for drowning. She seated herself at last on an old boat that was lying, bottom up, on the shingle, and, with her gloved hands clasped about her knees, stared drearily out upon the low, blue, shimmering bay. And so Danton Moultrie, sauntering alone over the beach, after his ride with Miss North, found her.

She heard his approaching step, and looked up. Her eyes were full of tears. Her red lips drooped like a grieved child's. The shade of sadness on that saucy, piquant face was the last thing needed to complete its witchery. Danton Moultrie was but a man—one, too, of a selfish, fiery temperament. Before those tearful eyes, all his good resolves were scattered to the winds. He forgot Constance North—he forgot his honor, his plighted word. He was at Meg Dysart's side in an instant—he bent over her.

"What! You here, alone, and *crying!* Meg, Meg!"

She sprang to her feet.

"Where is Constance?" she stammered.

"Constance! I do not know—I do not care! Why do you ask? I have sinned against her irretrievably. Her very name is hateful now to my ears. Heaven help me! Meg, I *must* speak!"

She saw it all in his passionate, reckless face. White as death, she uttered one faint protest.

"No—no! Do not—do not!"

He seized her hands, almost roughly.

"Before I saw you, I fancied that I loved Constance. You have made a traitor, a coward of me! What shall I do? I love you, and you only! To marry her now is impossible—I will not perjure myself to that extent. Why did I ever see you? Meg, Meg! Oh, my beautiful darling!"

They stood alone on that lonely beach, with only the waves and the gulls to see them—two wild, impetuous hearts that refused at this moment to know or think of anything but themselves. Meg made one feeble effort at resistance; she broke from him with a frightened cry.

"Leave me—leave me!"

"Not till you tell me the truth—not till you say that you love me!"

He extended his arms. She felt herself drawn toward him, as steel to the magnet, and threw out her miserable hands, as if to hold him off.

"Speak!" he urged, with cruel tenderness. "Oh, my little love, speak!"

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"It is wrong!" sobbed Meg; "it is wicked, but—I love you!"

The words were out, and could not be recalled. He snatched her to his breast, clasped her as if he would never let her go—this fickle lover, this man who could ask the love of one woman even upon the eve of marriage with another! He murmured over her that reckless cry which has rung through the world for ages:

"All for love, and the world well lost!"

CHAPTER IV.

A LETTER.

THE moon was up. Constance North stood at her window, and looked out into the garden. Dinner was over—a very disagreeable meal it had been to Constance. She was a sharper woman than her lover thought her to be. She saw much that he fancied was hidden from her eyes. Suspicion was now taking the form of certainty in her mind. Stolen glances, whispered words, Meg's guilty blushes, had told her the truth at last. Danton Moultrie was false to her!

A cold woman, the exact opposite of poor, headstrong Meg, yet, whatever heart she possessed belonged exclusively to the handsome Southerner. As she stood there at the window, a hard look appeared upon her face, a certain expression leaped into her yellow-brown eyes which might have made her recreant lover quake, had he been there to see.

He was walking the terrace below, smoking an after-dinner cigar. She watched the tall, elegant figure as it moved back and forth in the moonlight. Presently he flung away his weed, descended the steps, and sauntered off into the shrubbery. As he went, he hummed a reckless old song, four lines of which were wafted back through the still night to her ears:

"If labor be pain, and thought be sorrow,
 Wisdom should guide us out of their way;
Pleasure to-day, and care to-morrow,
 To-morrow that never can be to-day."

Miss North listened, and set her teeth.

"You false traitor!" she whispered; then swiftly tied a bit of lace over her flaxen puffs, threw a square of white wool about her shoulders, and descended to the garden. She stepped cautiously from path to path, until she heard somewhere at hand the low murmur of voices. Then Miss North parted the shrubbery, and by the bright moonlight discovered two figures standing before her in the shadow of an espaliered wall—a man and a woman.

The latter was shrinking back in shadow, but her white dress and pretty garden hat were perfectly familiar to Miss North. The man stood out boldly in the moonlight. He was holding the girl's hand clasped fast in his own.

"Meg, my darling, we cannot go on like this—at least, *I* cannot. Think of the position in which I stand here. I am likely to betray myself at any moment, and then there will be no end of a row. You *must* listen to reason. There is but one course for us to pursue under present circumstances."

Miss North heard every word of this speech. It gave her no particular surprise. She remained motionless, almost breathless, and waited for further revelations.

"Oh, I cannot—I dare not!" faltered Meg; and she tried to draw back from him. He gathered her up to his breast.

"You cannot marry me? Do you not see that this is the only way by which to cut the Gordian knot of my difficulties, child?—the only way in which we can ever be happy? Should I break my engagement with Miss North, she will influence the colonel against me, and he will be sure to refuse his consent to our union. No; we must take the matter into our own hands. Constance will yield gracefully to the inevitable—never fear. She is not the woman to break her heart for any man. To-morrow night, Meg, you must be my wife!"

She shivered.

"To-morrow night! Oh, no!—that is too soon!"

"If not at once, Meg, then never! Let Colonel Dysart discover our secret, and he will separate us for ever. Could you bear that—could *I* bear it?"

A dry little sob answered him.

"Now, listen to reason, darling. There's a village down the shore, whither I went yesterday with the colonel; a lonely, secluded place—Sagamore, I think they call it. It has an inn close to the waterside, and there our marriage can be solemnized. To-morrow I will arrange the matter with the resident parson, and when I have made you mine beyond recall—when neither your uncle nor Constance can take you from me, we will return here, and strive to inspire the two with a proper view of the whole matter."

"Oh, are you sure that you love me better than Constance?" sobbed Meg.

"Positively sure, darling! Constance and I were never suited to each other; we could never have been happy together—I see it all now. My love for you has shown me how shallow was the sentiment which I had for her."

He bent his handsome head and kissed her passionately; and Constance North, ambushed in the neighboring thicket, saw it all.

"To-morrow night—do not fail me!" he urged. "I fear that will be none too soon. There is something of the sly cat in Miss North's nature—she is watching us. I will meet you on the beach at dark. It will be better to row over to Sagamore; in that way we shall be likely to escape notice, and baffle pursuit; the scent, you know, does not lie in water."

"How wicked I am!" shivered Meg, with her head on his heart. "I never liked Constance, but I did not mean to take her lover from her."

"Meg, Meg, we were *made* for each other!" cried Moultrie. "Would it be right for me to hold myself bound by a vow that has become false and hollow? My precious child, do not talk like that. There, I dare not keep you here longer—we may be seen. All is arranged, remember—to-morrow night, at dark, upon the beach."

Miss North waited for nothing more—she had heard enough. Swiftly she returned to the house. As she was crossing the hall, Colonel Dysart called her name. She stepped into the library, where he was sitting alone. From her appearance, one would never have suspected that she had just been playing the eavesdropper to a false lover. There was no agitation in her face or manner. She had never looked more composed in her life.

"My dear," said the colonel, in an anxious tone, "do you think Moultrie was much cut up by my conduct in regard to Fortescue? Strange that those two men should know each other! You cannot imagine the shock which that discovery gave me. Did he mention the matter to you?"

"No," she answered, quietly. "Danton likes his friends, no doubt, but he likes his own ease more. He will not give himself unnecessary thought about Fortescue, simply because unnecessary thought is very unpleasant to him."

"Love has not blinded your eyes, I see," laughed the colonel; "he *is* a little indolent, even in wooing and wedding, Constance."

"Indolence is a prominent trait in the Southern character, guardy; but even had he taken grievous offense, it would have been impossible for you to receive Gerald Fortescue in this house—*I* know that."

The colonel's face grew dark.

"Constance, I would cut off my right hand sooner than touch his. Tell me, do you think Meg suspects anything? You understand the child better than I."

"She suspects nothing—she has other things than Gerald Fortescue to think about. The time will soon come, guardy, when you will be obliged to tell her the truth—you cannot hide it from her much longer."

"Hush!" said the colonel, sternly; "she shall never be told while I can conceal it from her. Poor child—poor child——"

Moultrie's step on the piazza without put an end to the conversation. He entered with a front as cool and calm as Miss North's own. He could dissemble as well as she. Each had a part to play—each played it well.

Meg, less of a hypocrite than either, did not appear at all. The colonel eyed the lovers rather sharply, but saw nothing wrong between them. Their manner seemed a trifle more affectionate than usual.

At the foot of the broad, shallow stair they said good-night, at last.

"Danton," purred Miss North, as she detained him, gently, "do you love me?"

He looked down into her upturned face with cool effrontery.

"Love you? Surely! How can you ask the question?"

"Liar!" She did not speak the word aloud, but she whispered it to herself as she turned away, and a wicked smile hovered upon her lips. Ah, she had good reason to smile, for in her own strong hand she held the winning card of this game which her fickle lover was playing.

Meg appeared at breakfast next morning—she dared not draw attention to herself by a prolonged absence from the family circle. But she was no adept in dissimulation. She avoided Moultrie, she was nervous and pale, feverish, and variable. She said nothing to any one, least of all to Constance.

The latter person was in excellent spirits, cheerful, amiable.

Guests were expected at dinner—friends of Colonel Dysart. Miss North made an exquisite toilet, then seated herself at her dressing-table and wrote a letter.

It was brief—that is, it did not cover more than a half-sheet of highly-scented note-paper, but she crowded much into that small space. She was pitiless now, and would show no mercy to her beautiful rival. When her task was finished she called her maid.

"Take this letter to Mr. Moultrie's room," she said. "Put it upon his table, in a conspicuous place, mind, where he will be sure to see it." And to herself she added, with a cruel little laugh, "Now let us see what he will do!"

The dinner was very much like all others at Beach Hall—rich and tedious. At its close, Meg was asked to sing, and could not refuse. People talked to her, and she answered at random. Her heart was in a wretched tumult. A dozen times she faltered in her purpose. She could not take this perilous road to happiness. She could not so wrong and grieve the colonel; and then one look from Danton Moultrie's blue eyes scattered all her misgivings, and established her wavering resolution. She was madly in love for the first time in her life, and conscience and judgment and duty must give way before the irresistible power of her fatal passion.

Darkness fell. Her dinner-dress of violet silk, with frills of old lace and opal ornaments, would make a very respectable wedding toilet. Dear old nunky! As he sat, serene and unsuspecting, in the midst of his guests, she stole one last look at him, and thought that, before many hours, she would return and plead for his forgiveness.

Constance was talking to a fat man in a corner—talking and smiling, like one whose mind was perfectly at ease. Meg gave her one furtive, farewell glance, slipped away, threw on a long wrap, a hat and thick vail, and under the firs, through the high gates, hurried off, with a guilty, throbbing heart, to Gull Beach.

Meanwhile, Danton Moultrie had escaped to his own room for a few hasty preparations. He was late. A garrulous dowager below-stairs, with an unappeasable curiosity regarding the state of affairs in the South, had kept him an unwilling captive since dinner. As he gathered up some private papers from his table, he espied a letter, superscribed with his own name, but bearing no post-mark.

He was too hurried and anxious to give it more than a glance. He thrust it unopened into his pocket—at a more convenient season it would be read. Unobserved, Moultrie then descended to the garden, and, by a circuitous path, went off to meet Colonel Dysart's heiress upon the lonely shore.

It was a hot, breathless night, foreboding tempest. The sea was like glass; a profound silence reigned everywhere. Meg was first at the tryst. From afar he saw her walking the shingle with a nervous step. As he approached, she flung back her vail, and showed him a white, agitated face.

Like all other girls, Meg had had her dreams about matrimony—dreams of white satin and orange-flowers, point-lace and bridesmaids, lights and music; but never of darkness and solitude and guilty flight—no, never of anything like this.

"My darling! so you are here before me?" said Danton Moultrie. "I thought that old beldam in the drawing-room would never let me go."

She shrank back a little.

"I am afraid," she murmured—"afraid to take this step. Let us go straight to the colonel and tell him everything. He loves me, he wishes only for my happiness; he will forgive us."

"Meg, are you mad? Turn back *now?* My darling, I thought you loved me!"

His hurt, disappointed tone pricked her to the heart; his reproachful look scattered her last compunctions. He held out his arms to her.

"Dearest, will you turn back?"

"No, no!" she sobbed. "No; I will follow you to the ends of the earth!"

Near by, on the sands, a boat waited. They entered it silently, and pushed off from the shore.

Moultrie's arm was still weak, and she assisted him with the oars. The moon was not up, and so many clouds had gathered in the sky, it was plain that she could shine but feebly to-night.

Far in the ominous west, bars of coppery red, like streaks of blood, still marked the track of the sunset.

Moultrie and his companion said little, after the manner of persons who have much to think about. He was far more composed than she—it was his nature to be composed under all circumstances.

Three miles ahead, on a point of rock, a lamp burned in a tall tower. Toward this they moved, as straight as the

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crow flies. It was the Sagamore Beacon, and the little fishing-hamlet which was their destination lay behind it, among the rocks and sands.

A low muttering of thunder disturbed the silence; then a bell rang somewhere on the shore. Its deep tones echoed with strange solemnity over the darkening bay, and made Meg shudder. Through the gathering clouds one or two stars peered down upon her, like disapproving eyes. The oars splashed softly in the black water; little ripples danced and leaped in the wake of the boat; the tall, red-eyed beacon seemed to beckon them on.

Again and again Moultrie looked anxiously behind, as if dreading pursuit; but his fears were groundless—the bay was deserted and lonely; his own little craft was the only sign of life upon it.

At last they glided up to an old, rotting wharf, and made the boat fast.

"The clergyman is to meet us in the inn-parlor," said Moultrie, as he drew Meg's hand through his arm. "Probably he is waiting there at the present moment, for we are late. By Jove! I wonder if they have yet discovered our flight from Beach Hall?"

She did not answer, only shivered under her long wrap. He conducted her along a dull, narrow street smelling loudly of fish, past some low, weather-beaten houses, to a little inn that stood looking out with a meditative air upon the darkening bay.

It was a solitary, dilapidated place. A slip-shod waiting-maid led them into a parlor furnished with cane-bottomed chairs and lighted by a feeble kerosene lamp. The clergyman had not yet arrived.

"I thought to find him here before us!" said Moultrie, in an exasperated tone.

Meg fell into the nearest chair, and threw back her vail—she seemed suffocating. Her lover paced the bare, dingy room with nervous strides.

"It's rather shabby to keep us waiting," he grumbled; "especially when there is danger of pursuit. I do not understand it!"

Ten minutes passed—twenty; but no clergyman appeared.

"Something must have happened to the man!" cried Moultrie; and he rushed from the room, only to return at the end of a few moments, with a wrathful, disgusted face.

"The deuce!" he exclaimed. "The landlord tells me that some fisherman in the town is dying—worse luck! and the parson has not yet come from the death-bed. I suppose we cannot hurry a matter like this. We must wait with what patience we can, and trust the kind fortune which has aided us thus far to keep Colonel Dysart off our track."

He sat down beside her in the dreary room, but he could not be patient. They might be pursued, overtaken at any moment, and parted for ever. It was a terrible thought, and Meg's lovely face blanched with nervous fear.

The muttering of thunder grew louder outside. Moultrie drew his marriage license from his pocket, looked at it, put it back, and rushed again for the door.

"This is unbearable! I am going out to find the man. After all, the living are of far more importance than the dying. You are not afraid to remain here alone for a few moments, darling?"

"No," she answered. Yet her heart sank in a strange, foreboding way.

"I will return with him immediately, even though I am compelled to lay violent hands upon his reverend person. There, good-by—no, that is a foolish word to say, under these circumstances. Kiss me, my own love!

Their lips met for the last time. Neither could know that it *was* the last time; but there was something almost prophetic in the reluctance with which his hand relinquished hers, and he turned to leave her.

"You are sure you will not be lonely while I am gone?" he said, with infinite tenderness.

"Oh, very sure," she answered, bravely.

Then she was alone. Running to the window, she pressed her pale face against the pane, and watched him go hurriedly off from the inn, in search of the laggard clergyman.

All necessary directions had been given him by the landlord. The house where the dying man was receiving spiritual consolation was a half-mile away on the outskirts of the little hamlet. The street leading thereto was straight, however, and not calculated to mislead stranger feet. Moultrie had gone about a third of the distance, when he suddenly drew out his handkerchief to wipe away the moisture which the heat and excitement of this momentous night had brought to his forehead, and oh, strange fatality! with the delicate cambric came a small white envelope—it dropped to the uneven sidewalk. He picked it up. It was Constance North's letter, and he recognized the handwriting at once.

He experienced a sudden thrill of mingled curiosity and misgiving. Had she discovered all? Why did she write, when she might have confronted him at any moment, *front-à-front?* An oil-lamp was burning in the dull old street. He paused beneath it, tore open the envelope, and, with blanching lip and horrified eyes, read the words that would part him for ever from Meg Dysart.

CHAPTER V.

A MARRIAGE.

THE first ten minutes passed rapidly by; the second ten dragged somewhat. A great dread was upon her. Suppose Colonel Dysart should appear, fuming and furious, and hurry her back to Beach Hall before Moultrie could return? Meg shuddered; the noise of steps on the stair made her heart stand still. But no; Colonel Dysart did not come, and, alas! neither did Danton Moultrie and the clergyman.

Utter darkness had now fallen on the earth. The wind was rising, the sea moaning on the rocks and sands. A terrific peal of thunder shook the inn; a zig-zag streak of pale blue lightning flashed across the window full into Meg's paler, bluer face. The storm broke, and a furious, bellowing storm it was. Where—where was Danton Moultrie?

A great dash of rain made the dingy panes rattle. The wind shrieked across the bay, and some poplar trees before the inn writhed wildly in its gusts. Stygian darkness covered shore and sea. The only thing visible therein was the red ember of the beacon burning near by on its point of rocks.

And Meg? She did not move; she scarcely breathed. She was the color of chalk, and her pretty hands lay upon her lap, clinched and bloodless. The rain beat, the gale roared, the room was full of the infernal glare of the lightning. She neither saw nor heard these things—she was waiting for her lover.

Presently the slip-shod maid rapped at the door, and receiving no answer, opened it shyly.

"Are you afraid, Miss?" she asked; "the landlady wants to know if I shall not sit with you till the gentleman comes back?"

"No, I am not afraid," answered Meg, and then the door closed, and she was again alone.

For a full hour the storm raged; the clocks struck ten ere it began to die away. And still Danton Moultrie did not return. Till her dying day Meg would remember that dismal parlor, with its kerosene lamp and battered furniture, that watch by the rain-lashed window, the sulphurous flashes of light, the great throbs of her own heart, the terrible length of the slow moments, the misery and despair which grew and increased, and assumed a shape more and more fearful with every tick of the clock on the mantel—verily, she could never forget any of these things!

Another rap at the door.

"Here's a note for you, miss," said the waiting-maid, thrusting in her untidy head, "which a boy has just brought to the inn. He couldn't get here any sooner, because of the storm."

She held out a folded paper. Meg took it mechanically, opened it mechanically, and read these words, scrawled in pencil on the leaf of a note-book.

> "MY POOR CHILD: Forgive me, if you can; at any rate, forget me! It will be better for me never to see you more. God knows I love you madly, but a revelation has been made to me to-night which renders our marriage impossible. I dare not trust myself to look upon your face again. Go back to Beach Hall; tell the colonel that I only am to blame, and he will forgive you. Misfortune I do not fear, but I cannot bear disgrace, for I come of a race that has never known that word. Colonel Dysart has erred greatly in his treatment of you—his kindness has been of the mistaken order. I blame him for his studious concealment of the frightful facts which I have learned to-night. Oh, my darling! you will hate and despise me, and I deserve nothing better at your hands; but, though it breaks my heart to say it, farewell for ever!
>
> "DANTON MOULTRIE."

She stood for a moment with the paper crushed in her hand. She did not comprehend half its contents—the "revelation," the "frightful facts," the "disgrace," to which he alluded, were all Sanskrit to her. But the opening and closing words—ah, they were plain enough! She was deserted—he had forsaken her—left her there at that strange inn, in storm and darkness! And as the bitter, cruel truth burst fully upon her, Meg uttered a heart-rending cry, and swayed, and fell, like one dead, to the floor of the inn-parlor.

When she recovered consciousness, she was lying on a bed in a dingy little chamber, and over her bent the waiting-maid and an astonished landlady.

"Are you better?" asked the latter. "It was the thunder, perhaps, which made you ill?"

Meg lifted herself up. It all rushed back upon her in a moment. She held his note in her hand—she remembered that she was deserted.

"Yes; I am better—I am quite well," she answered, wildly. "Will you be so good as to leave me alone?"

They left her. Then she smoothed out Danton Moultrie's message, and read it again slowly, laboriously; and as she did so, a great indefinable chill crept over her—she shivered with prophetic dread. *What* "revelation" had made marriage with her impossible? What could he mean by "frightful facts," that had been concealed from her? Either he was mad, or her own wretched brain was turning. Was she not the beloved orphan niece, the petted heiress of that best and noblest of men—Colonel Dysart? Had she not lived her seventeen years of life most blamelessly?

There was a mystery here which she could not—which, in her great anguish of heart, she did not try to—fathom. It was enough for her to know that she was forsaken; that, as he had been false to Constance, he was also false to her; that a just retribution had overtaken her in the very moment when she thought her happiness secure; that she had looked her last on Danton Moultrie's cruel, handsome face—and then she threw herself prostrate upon the floor of the chamber; and face downward in the dust, lay there motionless, voiceless, more dead than alive, all the remainder of that terrible night.

Day broke, at last, in mist and cloud. A threatening sky bent over the wrathful, tossing sea. As the miserable light of dawn crept into her room, Meg experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling. For hours she had thought only of Danton Moultrie—she now began to think of herself.

She staggered to her feet, and went forward to a mirror that hung on the wall. Could that changed, ghastly face be her own? It seemed as if a dozen years had passed over it since yesterday. The beautiful mouth was pinched and drawn; there were deep hollows under the big eyes. Her rich, disordered dress added to her wild look. Grief makes sad havoc with the fairest face. She started back at sight of her altered self.

"He has broken my heart!" she said, hoarsely; "disgraced me with my friends and kindred, covered me with humiliation and despair. The world—*my* world—will be slow to forgive me for eloping with another woman's lover—slower yet to overlook the fact that he left me unwedded in this place. I know not what has parted us—that I shall learn hereafter; but had he loved me as I, poor fool! loved him, nothing earthly could have taken him from me. Danton Moultrie!" she clinched her slim hands as though he stood before her listening to her cry, "we shall meet again, some day—I know it—feel it! When that time comes, take heed to yourself, for, as you have shown me no mercy, I will then show none to you. As you have racked and stabbed my heart, I will then rack and stab yours. It is a vow—I pray heaven to record it!"

Presently the landlady brought up Miss Dysart's breakfast. She gave the girl a curious, distrustful glance. It flashed upon Meg that her arrival at the inn with Moultrie, his sudden disappearance, the failure of the expected marriage, her own wild looks and wilder bearing, must have set every tongue in the house a-wagging.

She had given these people food for a year's gossip, at least, and a thrill of shame and terror ran over all her quivering body. With such dignity as was left to her, she turned to the landlady.

"Do you know my name?"

"No, miss. The gentleman who came with you last night did not mention names."

Meg flung back her head like some princess of the blood.

"I am Miss Dysart, niece of Colonel Dysart, of Gull Beach. There are few people hereabout that have not heard of *him*. I wish to remain in this house till my uncle shall come for me, which will be in a few hours. Is there a person here who can take a message to Beach Hall?"

A sudden change in the landlady's manner proclaimed that Colonel Dysart was not unknown to her. She made an awkward bow.

"Beg pardon, miss. I never happened to see you at Sagamore before. Yes, our boy Tom is going to Blackhaven in an hour, and he will pass close to Beach Hall."

Meg ordered writing materials, and, leaving her breakfast untasted—food would have choked her now—she poured out a full and piteous confession to the man who had been as a fond, indulgent father to her all the days of her life. From Constance North she could not expect forgiveness; but the colonel, surely *he* would pardon the child of his love.

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"Come, and take me from this place," she implored. "I cannot return to Beach Hall alone. I have still a little pride left. Oh, nunky, stand betwixt Constance and your wicked, erring girl; shelter me beneath your wing! I have sinned, and I have been punished. Come quickly! I am alone in this strange inn, and every moment will seem an eternity until I see your face."

Into her own letter she slipped Danton Moultrie's, without a word of comment. The colonel should read for himself what the fickle Southerner had written her. She sealed the envelope, gave it with her own hand to the boy Tom, charged him to deliver it promptly at Beach Hall, and then, in her dismal chamber, sat down to wait for Colonel Dysart.

* * * * * * *

The first day dragged by in wet and storm, but he did not come. In her tumbled silk gown and mockery of opals, Meg watched by the window till darkness fell like a curtain, and shut the street without and the lashing, foaming bay from her sight.

"He is ill," she said to herself, "or absent from home, maybe, looking for *me*."

All night she walked her floor, half mad with fear and impatience. The morning broke, but brought no Colonel Dysart to forgive his erring niece. With white lips, Meg said to the landlady:

"Are you *sure* that my letter was delivered at Beach Hall?"

"Very sure," answered the woman. "Tom told me he gave it to a servant who promised to put it in the colonel's own hand."

Great heaven! what could detain him so long? Did he dream of the misery she was suffering? Was he quite pitiless? All through the second day she waited in vain. No "nunky," no message of pardon or recall arrived from Beach Hall. When night fell, she threw herself upon her bed, utterly exhausted.

"I wish I might never wake again!" she said, fervently.

Indeed, death would have been welcome to her then. Her undisciplined heart had not yet learned to "suffer and be strong."

She slept deeply, dreamlessly, for she was quite worn out; but she awoke at dawn, and quickly summoned the waiting-maid.

"Has my uncle arrived during the night?" she asked, breathlessly.

"No, miss," the girl answered.

"It is very strange," murmured Meg; "I know not what to think of it."

She drank a cup of tea, and ate a few morsels of food: the body must be nourished, even when the heart is breaking. This day was exactly like its predecessor. The landlady ached to question her guest, but something in Miss Dysart's proud, white face kept her silent. Appalling thoughts began to crowd upon the girl's mind. Perhaps he did not mean to forgive her: he could be hard and stern when he liked, and, without doubt, Constance would do her utmost to poison his heart against the absent culprit. Perhaps he would *never* come for her—never seek to see her again. What was she to do, then? Ah, her wild love for Danton Moultrie was likely to cost her dear!

Another morning dawned, and slew Meg's last hope. For four terrible days she had waited and watched in vain. She could bear the suspense and fear no longer. Since he was too angry to come to her, she must humble her pride and go to him. On her knees she must sue for his forgiveness.

A foreboding of evil weighed heavily on her heart. Surely something dreadful had happened at Beach Hall. He was dead, maybe, and Constance would not tell her!

From Sagamore to Blackhaven a stage ran daily. It would start from the inn at nine o'clock. She called the landlady, paid her reckoning—fortunately her purse was well-filled—put on her outer garments, tied her vail over her ghastly face, cast one bitter glance around the little room where she had suffered so much, and taking her seat in the clumsy old vehicle, rolled away toward Beach Hall.

"Bless my soul!" cried the landlady, as she watched the departure of her strange guest; "nothing half as curious as this ever happened under *my* roof afore. The whole village is talking. Why, they say the man that brought her here was another woman's husband—but that's too awful to repeat. One thing is clear—the girl is just wild."

"Poor young thing!" answered the slip-shod maid.

"And she so handsome! Tom says the gentleman went over to Blackhaven in all the storm that night, and took a train for some distant place. They must have had a desperate quarrel."

Over the long, hot, sandy road the stage rumbled on, past sweltering brown marshes, past fishermen's cottages, past farmhouses and green fields, to Gull Beach. Meg Dysart counted every thud of the horse-hoofs, every turn of the wheels, that carried her toward the colonel. Oh, what would he say to her? What would Constance say? No matter. Let them pour their fiercest vials of wrath upon her devoted head. Anything was preferable to the misery and suspense which she had endured in the last few days.

The stage stopped at Beach Hall. She alighted, gave her fare to the driver, and went up the broad avenue under the dear old fir-trees. Her heart throbbed fiercely. Four days had passed since her flight with Miss North's lover, and now she had returned, humiliated, deserted, unwedded, her pride broken, her happiness wrecked—ready to plead abjectly for her old place in the colonel's heart and home.

As she approached the house, she was struck by the profound silence which brooded about it. The shutters along its imposing front were closed. No living thing was to be seen, save the dog Castor, stretched at ease on the sunny terrace. At sight of his young mistress, he leaped up with a joyful bark and rushed upon her in violent, loving welcome. As she caressed him, a big tear fell upon his honest black head. It was good to feel that even a dog was glad to see her again at Beach Hall.

She mounted the steps, and with a faltering hand rang the bell. After a weary while, the door opened, and the stout figure of Weston, the colonel's housekeeper, appeared on the threshold. Meg had thrown back her vail, and her pale, changed face was like some frightened ghost's. The woman gave a cry of consternation.

"Good gracious! Miss Meg, is it you?" holding up her fat hands. "Oh, my dear! *How* you do look! Where is your—your husband?"

Meg stepped into the hall.

"I have no husband," she answered, sharply.

The housekeeper stared.

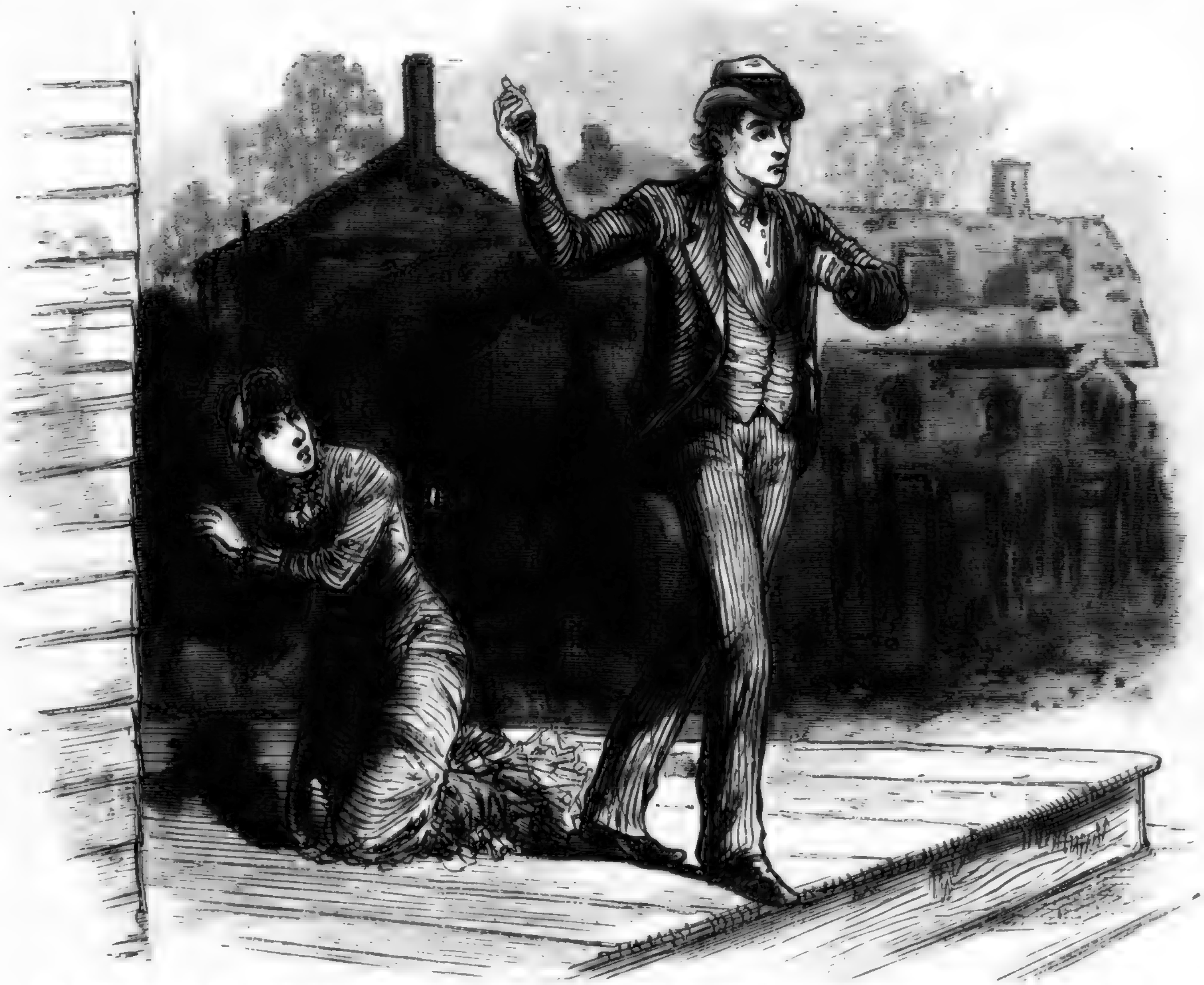
"You never mean to say that you have come back unmarried and alone, my dear?"

The hot color flamed into Meg's white face.

"I am unmarried, and I am alone! I wish to see my uncle. Is he ill? Oh, Weston, don't conceal anything from me—is he very ill?"

The housekeeper grew suddenly embarrassed.

"Ill? lor', no! certainly not."



NOT GUILTY.—"HE HURLED THE POISON INTO THE STREET BELOW. SHE HEARD THE GLASS SHATTER ON THE CURB-STONE, AND UTTERED A SHARP CRY, AS IF HE HAD DONE HER BODILY HARM."

"Is he very angry with me, Weston?"

"I fear he is, my dear."

Meg took a feeble, irresolute step toward the door of the colonel's library.

"Where is he? where is Miss North? Let me go to them at once."

Weston looked blank.

"Oh, my dear, they are not here—neither of them."

"Not here! oh, then the colonel did not receive my letter—that explains everything."

"Yes," stammered Weston. "Yes, my dear, a letter was brought to the door four days ago. I saw it myself, but I don't know what was done with it. I ventured to ask Miss North if you was married, and she bade me mind my own business. Oh, she is a deep one—is that woman! She has driven us all well-nigh out of our wits. Don't you know—haven't you heard—what happened here yesterday?"

A cold hand seemed clutching Meg's heart.

"No! speak, Weston—you have ill news for me?"

"I have, indeed, my dear. Miss North is married."

The hall, the woman's face, seemed to reel before Meg's sight.

"Married!" she gasped. "To Danton Moultrie? Did he dare to come back, and could she forgive him?"

"My dear, nobody at Beach Hall has seen Mr. Moultrie since he went away with you. Miss North was married yesterday to your uncle, Colonel Dysart, and they have gone away on a wedding journey!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE SECRET.

The next that Meg knew she was seated in a chair in the colonel's library, and Weston stood over her, holding a glass of wine to her lips.

"My dear, I was too sudden. Drink this—it will revive you."

Meg pushed the wine aside. This new and unexpected catastrophe overwhelmed her.

"Tell me about it, Weston."

The housekeeper bristled with indignation.

"Oh, my dear, Colonel Dysart, old soldier and old bachelor though he was, used to hard campaigns, I dare say, and to the wiles of womankind, could make no stand at all against that designing creature. I think she made up her mind to marry him as soon as you went off with Mr. Moultrie—perhaps before that time—who knows? Your uncle isn't a bad match for her—young girls marry middle-aged men every day in the week. You know how fond he always was of Miss North—that made her task easy."

"Yes," groaned Meg. "Yes."

"You hadn't been gone from the house an hour that night, when the alarm was raised, and everybody knew at once that you had fled with Mr. Moultrie. The colonel wanted to pursue and bring you back, but Miss North—oh, she is a precious hypocrite!—said, No—Mr. Moultrie loved you, and you loved him; she would yield her own

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happiness to yours; her future was laid waste, her heart was broken; no one cared for her in the least, and all that. The colonel called her a saint—dear me!—and vowed that one person, meaning himself, cared for her tenderly, and always would. He was dreadfully cut up; he declared he would never forgive you, and he swore vengeance against the Southern gentleman; and yesterday it ended in a marriage—she was determined, you see, to secure him before you came back. Nobody was invited, of course. The bride wore a traveling dress, and off they went at noon to the Blackhaven station, he looking troubled and dejected, she smiling and triumphant, as she might well be, with a doting husband, who'll be sure to leave her a rich widow before many years. They didn't tell a soul where they were going, nor when they would return. They just left you to your fate, and went their way. It was all her work—he wouldn't have done it, but for her; she leads him as she likes. It's my private opinion that she asked him to marry her. At any rate, she's mistress now of this house, and oh, my dear, it's useless for any of us to think again of peace or comfort here."

Meg clinched her little teeth. Constance had made a *coup de maitre*, indeed. She was now the colonel's wife, and what mercy could Meg expect at her hands? Dark possibilities arose before her. The magnitude of this misfortune could not, as yet, be estimated, but it was plain that she had lost the colonel's love, and her happy, luxurious home at Beach Hall.

"You do not know when my uncle will return, Weston?" she said in a disheartened tone.

"No, miss."

"I shall remain here till he comes. I wish to see him, and hear from his own lips what my future position in this house is to be."

"I know what *my* fate is," said Weston, sturdily; "it's to leave. There's no love 'twixt Mrs. Dysart and me—so I shall go."

Meg retreated to her own chamber. She found the handsome room exactly as she had left it on the night of her flight. She was too wretched for tears. This new calamity thrust even Moultrie's desertion into the background of her thoughts. What did the hasty marriage of the colonel and his ward mean? Trouble—trouble! She felt instinctively that a desire for vengeance, a lust for power—the supreme power over her uncle and his fortune—had been the sole motives which instigated Constance North in the matter. All her influence would now be brought to bear against the girl who had won the fickle heart of the Southerner from herself. Without doubt, she would not rest till her rival was driven out into the world to earn her own bread.

Meg determined to wait quietly at the Hall till the pair should return, and then receive her sentence from the colonel's own lips. Weston and two maids were in charge of the place. Luckily, Meg had always been a favorite with the servants, and her dubious position, the dark uncertainty of her future, did not prevent this kindly trio from showing her all proper attention and obedience.

Danton Moultrie's luggage had been sent out of the house, the furniture was in covers, the blinds were fast, the gates shut to visitors. Whatever anguish of mind Meg might endure in her old haunts, she was, at least, secure from prying, curious eyes.

A week of undisturbed tranquillity ensued. Like a ghost the girl wandered about the silent house. Weston waited upon her assiduously. Castor followed her everywhere with loving fidelity. Sometimes she sat in the darkened library, reading the colonel's books, or thinking her sad thoughts—she had plenty of them in these days. Sometimes she passed whole hours looking off upon the restless sea—the sea that always seems to mirror our own moods—that smiles and ripples joyfully when we are happy, and moans and darkens with mysterious pain when we are sad.

This week was like a respite—a lull in the tempest which had gathered around Meg. It passed, and brought a deluge.

A hot, stifling day. After her solitary dinner, Miss Dysart, oppressed with a great heaviness, went out into the garden, and seated herself under the plumy evergreens. She had put on a plain black dress, the simplest in her wardrobe, and stripped herself of all ornaments. This sombre attire suited best her present frame of mind. Castor's faithful nose rested on her feet. With bent head, and small, ringless hands clasped about her knees, she sat in the heat and silence, lost in a miserable reverie.

Where was Danton Moultrie this day? Whither had he fled? Unstable as water, had he forgotten her already? Very likely. A spasm contracted her lovely mouth. Alas! it is not always easy to overthrow our idols, even when we have discovered their clay feet. Meg's experience in love, that grand passion about which poets rave and wise people grow idiotic, had been hard and bitter indeed.

The grasshoppers droned in the beds of scarlet geraniums, the hot wind murmured in the firs. Suddenly a shadow fell betwixt Meg and the sun; she heard the soft *swish* of feminine garments, a step on the graveled walk; Castor made an uneasy movement. Meg looked up, and lo! not three yards from her rustic seat stood her enemy, Constance Dysart. She sprang to her feet, growing deadly pale.

"Constance!"

Mrs. Dysart waved one hand expressively. She was elegantly dressed in a street costume of cool gray, and, as usual, her blonde face was a marvel of serenity. As she surveyed Meg's altered looks, however, her yellow-brown eyes narrowed, like a cat's; into their corners leaped a gleam that boded ill for her rival.

"No heroics, I beg," she said, dryly. "I felt sure that you would be here, and I have come to talk with you."

"Where is my uncle?" demanded Meg; "I wish to see him, not you. I wish to talk with him, not with you. You are nothing to me; he is my relative and guardian, and he loves me, or, at least, he did, before he married you."

Mrs. Dysart lifted her handsome shoulders.

"My husband is not with me—I am alone. He absolutely refuses to meet you again. I fear you have put too great a strain upon his love, of late. It will be impossible for you to see or talk with him at present, for to-morrow we sail for Europe."

Blank consternation appeared upon Meg's face.

"Europe! Oh, Constance, tell me, did he read my letter?"

"Yes; and destroyed it before my eyes," answered Mrs. Dysart, smiling covertly at the change in the other's tone. "He said, 'She has chosen her own way, and she may walk in it; I wash my hands of her. I will never willingly look on her face again.'"

A pang, sharper than any born of Moultrie's base desertion, stabbed through Meg's heart. She staggered back.

"Did he say that?" she gasped—"nunky, who was always so fond of me? I cannot believe it! He would not be so hard and bitter with the last of his name and race!"

A cruel smile curled Mrs. Dysart's thin lips. She stood with the cool shadow of the firs upon her exasperating face, and hurled this answer, like a bomb, at the speaker:

"You have not the smallest claim upon his name—you

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are not of his race—not a drop of his blood runs in your veins. It is time that you knew this; I have come a long way to-day to tell you of it."

An awful ring of triumph was in her voice. Meg's heart seemed to stand still.

"Constance!" she said, blankly, "what do you mean?"

"To enlighten your darkened mind, at last," replied Mrs. Dysart, with a little hard laugh. "I have known these facts for years, but the colonel insisted, very foolishly, I think, that you should grow up in ignorance of them. Now, listen. You were never a favorite of mine, as you know; but by my guardian's express orders, I was obliged to tolerate you, and hold my peace. Fortunately, you were at school much of the time, and the demands of friends and society called me often from Beach Hall; consequently no open rupture occurred between us, and I was able to keep silent. Then Danton Moultrie arrived from the South"—a change passed over her face as she pronounced the name of her false lover—"and your gypsy prettiness fascinated him—won him from me. I have nothing to say regarding his conduct or your own, but I wish you to know that I was fully aware of your intended elopement. I overheard your plans. I might have informed the colonel, and prevented your departure, but I did not choose to do so—no, I preferred to write a few statements, and place them where they would be found by your adoring lover. I felt certain of the result—certain that his passion would dissolve in thin air the moment he saw those lines; and I did not misjudge him. There was some unaccountable delay in the reading of the letter, but it accomplished the desired end—it parted you from Danton Moultrie."

This in a cold, unmoved tone, as if she was conversing upon the most ordinary topic. Meg's small hands closed convulsively, one about the other.

"You—it was you, then? I might have known it!" she cried. "Explain this riddle, Constance. What statements did you make to Danton Moultrie? I wish to know—I *will* know—it is my right!"

Mrs. Dysart nodded.

"Quite true! The course which the colonel has pursued with you I have always condemned as weak and foolish. He meant to tell you the story some time, I suppose, but not till he was forced to do so. I repeat that you have no claim whatever to the name you bear. The colonel has sheltered and educated you, called you his niece before the world—treated you, no doubt, as if you *were* such; for sixteen years you have been a pampered pensioner upon his bounty, the object of his lavish and rather sentimental charity—in short, you are a fraud, an impostor! and this I told to Danton Moultrie as plainly as I now tell it to you."

Meg stood as if turning to stone—she neither moved nor spoke. The hot drone of insects arose from the neighboring flower-beds; the scorching sun beat down upon the odorous firs.

Mrs. Dysart sank gracefully upon one end of the rustic bench, opened an exquisite fan, and swayed it slowly back and forth.

"What a fatiguing day! I think I must be as red as a lobster. Acknowledge that I have put myself to great pains for your sake. It will be a mercy if my complexion is not quite spoiled. Well, to continue. After acquainting Mr. Moultrie with the facts just named, I proceeded to tell him about your father."

"My father!" echoed Meg, in a bewildered voice. "He has been dead for many years."

"That is another of the delusions under which the colonel has placed you," sneered Constance Dysart. "He is alive, and, for all that I know to the contrary, well."

"Alive and well!" She repeated the words in slow amazement.

"Exactly."

"Where is he?"

"You had better not inquire."

"Where is he?" she insisted, sharply—"who is he?"

Mrs. Dysart shut her painted fan with emphasis.

"His name is Philip Harmon. He is in the State Prison at Charlestown, serving out a life-sentence for the atrocious murder of a young and beautiful woman—his wife and your mother!"

Deep silence. The grasshoppers chirped shrilly; the firs stirred in the hot wind; the blonde face on the garden bench put on a baleful smile. Meg had reeled back a step, and lifted one hand to her bewildered head.

"Constance—Constance!" she cried, wildly, "you do not—you cannot mean it!"

"Every word. Sixteen years ago Philip Harmon was condemned to die on the gallows. At the last moment a reprieve was granted him, and later, the sentence was changed to imprisonment for life. About that time his friend, Colonel Dysart, a very quixotic person, adopted you as his niece."

Meg answered not a word.

"Now you see why Danton Moultrie would not marry you," went on Constance, with cool exultation—"why he fled from you as from a pestilence. The passion which could lead him to forget his honor, his plighted word, his former affection for me, was not strong enough to stand such a shock. I am amply avenged. I have made a very advantageous marriage myself, and I have accomplished your overthrow from the place to which you had no right, and which you have occupied altogether too long."

"I must see Colonel Dysart!" said Meg, firmly.

"Impossible!" answered Constance. "You are very dull of understanding! Have I not told you that he sails for Europe to-morrow, and that he is determined never to look upon you again? A will which he had made in your favor years ago, I saw him destroy on the night preceding our marriage. You will have no share in his fortune—no further part in his life. *I* shall take care of that."

"You mistake my purpose. I shall not stoop to beg, even of him. I desire nothing but the information which I am sure he can give of that—that man whom you call my father."

"Go to the criminal records, where such histories are preserved in horrible detail!"

With a sudden movement, Meg cast herself at the feet of the blonde woman.

"Constance, I beg you to let me see him!" she implored, wringing her desperate hands. "Look! I am on my knees to you. Let me see him long enough to thank him for all the care and patience and tenderness which he has lavished so freely upon one who had no claim upon him. He cannot refuse me the comfort of one last word. Let me look in his face; let me touch his hand; let me say, 'God bless you for your goodness unto me!'—and I will ask no more. It is not anger which stands betwixt his heart and mine; it is not that I for once forgot my duty to him; it is not that he has ceased to love me; but it is—*you!*"

Constance had maintained her composure long enough—now it fell from her face, like a mask, and left every feature convulsed with hate and fury. In rage this serene beauty was not a pleasant object to look at.

"You shall *never* see him!" she cried; "and he shall never forgive you! Betwixt your heart and his, I will always stand. Danton Moultrie was the only person I ever loved—you took him from me. Did you ever read that line of Shakespeare:

> 'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned'?

If I could crush you still lower, I would gladly do it—I would, if possible, hunt you to the deepest slough of poverty, misery, disgrace. You can remain no longer at Beach Hall. Weston and the servants will be discharged to-day, and the house closed indefinitely. Go out into the world, and work for your bread—that is all, thank heaven! that is left to you. Drop the name of Dysart, and take that which your father made notorious by his atrocious crime sixteen years ago. But I warn you, never cross my path again, for the greatest delight of my life will be to injure you!"

Meg arose to her feet. Something like contempt dawned on her white, rigid face. She was not altogether crushed.

"Your sentiments do you credit, Constance," she said, with quiet scorn; "they are a credit to your sex. You have sacrificed yourself to a noble purpose. You are welcome to the colonel's fortune, and to all the happiness which comes to you from my overthrow. I do not fear your hate, or any further injury which you can do me, for you have already done your utmost. I shall not knowingly cross your path again, and I shall leave Beach Hall immediately—heaven forbid that any roof which is now yours should longer shelter me! Farewell!"

She turned with dignity, and walked away toward the house, never looking back. The thunderbolt had fallen; the mystery over which she had pondered for weary days was solved. Great heaven! what a solution! She felt stunned, and unable, as yet, to comprehend anything clearly. Like a person in a dream, she entered the old mansion—her home no more. In the hall she met Weston.

"Oh, my dear!" cried the housekeeper, "have you seen her—do you know? We are all to leave by nightfall, and the place is to be closed. She has taken the reins into her own hands already. I knew, when I saw her alight from the carriage alone, that she was bent on mischief. Where do you suppose she left the colonel? Oh, there's no greater fool in the world than an old man who marries a young wife!"

"I have seen her—I am going at once," answered Meg, through dry, pale lips.

"My dear, *where* are you going?" cried Weston, with deep sympathy. There had been a scene, she knew, betwixt the new mistress of Beach Hall and her discomfited rival. "You, so young and handsome and high-bred, to be thrust out like this—it is shameful!"

"Where am I going, Weston? I do not know, and it does not matter much," answered Meg, wildly; and she hurried to her own chamber.

She was now to leave for ever the place where, two weeks before, she had reigned queen. Day was dwindling, but she must go immediately. It was little that she could take with her, save her jewels and the money that remained in her purse. Her rich dresses, all the costly gifts which the colonel had lavished upon her in the old, happy days, must be left behind. She packed a hand-bag with a few necessary articles, and put on the same outer garments that she had worn in her flight to Sagamore. She could not trust herself to say good-by to Weston. Noiselessly she stole down the stair. Constance was somewhere near, perhaps, watching her departure. Unchallenged, she opened the hall-door, and, an outcast from the earthly paradise which she had lost through her reckless love for a man shallow and careless and fickle, Meg slipped into the shadow of the fir-trees, and, turning her back for ever on the old house, on the old life, on everything that she had known and loved, she fled, with a wild, white face and a breaking heart, out into the great world.

CHAPTER VII.

A RESCUE.

SHE bent her steps toward the beach. The sun was shining low on the blue bay, a few birds hopped about the brown shingle. She stood quite still for some moments, taking a mute farewell of the lonely, silent shore; then she went on, past the door of Dawson's shanty, past the spot where Danton Moultrie had drawn from her that fatal confession of love, and away into the sandy road leading to Blackhaven.

She had no plan nor purpose in mind. Her head felt light and confused, her limbs were like lead. She could not think nor reason, but an agonizing sense of loss goaded her forward like a spur.

"I am not Meg Dysart," she said to the roadside pines, as she passed; "not the happy, care-free heiress of a rich and good man, but a homeless, nameless refugee, the daughter of a monster! I can scarcely believe it myself, but it is true."

Whither should she go in this dark crisis of her life? Among all the friends who had flattered and petted her as Colonel Dysart's niece, there was not one to whom she could now turn for shelter and assistance.

Four miles to Blackhaven. Her old elastic step was gone. She walked slowly, wearily. The hot sun faded from shore and sea, the day died. It was in the brown twilight, and while the spires of the town were still distant, that a grizzly Shape met her in the way, looked at her with eyes full of frightful fascination, beckoned her with ghastly, luring hands.

"No, no!" she cried aloud, and tried to walk away from the Thing; but it followed, it kept pace with her stumbling steps, it would not leave her.

Eight o'clock struck before she reached Blackhaven. Where was she to pass the night? What was she to do on the morrow—she who had never before been called upon to take serious thought for herself? She did not know it, but she was ill, bodily and mentally, and quite incapable of acting with decision.

She turned into one street, walked its length, entered another; and the dreary Shape still pressed close to her side—she could not distance it, nor shut her shuddering eyes upon its presence.

"I will not listen to you!" she said, wildly; but she *did* listen, and more and more attentively every moment.

Blackhaven was a quiet place at all times; on this particular night it seemed quite dead. Few people were abroad, and no one noticed the unhappy girl, as she wandered aimlessly on, knowing not, caring not, whither she went.

She passed the law-office of Messrs. Bond & Deed; she passed a few stores that seemed altogether destitute of customers, and a small dark square, where a church stood, its slim spire pointing, like a solemn warning finger, unto heaven. Then a strange faintness began to oppress her.

She had reached a corner, where the angle of an old building projected into the street like a surly shoulder. Involuntarily she leaned against the wall for breath. At the same moment a man dashed around the corner, and jostled her smartly. He recoiled at once, and lifted his hat.

"Beg pardon."

She knew that voice. She turned and fled in sudden fright, but not before he had caught a glimpse of her white face, of her wild eyes full of anguish and despair.

Hither and thither she went, like a leaf blown in an untoward wind. And still the grisly Shape which had tempted her for hours kept close to her side. Once it led her toward the water, but at the end of a few rods she turned back, shuddering.

It was now ten o'clock. She paused before the lighted window of a drug-shop that made the only patch of brightness in a dim and silent street. There the tempter held her fast and whispered in her ear:

"When life is stripped of everything that gives it value, and drained of all resources, when present and future are merged in one gray blank, surely it is better to die than live."

The door of the shop stood open; Meg peered breathlessly in. Among the jars and bottles lounged a sleepy, shock-headed boy—no other person was to be seen. With sudden resolution she entered, went up to the counter, threw down some money upon it, and said in a firm voice:

"An ounce of laudanum."

The boy opened his eyes—dull eyes, that could see nothing strange in such a request from a wild, white young woman, at ten o'clock at night. He took a glass vessel from a shelf, filled a vial with the deadly, dark-red liquid, scratched the word "Poison," on the label, and gave purchase and change to Miss Dysart. She grasped the vial quickly, and rushed out into the street. At the door she stumbled against the same man whom she had encountered on the corner. The laudanum was almost dashed from her hand. She fled breathlessly by the person, and on up the street until she reached the square where the church stood. The sacred edifice had a flight of steps and a porch. She mounted to the latter. The thing that she was about to do seemed good to her then—seemed the only refuge left to one who had lost friends, home, hope, love—everything. Mechanically she removed the stopper from the vial. That solemn little porch, with the hot Summer stars shining down upon it, and the seaside town sleeping all around, seemed a good place in which to end her short, miserable life. Would the colonel be sorry to hear of her death? would Danton Moultrie? No. Both had forsaken her—both ceased to care whether she lived or died. She raised the poison to her lips. As she did so, some one sprang into the porch, a swift hand tore the vial from her hold, a voice cried out sternly:

"Meg!—Miss Dysart! what are you doing?"

She stared at him, then burst out with a fretful, angry cry.

"Robin Leith, how dare you!"

"I have been following you for the last hour," he answered. "I saw you at the druggist's. No, you cannot have it, Meg—you are mad. Is it worth while to kill yourself because that contemptible scoundrel has deserted you? I know the story—all Blackhaven knows it. Deuce take him! If I am ever fortunate enough to lay hands upon him, I will not leave a whole bone in his body. Come, let me conduct you home. How is it that I find you walking the streets of Blackhaven at this hour of the night, and alone?"

She tore herself from him, with a wild little laugh.

"Home? I have none. I am cast out. Give me back that vial—I *will* have it! and go your way."

For answer he hurled the poison into the street below. She heard the glass shatter on the curb-stone, and uttered a sharp cry, as if he had done her bodily harm.

"Hush!" he said sternly; "you are not yourself to-night, Miss Dysart. What do you mean by being cast out? Have you had a row with your new aunt? Of course. It was a bitter pill which you gave her to swallow; but, surely, your uncle will protect you—he ought—he must."

"My uncle—I have none," she replied. "I appear before you in a new *rôle*, Rob. Constance has told me my history, and lo! I am no Dysart—I have no claim upon the colonel! For charity's sake, he reared me, called me his niece. I am the daughter of a murderer who is in prison for life. Do not touch me, do not come near me. I feel as unclean as a leper. 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall!' That used to be in my Sabbath-school lesson when I was a child. You know what a proud little minx I have always been. Do you wonder that death now seems better to me than life? I am not of the stuff that heroines are made of."

She paused, as if expecting him to answer, but he stood dumb with amazement. Then she went on: "Danton Moultrie could not bear the disgrace—few men, I suppose, could. So he left me. It was not strange—oh, no! but it was very—well, disagreeable." She fell back a step. "Now go, and leave me, Robin," she added, fretfully, "as all the others have done."

It was well that his face was partly hidden by the darkness. He knew the story of her flight with Moultrie; he had heard of her return to Beach Hall unmarried; but these later revelations took away his breath.

"Meg," he stammered, at last, in a thick, labored voice, "do you tell me that you are homeless—*you?* It cannot be."

"It can be—it *is!* Beach Hall is closed. The colonel and his bride—ah, it was a pitched battle betwixt Constance and me, and she routed me with slaughter—will sail for Europe to-morrow. Go, I say! What right have you to interfere with me? I command you to go!"

"I shall do nothing of the kind," he answered, forcibly taking her hand; "you are not fit to be left alone. Come with me, Meg. It is almost midnight; you cannot wander longer about the streets of Blackhaven. My poor child, your hand burns like fire. Come with me."

"With you—whither?"

"I live in the next street. My sister will be glad to welcome you—you know Prue. Our home is not much to boast of, but perhaps you will not mind that."

She flung off his touch with another strange laugh.

"Robin Leith, you have no spirit whatever! Have I not always treated you as a very inferior person—scoffed at you, hurt you all that I could? Why trouble yourself now about my troubles? Your spinster sister would scarcely approve of such interest in a girl who has filled the town with scandal, and whom all her own friends have cast off. No, no!"

She rushed past him, down the steps of the church. He was at her side again in a moment.

"Leave me!" she urged.

"Never!" answered Robin Leith. Then his lean, brown face and shabby figure vanished as suddenly as if the earth had swallowed them up. The silent street, overarched by the stars of that purple, midnight sky, vanished—Meg fell to the ground, senseless as stone.

Into some obscure country beyond the ken of man—

XUM

into weary labyrinths of darkness and pain, her soul went, on a long and labored journey. Now she was back at the Sagamore Inn, waiting for Danton Moultrie. The thunder rolled across the gray beach; the lightning played in the blasted tops of the poplar-trees; the red, mocking beacon glared at her balefully from the tower. Then that illusion passed, and she found herself struggling in endless quagmires, following a will-o'-the-wisp, which, when she approached it, turned into the fair, *insouciant* face of her false lover.

"Oh, Robin!" she cried, in a voice as faint and hollow as the murmur of a shell, "you told me he was insincere—you warned me not to give my heart to Constance's lover, and I was angry with you—do you remember?"

Again, her path lay through an endless wilderness, set with thorns and briers—and this time she was searching for the father she had never seen.

"He killed my mother! He is hiding from me—he dare not let me find him!" she screamed out, in delirious agony.

Up and down the world she wandered on vain quests. Pain racked her; a band of burning iron was pressed about her forehead. All the world had forsaken her; her rich young life was utterly wrecked and spent—the time had come for her to die.

But Death does not always appear where he is expected. For days and weeks his hand hovered over the sick girl, but did not fall upon her.

After a weary while, a sound from the actual world in which she still lingered penetrated her dull ears. It was a woman's voice, sharp as a needle. It said:

"Good gracious! I wonder if that girl is ever coming to her senses. It's really awful, the way she goes on. I think we must send for another doctor. Stupid lot! When the female mind is allowed to cope properly with the great science of medicine, you will see that more people will live. At present the male disciples of Æsculapius hold the doors firmly against——"

Meg's weak eyes opened wide. Where was she? She looked around, and saw a room, very small and low and neat. A great deal of white material covered windows, bed and toilet-table. The furniture was ancient, but well-kept. On a spindle-legged table, that looked as if it had come out of the *Mayflower*, burned a shaded lamp (the time seemed to be early evening), surrounded by glasses and vials. At the foot of the bed stood a woman, wiry and angular, as your genuine New England female of middle age is apt to be. She was dressed in a brown gown, made with little regard to the prevailing fashion; and her iron-gray hair, smooth as a squirrel's fur, was screwed to her head with painful tightness. She had sharp, speculative eyes, a long, keen nose, and a shrewd mouth, not destitute of kindliness.

As she met Meg's confused and rather distressed gaze, she stopped in the midst of her sentence, and called out, briskly:

"Robin! dear me! Robin, she has come to herself at last!"

The familiar form of Robin Leith appeared instantly in the doorway.

"Are you sure, Prue?"

"Look at her yourself."

He looked, and met the big, bewildered eyes which had been shut upon the things of life for days and weeks.

"So you brought me here?" she said, faintly.

"Yes," answered Leith.

"I have been ill, have I not?"

"Yes."

"And you have taken care of me?"

He was about to reply by another affirmative, when Miss Prue made an angry dash at him.

"Do you wish to kill the girl? Be off! Like all the rest of your sex, you haven't an ounce of wit!"

Leith vanished with a speed that showed he stood in wholesome awe of the speaker. Miss Prue bent over the bed.

"You have been uncommonly ill, so to speak, my dear; but I perceive you are now better. Take this nice medicine, and go to sleep—you must not talk at present."

And Meg was too weak to do anything but obey.

She awoke next morning, and through an opening in the curtain of a window near her bed she saw a maple-tree casting down clouds of shriveled, yellow leaves.

"Is it Autumn?" she cried, aghast.

"Yes," answered Miss Leith, who was just entering the chamber, with a jug of water in her hand. "It is what the poets call 'the death-time of the year.' How do you find yourself? Better? That is good. I never saw a sicker creature than you have been for the last month. Robin and I have, figuratively speaking, buried you a dozen times over. Fever is a nasty, trying disease—one never knows how it will turn."

"A month! Have I been ill so long?" murmured poor Meg. "And you have sheltered and nursed me. Oh, you good Samaritan——"

Miss Leith was a very modest person. She interrupted, briskly:

"My dear, I hear the knocker—there is some one at the door."

She ran to the window, and peered through the curtain.

"A man!" she cried, in much the same voice as she would have said, "A gorilla!"—"a vile, itinerant man—a peddler! Now, if there is anything which I loathe from the profoundest depths of my being, it is a peddler, my dear."

She raised the window, and shouted, "Shoo! shoo!" as if she was driving some aggressive fowl from her garden-bed.

All undaunted, the man below raised a basket of wares for her inspection.

"The pests are as thick here in Blackhaven as mice in a corn-field," cried Miss Prue. "I will have nothing! Shoo, creature—shoo!"

The peddler grinned, and stood firm. Miss Leith raised her water-jar, and dashed its contents straight down upon him, quenching his smile and his business ardor together.

"This is the only way to extinguish such vermin," she explained, as she closed the window, and turned to the bed. "My dear, I hate men!"

"Do you?" queried poor, weak Meg. "Rob is a man—you don't hate him?"

Miss Leith flung back her head.

"Rob—oh, no! He is a boy—he will never be anything else in my eyes. I brought him up by hand. I was twenty-five years old when my father took it into his silly head to marry a young girl. He did so, and the result was—Rob. Death seized the wife, and the child was left to me. 'Twixt teething and measles, whooping-cough and scarlet fever, heaven only knows the work I had with him! But he pays well now—he pays *very* well," repeated Miss Prue, her sharp little eyes twinkling under her gray brows. "I call him a very good investment for my labor, time and money. All the same, I detest his sex."

"Why?" queried Meg, in a faintly curious voice.

Miss Prue put down her empty jar. Far back in her past there was a story of misplaced affection and dreary disappointment, but that she rarely told to any one. It was her habit to treat the matter in a general way.

"First of all, my dear," she answered, "men are the natural enemies of women. They shut us from all places of emolument in the world, they give us half-rates for our labor, simply because we *are* women; they tax our property without representation; they give us no voice in the laws we help to maintain; they abuse and oppress us. Many of us must earn our own bread, but we cannot do this or that, we may not enter one profession, and another is closed against us. Men hold the doors and push us back—jealous despots! But, thank heaven! this state of things will not last for ever—there's an appearance of dawn in the sky—a millennium in the future; it will come when we have our rights, when women, at last, wield the ballot. Suffrage we want, suffrage we shall have; then iniquity will cease, the gross evils of the day will cease; virtue will abound, the lion will lie down with the lamb, and woman can place her foot on the neck of her fallen tyrant——"

"Oh, dear!" piped Meg, feebly; she had raised one weak hand to her head. "Where is my hair, Miss Leith?"

"Your hair? oh," answered Miss Prue, leaving her rosy dreams of futurity to return to the still cloudy present, "it is, so to speak, among the things that were. The fever raged to such an extent, it was found necessary to remove that crowning glory from your poor head. Now, no more talking. At some future day I may enlighten you further in regard to my views of men."

Meg nestled wearily down into her pillow, and fell asleep again.

After this she began to gain rapidly. The Leiths occupied a tiny house in a narrow street, swept by healthy salt winds. They had nothing to do with their neighbors. A bald-headed old doctor was the only person, save Miss Prue, who crossed the threshold of Meg's chamber. Robin Leith did not venture near it after the girl's return to consciousness.

Was she glad, or grieved, to live? Miss Prue could not tell. Down-stairs in her own sitting-room, she said to her brother:

"That child worries me. Her eyes are as big and solemn as an owl's. She scarcely speaks—a bad symptom. I wish she would talk more, and think less. I hope she isn't meditating another attempt upon her life, Robin."

"Have no fear of that," he answered; "it is not at all probable."

"Ah, I have no patience with Colonel Dysart, when I think of his marriage with that North woman, and his weakness in allowing this girl to be turned out of his house. A person of his years and ability ought to have kept out of matrimonial traps. Heaven never made a smart man, without making a smarter woman to lead him by the nose." Robin shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear Prue, if that is the case, if women lead men, which I do not in the least doubt, why complain about the wrongs of your sex?"

"A true woman scorns to rule by guileful proxy," answered Miss Prue; "it is ignoble. What shall I do about Miss Dysart? Do you think she is mourning for that Southern viper? When our sex wield the ballot, Robin, no man will be permitted to court two girls at once—it is very confusing."

"No doubt," replied Robin, gravely. "Let Miss Dysart talk or keep silent, according to her own pleasure, and don't bother her, Prue."

"Do you remember the night you brought her here in a dead faint? I could have boxed your ears with right good will, but now——"

"Now you are convinced that I did quite right."

"Yes," she answered, gently. "You are always right."

The last yellow leaf fell from the maple outside the window. Its ash-colored arms stretched out, gaunt and bare, into space. By this time Meg had left her bed for an easy-chair. She was greatly changed. Her short hair clustered in close rings about her head. Her thin, wasted face was like some frost-flower in the Autumn fields. A great sadness stamped the delicate lips. Dressed in one of Miss Leith's wrappers, that hung like a bag upon her attenuated figure, she presented a strange contrast to the bright, mocking Meg of old.

One day, as she sat before the fire, with big, brooding eyes fixed on its brightness, and transparent hands crossed on her lap, Miss Prue entered.

"How morose you look, my dear!" she said, in an aggrieved tone. "Of what are you thinking?"

A shudder shook the girl's thin figure.

"Of that night in the streets of Blackhaven. What would have become of me then, had you not taken me in?"

"Don't ask perplexing questions," replied the amiable old man-hater. "I have come to tell you something pleasant. My brother has passed a most brilliant examination, and been admitted to the bar. The ambition of my life is accomplished, so to speak. I have worked hard for the lad, and the lad has worked hard for himself. I am sure there is an honorable career before him."

"No doubt," said Meg, mechanically. What did she care about his career? Miss Prue brought her sewing, and seated herself by the invalid, still talking of her brother's merits. She did not know how this girl had wrung Robin's heart; had she suspected the truth, she might have looked upon her less affectionately. Rob's close lips were slow to divulge secrets.

Twilight was gathering in the corners of the room, when a rap echoed on the door.

"It is Robin," said Miss Prue; "may he come in?"

Meg nodded indifferently. The young lawyer walked into the room, and advanced to the fire. He gave the invalid a grave, attentive look. He had not seen her before for weeks.

"I am glad to find you on the road to recovery, Miss Dysart," he said in a formal tone.

"Thank you," she answered, without deigning him a glance. He was no more to her than the coals dropping in the grate.

"I have been telling Miss Dysart about your examination," said Miss Prue, placidly.

Meg saw that she was expected to speak. With much reluctance she lifted her great, gloomy eyes.

"I congratulate you," she murmured. "I wish you all success in your profession." Then, with a sudden eagerness breaking into her voice: "Robin, have you been to Gull Beach since—since I was ill?"

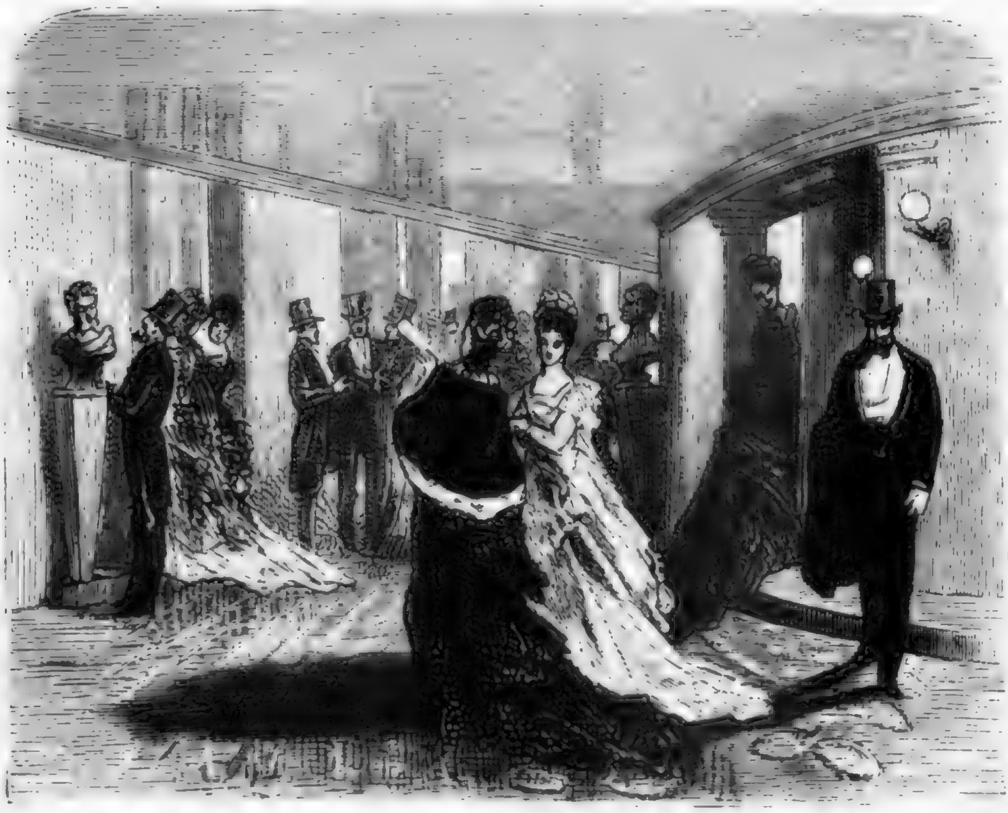
He leaned against the mantel, and looked down into the fire.

"Yes. Beach Hall is closed. The day after you left it, Colonel Dysart and his bride sailed for Europe. The newspapers chronicled their departure."

"She told me the truth, then," said Meg, bitterly. "How did the place look? Was anything changed? Did you see Castor?"

"I saw no living thing. The servants probably took the dog away. Nothing was changed."

(*To be continued.*)



THE PARIS OPERA—CORRIDOR LEADING TO THE BOXES OF THE GRAND TIER.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN OF THE GRAND OPERA.

By George Augustus Sala.

Surely in the whole modern lyrical repertory there is no more charming opera than M. Gounod's "Faust." It is full of delicious melodies. The story is infinitely romantic, the *dénouement* inexpressibly pathetic. The terrific *epopœia* possesses—as every true tragedy should have—a comic element in the cynical humors of *Mephisto*, and the Ephesian Matron-like readiness of the old woman to console herself for the loss of her husband.

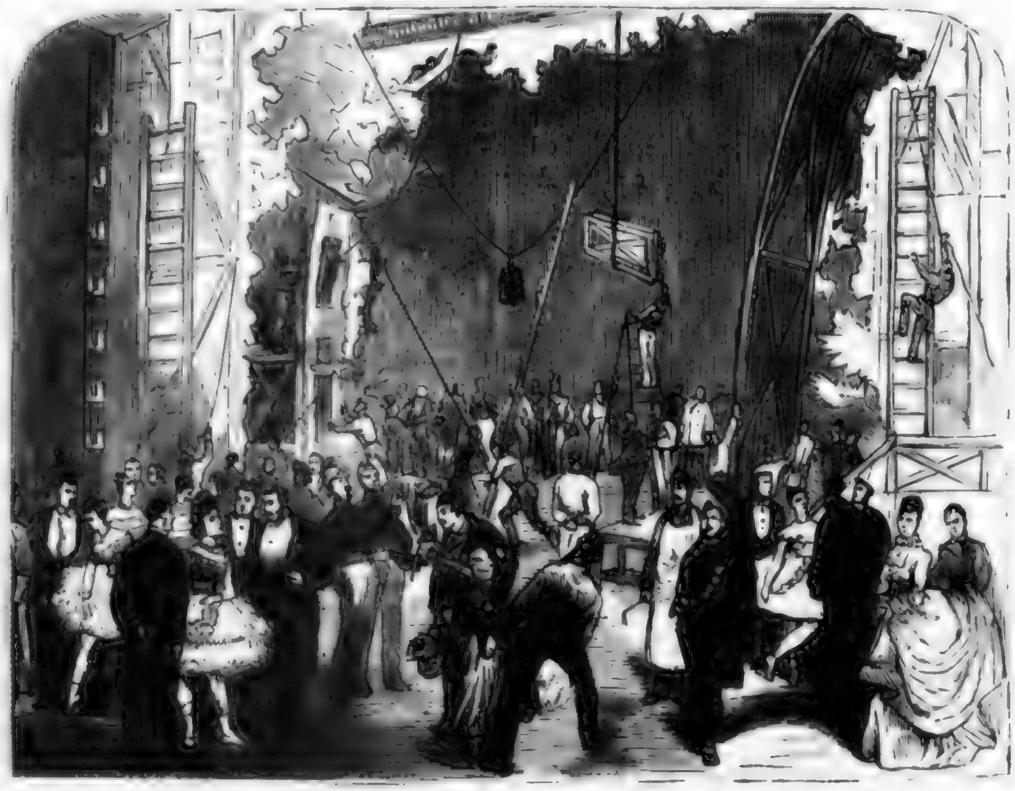
Gretchen is, next to *Amina*, the most fascinating of lyrical heroines; and, although *Faust* is a fool, and a rascal to boot, you cannot help feeling a sneaking kind of admiration for him when he has a comely presence, a handsome costume, and a sweet tenor voice. Still, these only revolve like satellites round the terrific planet of evil—*Mephistopheles.* You must needs loathe him, and shudder at his infernal wiles; but what a fine, first-rate Devil he is! "—— him, I wish he'd won!" cried Lord Thurlow, when he came to the end of "Paradise Lost." *Mephisto* in "Faust" *does* win, so far as his dealings with the *Doctor* are concerned; yet he is checkmated at last.

But how is it that, notwithstanding its picturesque libretto, its plaintive "There was a King of Thule," its fascinating Waltz, its quaint Chorus of Old Men, and its resonant March, I have held these many years past the masterpiece of M. Gounod in the liveliest detestation, and that, as a rule, I would much rather listen to the dreariest bore of my acquaintance than witness the performance of "Faust"?

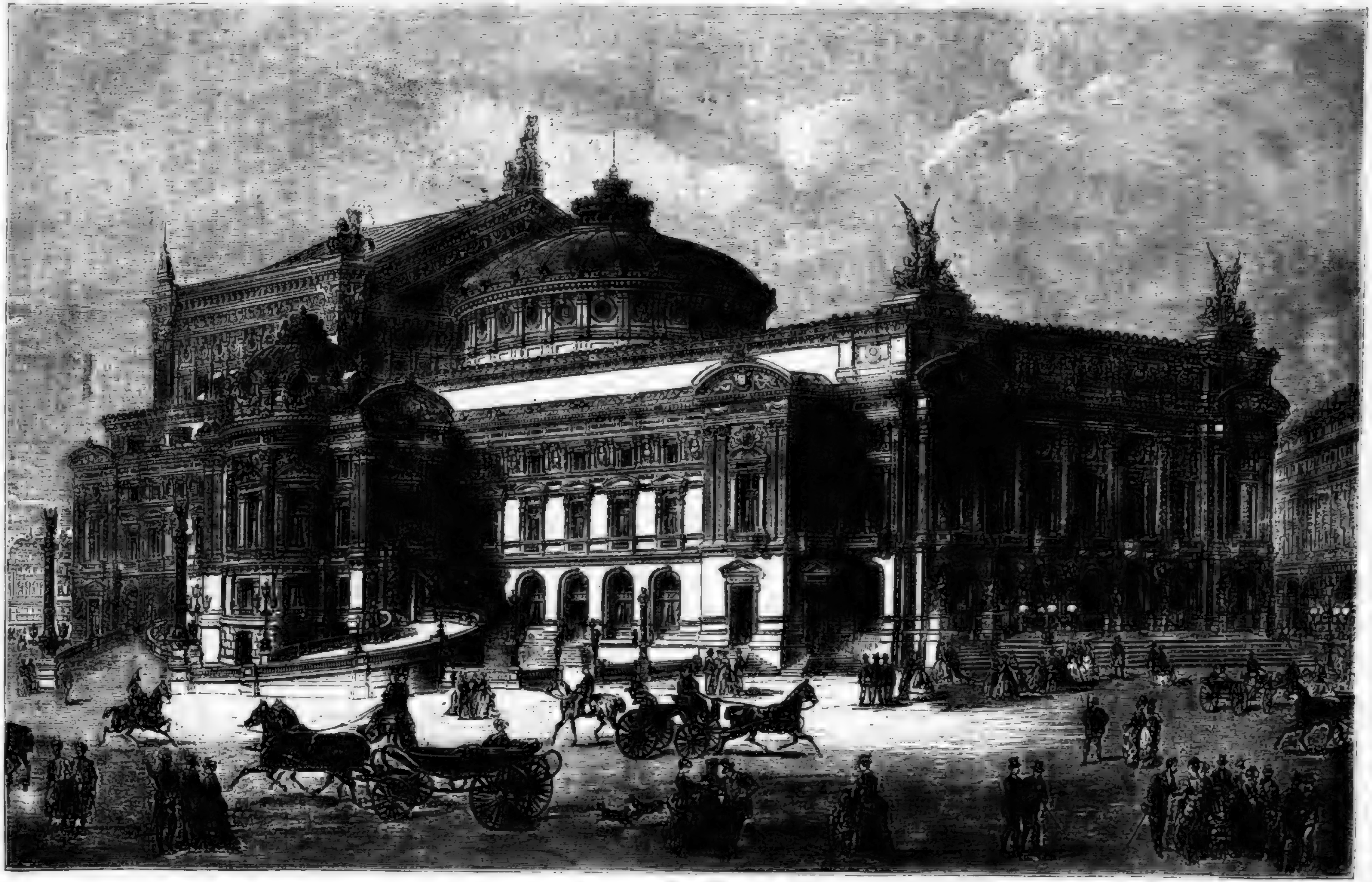
The reason is a very simple one. Fifteen years ago I abode for a season at, say, No. 99 West Fourteenth Street, in the City of New York. On one side of my habitation resided an estimable family, the proud possessors of a Steinway grand pianoforte. On the other side lived an equally estimable family, who were the happy owners of a Chickering grand; and over the way was another family, rejoicing in the possession of an Erard. These households all abounded in young ladies with slim waists and "cataract" curls, and they were all accomplished pianistes. The time was Summer; the weather was tropically hot; the windows were always kept open; and from early morn until far into the night I was fain to listen to the Steinway, the Chickering or the Erard discoursing thus:

"Lum tum, ti tiddlety um tum;
Lum tum, ti tiddlety um tum;
Lum tum, ti tiddlety um tum;
La la la *la*—la la la *la*—la la *La!*"

Everybody with an "ear" can tell what I mean. Was it not Rossini, who, affecting to forget the name of Sir Henry Bishop, always spoke of him as "Monsieur Lar*a*-ta-t*a*rat*a*ra-tat*a*rat*a*tara-*tee*," humming the air of "Home, Sweet Home"?



BEHIND THE SCENES.



THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, PARIS.

I had to bear this torture for many weeks. I fled to Philadelphia, but only to hear the Italian organists grinding forth "Lum tum, ti tiddlety um tum." I went down to the Army of the Potomac to find a Massachusetts regiment marching and countermarching to the same terrible tune. I came back to New York to find that the "extension parlor" of my residence had been engaged by a middle-aged bachelor of musical tastes, who had brought an upright Broadwood, and in the intervals of speculating in gold in Wall Street, was perpetually pounding, not the abhorred "Lum tum," but the equally formidable—

> "La ree ta tittl, la re ta tittl;
> La ree ta tittl ta tee ta tittytee."

Woe is me, Alhama! It was the Waltz. I was possessed. I eloped to Havana, in the Island of Cuba. I sought tranquility in the Spanish Main and quietude in Mexico; but wherever I went, from the cactus-covered plains of Orizaba to the forest glades of Tchapultepec—from the *tierra caliente* of Julapa to the Falls of Regla—the Waltz and the March, now brayed by a French military band, now strummed on the cracked guitar of an *arriero*, pursued me always. And thus it was that I learned to loathe the opera of "Faust," and to regard M. Gounod as my bitterest enemy.

With the old Chickering and Steinway grievances rankling in my mind, you will not be surprised to hear that, when recently I was offered a seat in a box at the new Grand Opéra, and I found that "Faust" was on the *affiche*, I preferred all kinds of excuses to avoid the entertainment. The repertory of M. Halanzier, Director of the Académie Nationale de Musique, appears to consist almost exclusively of "Faust," "Hamlet," "Le Prophète" and "La Juive."[*] I should have been delighted to pass an evening with the Prince of Denmark, with John of Leyden and his mother, or with the unfortunate young lady who was wont to be boiled in a caldron of oil at the end of the fourth act, but is now, I believe, reprieved at the last moment. However, against the Waltz, the March and the Chorus of Old Men I stoutly rebelled. I pleaded the excessive heat and a tendency to cerebral congestion. But the box into which I was to be inducted happened, I was informed, to be the very coolest in the whole house. There would be plenty of fresh air, my kind inviters told me; and the box had even an antechamber attached to it, where tea was served. That over-persuaded me. In the anteroom there would probably be a divan; and on that divan I thought that, in a corner, in the dark, and with cotton in my ears, I might contrive to slumber out the Waltz, the March and the Chorus of Old Men, while Youth and Beauty enjoyed themselves in the *avant-scènes*. *Avant-scènes*, indeed! I little knew what kind of box I was destined to occupy.

The friend who was to present me to the lady who was the *abonnée* of this remarkable box (she pays at the rate of five-and-twenty thousand francs a year for it) came somewhat late to fetch me; but when we arrived at Mr. Garnier's colossal pile he insisted that, before we entered our *loge*, I should inspect the famous staircase and the more famous *foyer*. "Avez-vous vu l'escalier?" has become as common a question to be addressed to a foreigner newly arrived in Paris as the "A-t-il lu le livre?" of the French cardinal who was so ardent an admirer of Rabelais. It chanced that I had never seen the staircase, nay, nor the *foyer*, nor the auditorium, nor, indeed, any portion of the new Grand Opéra save the external façade thereof, the last of which is associated in my mind with a somewhat curious circumstance. Just eight years ago I was staying at the Grand Hotel, in a room overlooking the Place de l'Opéra; and on the morrow of the Revolution of the 4th of September, 1870. I was lying grievously sick in bed. From the angle of the apartment in which my bed was placed I had a capital view of the façade of the Opéra; and with peculiar curiosity did I watch the proceeding of a journeyman painter in a blouse, who, perched on a tall scaffolding, was occupied in erasing from the inscription "Académie Impériale de Musique" the adjective "Impériale" and substituting for it the word "Nationale." He took such pains over his work that I got an opera-glass to peer at him the more narrowly. The labor to him was manifestly one of love. He licked his lips—so to speak—over the up-strokes and the down-strokes; and his whole republican soul seemed to pour forth when he came to the great round O. Instinctively, as I ascended the *perron* a week since, did I glance upward at the inscription, and, in the flaming gaslight, "Nationale" seemed to me to have an even coarser sheen than the rest of the legend. There had been a wound, and this was the scar. Ah, if all the other hurts of France could cicatrize so quickly as this has done!

Of the exterior of M. Garnier's monumental playhouse I am not, as I have more than once hinted, an enthusiastic admirer. It is overloaded with ornament, and it is singularly deficient in tasteful columniation. A theatre is primarily and essentially a temple, and a temple should have an abundance of colonnades. The noblest model that could, to my mind, be chosen for a national theatre is the Madeleine, which, as it stands, fails to remind you, either in its exterior or its interior, in the slightest degree, of a church. It was not, to be sure, intended for one. Against the staircase of the Opéra, structurally, not one word, however, can be said. It presents the finest arrangement in curvilinear perspective that I have ever seen; and, illuminated *a giorno* by hundreds of bright yet soft lights, offers a spectacle of well-nigh unrivaled magnificence. To the sumptuous paintings by M. Paul Baudry, on the walls and ceilings, a double interest attaches: first, that of their really surpassing excellence in drawing and color; and next, in the fact that they are examples in a style of art in which not one solitary English painter is proficient.

When old Covent Garden Theatre was redecorated for the purpose of being turned into the Royal Italian Opera, the management were fain to send to Italy for a *plafond* which, painted on paper and cut into gores, was afterward pasted to the opera-house roof. This was in 1847. More than thirty years have elapsed, and we are still—if we wish to essay anything more ambitious than the angularly medieval or some feeble Renaissance moldings and scroll-work in *carton pierre*, picked out with colors and gilding—at the mercy of the foreign decorator, just as our silversmiths are at the mercy of the foreign modeler. M. Paul Baudry has produced, in the staircase and the *foyer* of the Académie Nationale de Musique, a work which is the wonder of the whole art-world. In or out of our Royal Academy, we have not a single painter sufficiently acquainted with the geometrical canons of foreshortening and concave perspective to paint a ceiling. Those canons are clearly and explicitly laid down in scores of books published in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; but those books find no English students. We console ourselves for our impotence by repeating Pope's pert sneer about the sprawling saints of Verrio and Laguerre, and by preparing to scrub out Sir James Thornhill's paintings from the dome of St. Paul's. We choose, in our complacent ignorance, to forget that the grandest achievement of pictorial art in the whole world is the painted ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican.

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[*] When this was written, M. Halanzier had not yet produced M. Gounod's "Polyeucte."

The enormous *foyer*, or crush-room, reminded me very forcibly, in the huge masses of gilt scroll-work forming the frames of the paintings, of the Hall of the Ambassadors in the Royal Palace at Madrid. The ornamentation is so heavily *flamboyante*, and so overladen with gilding, as to approach the *rococo*, or to suggest to the spectator that the model mainly followed has been the interior of one of those churches built by the Jesuit architects of the beginning of the seventeenth century, and which are all ablaze with carving and gilding, verde antique and lapis-lazuli.

The first act of "Faust" was just over when we entered the *foyer*, and the immense hall was filled by a crowd of whom I hope it is not disrespectful to say that its aspect very closely resembled that of a mob. Full dress for gentlemen is not, I am aware, insisted upon at any time, even in the *fauteuils d'orchestre* of the French Opera, and there are many parts of the house in which the ladies may wear bonnets; still, I certainly never remember to have seen in the crush-room of the old house in the Rue Lepelletier a multitude comprising ladies in dresses of alpaca, nankeen, and printed gingham, with the commonest trimmings, and in felt hats of the cheapest kind. As for the gentlemen, they were dressed "anyhow"—in frocks and in cut-away coats, in waistcoats much too long, and in trousers much too short. They wore low-crowned straw hats, "Jim Crows," "wide-awakes," "billycocks"—anything you please. Gloves were conspicuous by their absence. Red and blue cotton pocket-handkerchiefs, white-spotted, were freely sported; and shoes were worn low, thick-soled, with strings. These formed certainly sixty per cent. of the native costumes.

I was moreover privileged to gaze upon a numerous contingent of my own beloved fellow-countrymen, who, with the manly independence and *sans-gêne* which so charmingly distinguish them when traveling abroad, did honor to M. Halanzier's management, M. Garnier's building, and M. Baudry's paintings, by appearing in "tourists' suits" of lightly hued blanketing—"in this style fifty-two shillings and sixpence." The wide-awake was the prevailing head-gear of these bold Britons; and in several cases artistic finish was given to the general make-up by the assumption of the celebrated "courier's-bag," slung by a strap over the right shoulder. What is that bag supposed to contain? A "Paris Guide," a brierwood pipe, a pocket-pistol containing some of the celebrated "cocked-hat" whisky, and a box of blue pills.

Pray do not entertain the notion that the audience at the Opéra was miscellaneous and ill-dressed because France is daily becoming—to all seeming—more and more soundly Republican, because Democracy is in the ascendant, or because the admission to the Opéra is cheap. On the contrary, the last is very costly; and unless you feel inclined to get up at seven in the morning and form part of the *queue* on the Place de l'Opéra, on the chance of securing a place at the *bureau de location*, you will not obtain a seat in any part of M. Halanzier's house for less than five-and-twenty francs. In many cases, the *marchands de billets* will make you pay a great deal more. It is all the fault of the Exhibition.

The fashionable world of Paris is still away at the watering-places, or that portion of it which has returned to the capital is sitting in its lordly mansions, holding, as it does, the Exhibition and all its works in lofty, anti-Republican disdain. The Parisian tradespeople are too busily employed in making money, and are too consistently frugal to waste that money in paying extravagant prices for opera tickets; and the mob in the *foyer* is mainly made up of foreigners and of provincials, who have never seen the "G-r-r-r-r-and Opéra" before, and will probably never see it again. They have determined to "see the elephant," and do not mind, for once in a way, how much the sight of the prodigious quadruped costs them.

"I know that I'm charging you too much," once remarked to me a highly intelligent courier, whom I engaged to traverse the Russian Empire from St. Petersburg to Odessa; "but what does it matter?—*you'll never come back again!*"

That is where it is. The receipts at the Académie Nationale de Musique average just now eight hundred pounds a night; but every evening there is a fresh audience of foreigners and provincials. They will, in the majority of cases, never come back again. That is why M. Halanzier's *répertoire* consists of "Faust," "Hamlet," "Le Prophète" and "La Juive," varied by "La Juive," "Le Prophète," "Hamlet" and "Faust."

When the people who are in the habit of "coming back again" do arrive, the prudent director will give them something new by M. Gounod or M. Ambroise Thomas.

On the evening on which I visited the Opéra, the part of *Faust* was sustained by a gentleman whose services in London would certainly have been deemed overpaid at six pounds per week. The lady who played *Marguerite* was an *artiste*, and was possibly a laureate of the Conservatoire; but her age was mature, and her name wholly unknown to European fame. Tenor and soprano were good enough for an audience of which the bulk "would never come back again."

I had been promised that the box was to be the coolest in the house. Through corridor after corridor, and up staircase after staircase was I conducted, until I began to imagine that our *loge* must be on a level with the topmost tier. Error. We had not yet attained the level of the stage. Suddenly we were confronted by a portly and venerable dame, in printed calico, a kind of superior *ouvreuse*. "Madame d' E———'s box?" "Parfaitement. La loge de Madame d'E——— est sur la scène." Upon my word, the box in which I was to have a seat was behind the curtain! A door was passed, and I stood cautiously on one side to avoid being crushed by the Town Hall of Leipsic on painted canvas and a wooden frame, which was bearing rapidly down on me, steered by three burly men with beards and short blouses. *Gare!* I had a narrow escape of being overwhelmed by the Cascades of Terni. Trying to avoid contact with one of the walls of Elsinore, I stumble over the steps of the throne of an Indian emperor; and, bringing myself up suddenly, I have the mischance to tread on the toes of a *pompier* with a brass helmet and a red sash. I beg the fireman's pardon; whereupon he replies, civilly enough, "Il n'y a pas de quoi"; and propels me amicably against three young ladies in silk tights and satin shoes and floral wreaths, and —well, I cannot recall to mind that they had much else on, who salute me with a saucy but friendly grin. "Take care! there yawns an open trap. Take heed of the 'floats' and grooves. Don't run your head against that gas batten." Thus my friend who is conducting me through the labyrinth.

Well, I have picked my way behind the scenes of a good many theatres in my time, even behind those of the Paris Grand Opéra—not here, but in the old house in the Rue Lepelletier. The year was 1855; the occasion, the state visit to the Opéra of Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort, and the Emperor Napoleon III. By great good fortune I gained admission to the *coulisses* on that memorable night, and I remember the fun which the juvenile members of the *corps de ballet* made between the acts of the two towering Cent Gardes who, motionless as statues, stood sentry on either side of the proscenium. So soon as the

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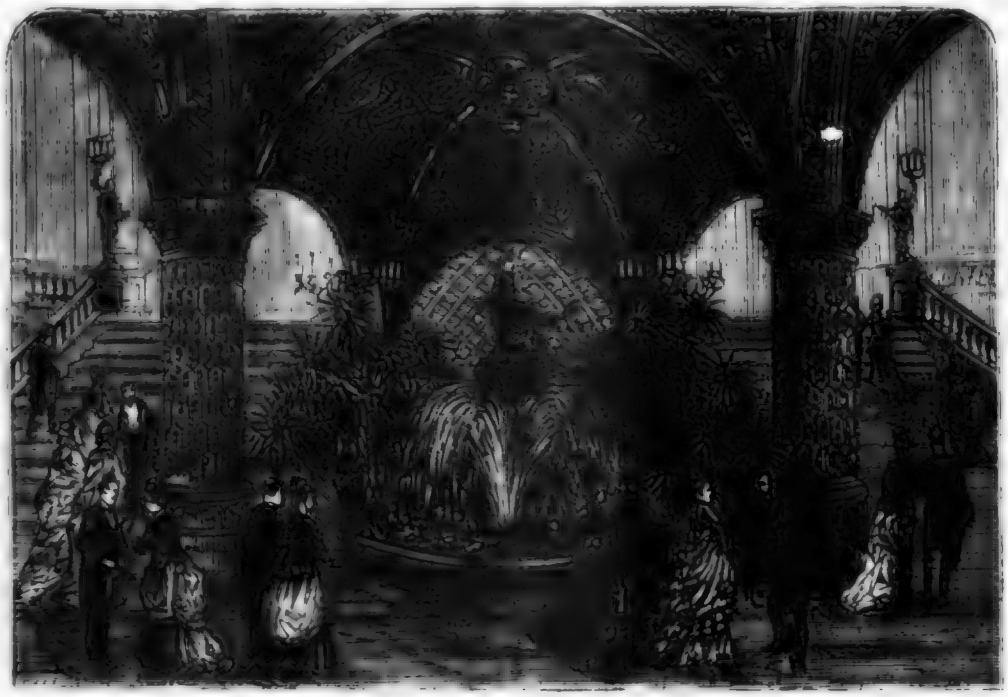
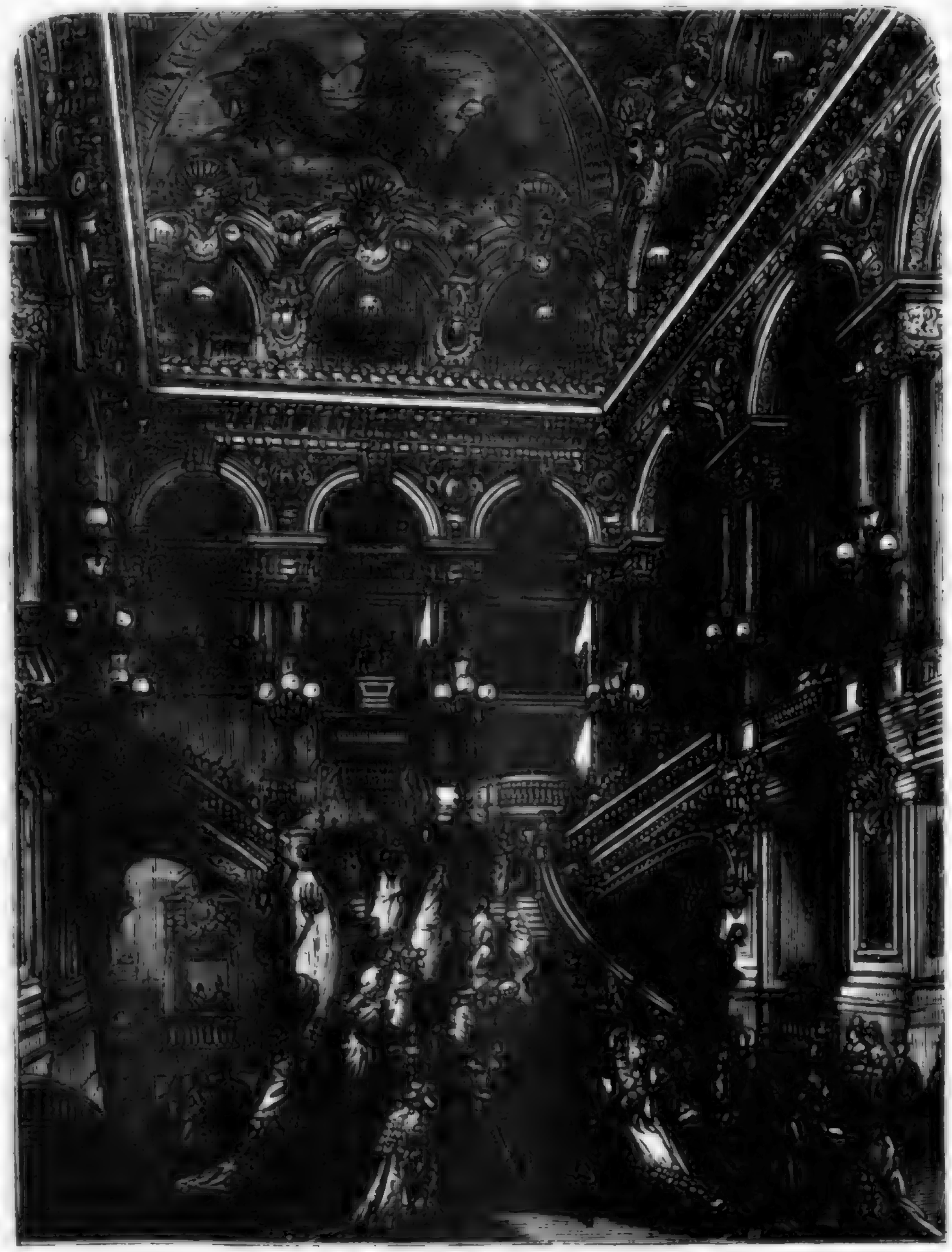
curtain was down, an impudent little minx of a *rat d'opéra* ran across to one of the mailed giants; examined him from crested helm to spurred jack-boot; tapped with one little rosy finger-nail the steel of his cuirass, and cried to one of her companions in the *cantonade*, "Tiens! c'est vivant!" (It's alive!) A corrupt epoch. "Et pourtant," philosophically remarked General Fleury in St. Petersburg, in September, 1870, when he learned that the corrupt epoch had collapsed, "il est certain que pendant dix-huit ans nous nous sommes diablement amusés."



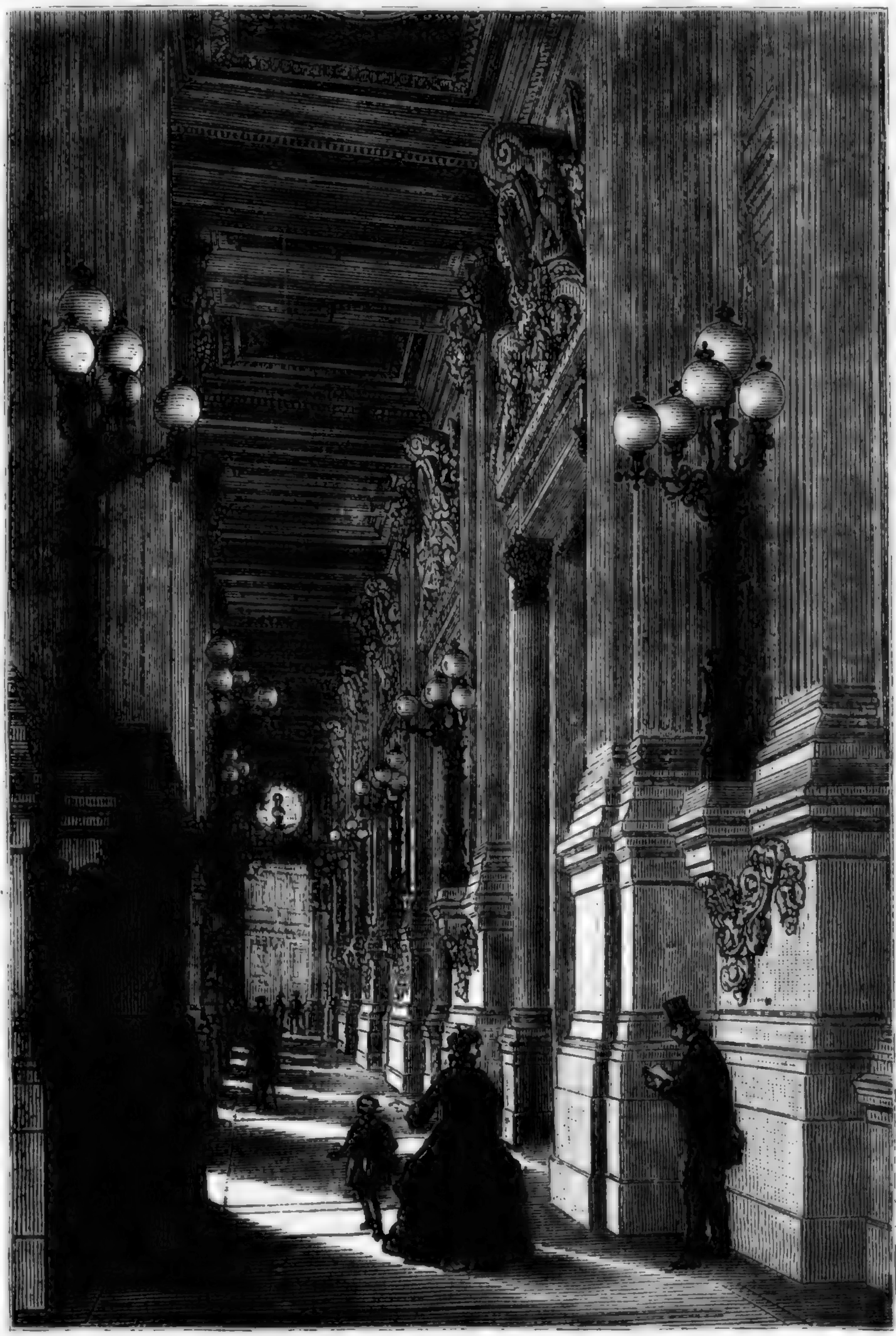
THE "BASSIN DE PYTHE," UNDER THE GRAND PROMENADE.



THE GRAND STAIRCASE.

The coolest box in the house was, in truth, delightfully airy and spacious, containing as it did *fauteuils* for ten persons. It was richly furnished with mirrors and velvet hangings; but its chief peculiarity and its chief charm were in the circumstance that it was the pit or ground-tier box of one of eight, four of which are on either side of the proscenium, and are literally apertures in the structure thereof, forming an inner frame to the curtain.

These exceptional *loges* are painted a deep plain crimson to distinguish them from the richly carved and gilt fronts of the private boxes in the body of the house. When the curtain is down they are wholly invisible to the audience; and the occupants of the dark crimson niches enjoy the much-coveted privilege of lounging behind the scenes, and even of penetrating into that Bower of Choregraphic Bliss—the *Foyer de la Danse*—so graphically described in those edifying novels of the Imperial Epoch, *Un Début à l'Opéra* and *Monsieur de St. Bernard*. What the technical designation of these boxes behind the curtain may be, I do not know. I have an idea that many years ago a noted operatic prima donna, Madame Dolores Nau, told me that they were called *les loges de l'Administration;* that one was occupied by the manager, another by the Minister of Fine Arts, another by the Prefect of Police, and so forth; and that in the old days, under the Restoration, one of the crimson boxes was always set apart for the use of the *gentilhommes de la chambre*, charged with the control of the Royal theatres, and one of the last of whom, M. Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld, found the ballet-dancers' skirts all too short. I do not know what M. Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld would think of the skirts of the present day. I sat through "Faust," and endured the March, the Waltz, and the Chorus of Old Men as patiently as I might. The only drawback to the advantage of being actually on the stage was the well-nigh blinding glare from the *rampe* or footlights; but this was obviated by means of large Japanese fans, thoughtfully placed by our distinguished hostess at the disposal of her guests. The *Mephistopheles* was exceptionally an excellent artist and singer, with a first-rate voice; and *Valentine*, the soldier, was likewise in every way satisfactory. The chorus-singers—the ladies "running" stout and with looks of immaculate virtue, as it is the characteristic of lady chorus-singers to look the whole world over—sang in admirable time and tune; and as for the orchestra, all I can say of that multitude of musicians is that they seemed to play as with one fiddle, one violoncello, and one trombone. It was the perfection of musical mechanism.



LA LOGGIA OF THE PARIS OPERA.

The front of the house, seen from our darkened nook, was astonishingly brilliant, the gay toilets of the ladies in the *avant scènes* looking like immense banks of rare flowers blooming above the ebony pedestal of the pit, which, contrasted against the glare of the footlights, was simply one dark mass of human heads. Above, the several tiers of boxes were so radiant with brand-new gilding and so bespangled with lustres, that, as a short-sighted spectator, I could only liken the vista to that of a huge screen of cloth of gold powdered with diamonds.

But it was when the curtain had descended, and we were shut out from this glittering expanse, that I could most intensely enjoy myself; first, by watching from the box the ordering of the stage and setting of the scenes; and next, by diving in and out of the *coulisses*, and peering into all kinds of curious corners.

The much-talked-of *Foyer de la Danse* did not interest me much. It is a sumptuous apartment, overpowered by painting, carving and gilding, but intensely gairish and meretricious. A score of remarkably plain-looking *coryphées*, in attitudes the reverse of restrained, were sprawling about the divans; and half-a-score of young *gommeux*, or dandies, and corpulent old men of wicked mien, in high white cravats, were chattering to or glozing over the *danseuses.*

A throng of *comparses*, *rats d'opéra*, and "extras," as we term them, were clustered like so many painted Peris outside the portals of the Paradisiacal *foyer*, into which, I presume, they are not privileged to enter unless their salary exceeds a certain number of francs a month.

The shoes of many of these poor girls left much to be desired. The heel of one satin slipper had been darned, I am certain, at least seven times; and the hose of many of the poor things were full of "Jacob's ladders." Not to be too particular, the majority of the "extras" looked as though they were half starved. Red egg, *fromage de Brie*, threehalfpenny worth of fried potatoes, and a bit of garlic sausage now and then—such, I apprehend, would be the ordinary *menu* of an operatic "extra"; meagre, sickly, ill-favored, often old, but dancing and posing with wonderfully mechanical skill and *aplomb*. Thus it is not all gold that glitters, even in M. Garnier's auriferous playhouse.

IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE—1768–74.

By Etta W. Pierce.

Through the forest peals a cry—
"Tally-ho!"
Lo! the hunt is passing by—
Tally-ho!
Ring, oh royal greenwood, ring!
'Tis the "well-belovèd" King.
At his back a splendid train
Jest and trample, spur and strain—
Dukes and princes, peers of France,
Faith, it is a goodly show!
Feathers flaunt and horses prance,
Gold-lace glitters, bugles blow,
Hounds and huntsmen, on they go—
Tally-ho!

In a green glade of the wood,
Three lean, haggard peasants stood—
Heard the trampling and the cry,
Saw the frightened red deer fly;
Watched the train as it swept by—
Tally-ho!
Scrap nor bone was in the pot,
Famine filled the poor man's cot—
Slew his children, one by one,
Underneath God's pleasant sun.
But the King and silken court
Smile and feast, in grand disdain,
Squander realms in idle sport,
Shut their eyes on want and pain,
Blight of vine and rust of grain.
Versailles, with its pomp and show,
Marly fair, and Fontainebleau,
Care not, though the peasants die,
And the price of bread be high.
Crush these common dogs that whine
To disturb our merry mood!
If the people lack for food,
Let them eat the grass, like kine!
Ride on, courtiers, prince and peer,
Ride on, Louis, King so dear;
Three starved peasants, gaunt as death,
Watch you all with bated breath.
Tally-ho!

Weird the dawn, and gray with rain.
In its gloom a funeral train
Through the royal forest passed,
Toward the black crypts flying fast.
Crouched the deer in sombre glades,
Hid the hare in burrowed shades;
Howled the wind; the dripping trees
Toss'd in stormy agonies.
'Neath a black, foreboding heaven
Went the cortége, fiercely driven,
Like some guilty, hunted thing—
The King's dead! Long live the King!
Croaked the raven overhead,
Poured the sharp rain on the dead.
Few the courtiers following after,
Jeweled, powdered and belaced;
There is neither jest nor laughter,
Wild, indecent, is the haste.
Through the morning, thick with gloom,
Drive him fast unto his tomb!

In a hollow of the wood,
Lo! three starving peasants stood—
Watched the train as it rushed by,
Lifted high a mocking cry—
"Tally-ho!"
Cry of meaning sinister,
Fit the proud old King to stir
'Neath the velvet of his pall,
Broidered with the lily fair—
Maddest Bourbon of them all,
As he lieth silent there.
Dead and silent, can he know
How that white flower of his race—
Flower of glory and of grace—
Shall be crushed and trampled low
By the ruthless, red *sabot?*

Dogs will slip the leash at last,
Day of reckoning cometh fast;
Ride on, dead King, join the dead.
After you, the fire, the flood—
Guillotine, all drenched and red,
Kingly garments rolled in blood.
Proud heads lopped, like boughs, away.
Ride on, through the dismal day—
Through the black, lamenting wood,
While the peasants, lean and rude,
In the wild rain lift on high
Once again that mocking cry—
"Tally-ho!"

UNDER THE PAINTED WINDOW.

By Mrs. M. A. Denison.

Madeline Bruce came gliding down the great staircase like a spirit. She was dressed all in white, and as the afternoon sun, shining through the painted window, fell on her bright hair, while she paused to notice a picture, illuminated by the same rich color, she seemed like one of Raphael's angels, standing in a glory of radiance, her lips curving into a smile, her eyes bright and thoughtful.

The wide hall—a stately entrance—was partly in shadow, and everything pertaining to the mansion's adornment was in good taste. The pictures had been bought by a *bona fide* connoisseur—those that were not heir-looms; the walls and ceilings were delicately and artistically frescoed.

On through sunshine and shadow moved Madeline. Not exactly beautiful, but delicate, graceful, striking and high-bred in person, manner and movement. Her face, at times, won from the stranger an admiration that was as sudden as unaccountable, seeing that the moment before he had looked at her with a careless eye.

It was these occasional flashes of beauty, like the wild lightnings on Summer evenings, that reveal the hidden splendor of the clouds, that made Madeline the envy of her less richly endowed companions.

That her taste in dress was perfect, everybody allowed. She wore jewels seldom, but she had a way of placing a few buds, a leaf or a greenhouse spray so that her friends often remarked, "How is it that Madeline, though her toilet seems so simple, always contrives to outshine us all ?"

It was not contriving to outshine, but merely an intuition that was little less than genius, that made the young girl's toilet always perfect. An added touch by unskilled fingers might have marred the whole effect.

The even tenor of Madeline's life had been broken, or, rather, jarred, that day by an adventure.

She had driven to the Park in company with her father, who had long been an invalid. They had left the carriage to stroll for a time through one of the many beautiful winding paths, when suddenly Mr. Bruce's strength had given way.

Madeline half led, half supported him to a seat, trusting that the indisposition would pass. Not so, however; a deadly pallor overspread the thin features. Poor Madeline thought he was dying.

"What shall I do? Who will help me?" she cried, almost in despair, as the gray head sank lower and lower.

Even as she uttered the exclamation, two gentlemen came in view, walking arm-in-arm. The younger one was jesting, apparently, for he laughed and swung a lithe cane to and fro in his free hand.

"Papa, dearest, speak! Oh, he is very, very ill! What shall I do?"

The pathetic cry reached the ears of the strangers.

"There is trouble there," said the elder gentleman, coming to a stand. "Do you hear that, Dick? Something is the matter with that lady. You had better hurry and see what it is. I will come on."

Before Dick Mayo had reached the pair, he saw that help was needed. The lovely, well-dressed young girl was looking with an eager, strained gaze in his direction.

"Oh, sir, my father is very ill!" she said, as he drew nearer. "Our carriage is at some distance, and I have no one to send for it."

"Permit me," said Dick, raising his hat, and disclosing a boyishly handsome face. "But your father needs aid. My uncle, like those men who carry umbrellas on sunshiny days, always has his medicine-box with him. Perhaps he may be able to help him."

"Oh, thanks! if he will only come!" said Madeline, gratefully, and in another moment the elder gentleman was bending over the almost inanimate sufferer.

Meanwhile Dick had gone for the carriage, guided by a description of the coachman's livery, and soon the two grays were arching their sleek necks under the elm-trees in the shadowed path.

"I see your father is better," said Dick, as he sprang from his perch beside the coachman. "I knew if uncle dispensed his infinitesimals he would be well directly. Permit me, sir, to help you to your carriage." And turning, he offered his arm to Mr. Bruce, while his uncle aided the invalid on the other side.

Of course, after this, nothing was left but to assist Madeline, who blushed slightly as the young man turned his dark eyes—fine eyes they were—upon her, in a respectful, admiring gaze, which recurred to her more than once on her return home.

She had scarcely laid her wraps aside, and placed her father in the hands of his own servant, Gill, before a maid brought a message from her aunt; and so Madeline came slowly down the stairs—slowly and somewhat reluctantly, and passed on to the presence to which she had been summoned.

Miss Drusilla Bruce, commonly called Miss Grudy, was a spare, restless little woman, whose life had been spent in alternately chiding and caressing those over whom she exercised domestic control. It was a wonder that Madeline was not spoiled by this good-hearted but capricious relative. Full of whims and oddities, she yet managed to be respected. She never left the lower suite of apartments for the upper rooms on any pretense whatever, and never appeared before her niece or any of her friends without a queer nondescript of a headdress that gave her a singular, top-heavy aspect—like a small steeple with an immense vane!

For the rest, she was inclined to be sociable and witty, and was at times companionable, though sarcastic, and liable to what she called attacks of the nerves.

Miss Grudy was seated on her throne of state—an immense easy-chair, to which she had caused to be added two long rockers that kept everybody in terror for fear of being run down by them whenever they ventured in her vicinity.

"Walk softly, Madeline," as the young girl entered. "This news has given me an attack of the nerves—my head is splitting. Seat yourself on the sofa, and pray don't twiddle your fingers or trot your feet. There, now, tell me, child—what is it I hear about this accident? Brown says you were thrown from the carriage, and your pa nearly killed. Not that I believe it, for I heard my brother's voice as he came in; but I was sure that new coachman would bring you to grief—sure."

"The coachman had nothing to do with it, aunty," replied Madeline. "There was no accident; papa was taken ill."

"I hope he will listen to me after this. I have told him again and again that a little exercise on foot would be better for him than all this riding, and——"

"But, aunty, we were walking—we left the carriage on purpose."

"Oh, well—yes; and of course you overdid the matter, then; you would walk the feet off a cat. What in the world did you do? I'm sure you've no strength worth speaking of. Gill has to carry him to bed sometimes. Did he fall?"

"No, aunty; he managed to walk to one of the stone benches, and then, providentially, some one came in sight—two persons—two gentlemen, one of whom happened to have some medicines with him."

"Well, you needn't turn so red over it," said Miss Grudy, tartly, flourishing her fan, which she wore in the coldest as well as the warmest weather. "One of them was young, I'll be bound."

"Yes, I—I think one of them was rather young," replied Madeline, deliberately, and casting down her eyes—"and handsome, too," she added, demurely.

"Of course; and he was not the one with the medicine—young men don't generally carry pill-boxes about with them."

"It wasn't pills, aunty, but powders."

"Oh, well, they're all alike. I never take either. Keep the head and feet warm, that's my doctrine, and go to bed when you are taken with the nerves—where I ought to be now. Did you learn their names?"

"Here is a card. It fell into my hands as he passed it into the carriage."

"He—the young gentleman, of course; let me see. Mayo—Richard Mayo—must be the Mayos of John Street—old Dick Mayo's son. If he's a chip of the old block, I don't envy him his pedigree. If Dick Mayo had been poor, he'd been in State's prison before he died. He failed for money—and his widow holds on to it. I hope young Dick is not coming here."

"That depends upon how he regarded the invitation papa gave him," said Madeline, dryly.

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"Not to dinner? I trust not to dinner!" The shadow on her face grew deeper.

"It is just possible. Papa said he thought he should have them here."

"Just like him. He would send Lucifer himself a card if he lifted his hat to him. Well, all I can say is, I'm glad Max is coming here tomorrow."

A hot flush burned in Madeline's cheeks, but she did not trust herself to speak the taunting reply that came to her lips. She half rose as she said:

"Aunty, may I go, now?"

"Always in a hurry to get away—always in a hurry—the penalty one must pay, I suppose, for growing old and ugly;" and she jerked the velvet ribbon from which hung her great Spanish fan, impatiently. "You may be old and ugly yourself one day, Miss Bruce."

"Aunty!" said Madeline, pleadingly. She had not any weapons with which to combat successfully her aunt's sarcasms.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN OF THE GRAND OPERA.—THE FOYER.—SEE PAGE 208.

"Well, well, we'll put it to Max's score, then. Naturally you want to get by yourself and think it over. Max is one of a thousand. His heart is gold—pure gold. There are few girls loved as he loves you."

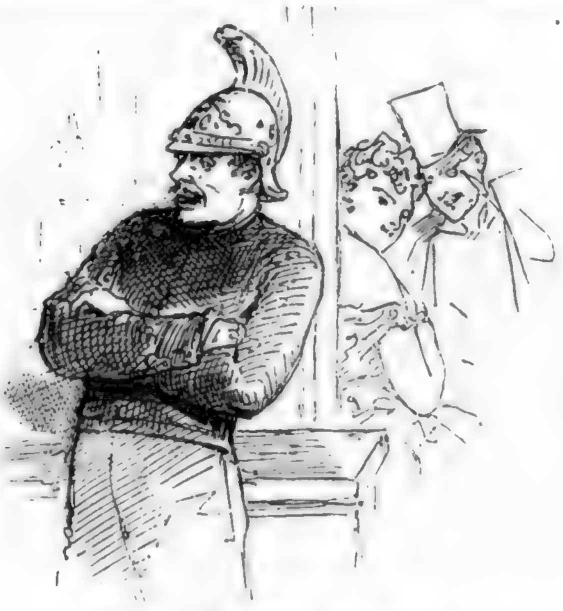
"If only she would not be for ever dinging his perfections in my ears, it would be better for Max," thought Madeline to herself.

Then, when she had undergone more cross-questioning, and satisfied Miss Grudy with regard to her own thoughts and purposes as far as she could reveal them, she was suffered to take her departure.

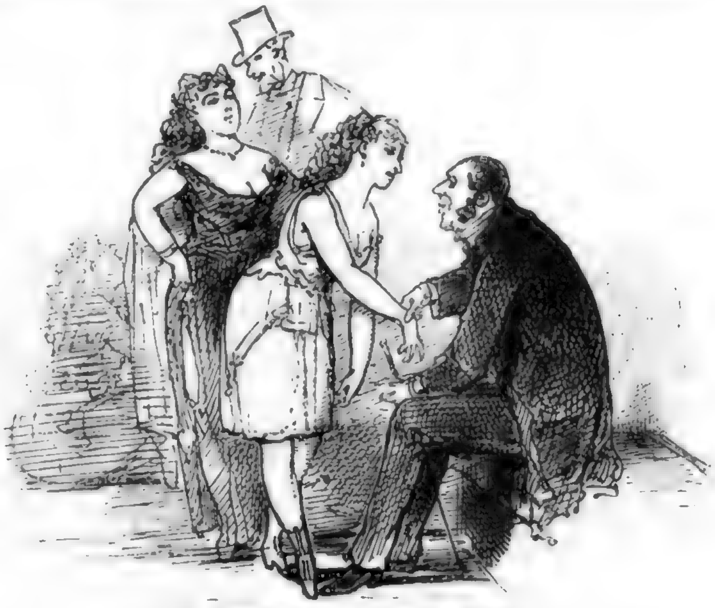
She went up the wide staircase even more slowly than she had come down; there was a troubled expression on the sweet face. What was the matter? Yesterday it would not have been unpleasant news, though possibly it might have brought no special delight, that Max was coming home; for she was conscious that, of late, there had sprung up a coldness on her side for which she could not readily account. She could recall the time when she had, after a fashion, worshiped this handsome, scholarly man—girl-worship, to be sure, mingled with awe and a kind of constrained pleasure.

She had exerted all her pretty powers of pleasing, her heart had throbbed at his praise; for was he not a king among men? All the world was talking about him; he had published some new scientific theory that had taken people by surprise. Everybody wanted to know him; the famous and the gifted numbered him among their special friends; celebrities, male and female, courted him; beauties would forego the most precious bits of flirtation if he would but deign to notice them. And what a triumph, could she, little Madeline, neither very beautiful nor wonderfully accomplished, and not at all wise, but capture this hero!

Professor Max Lieutner was the stepson of Miss Grudy's



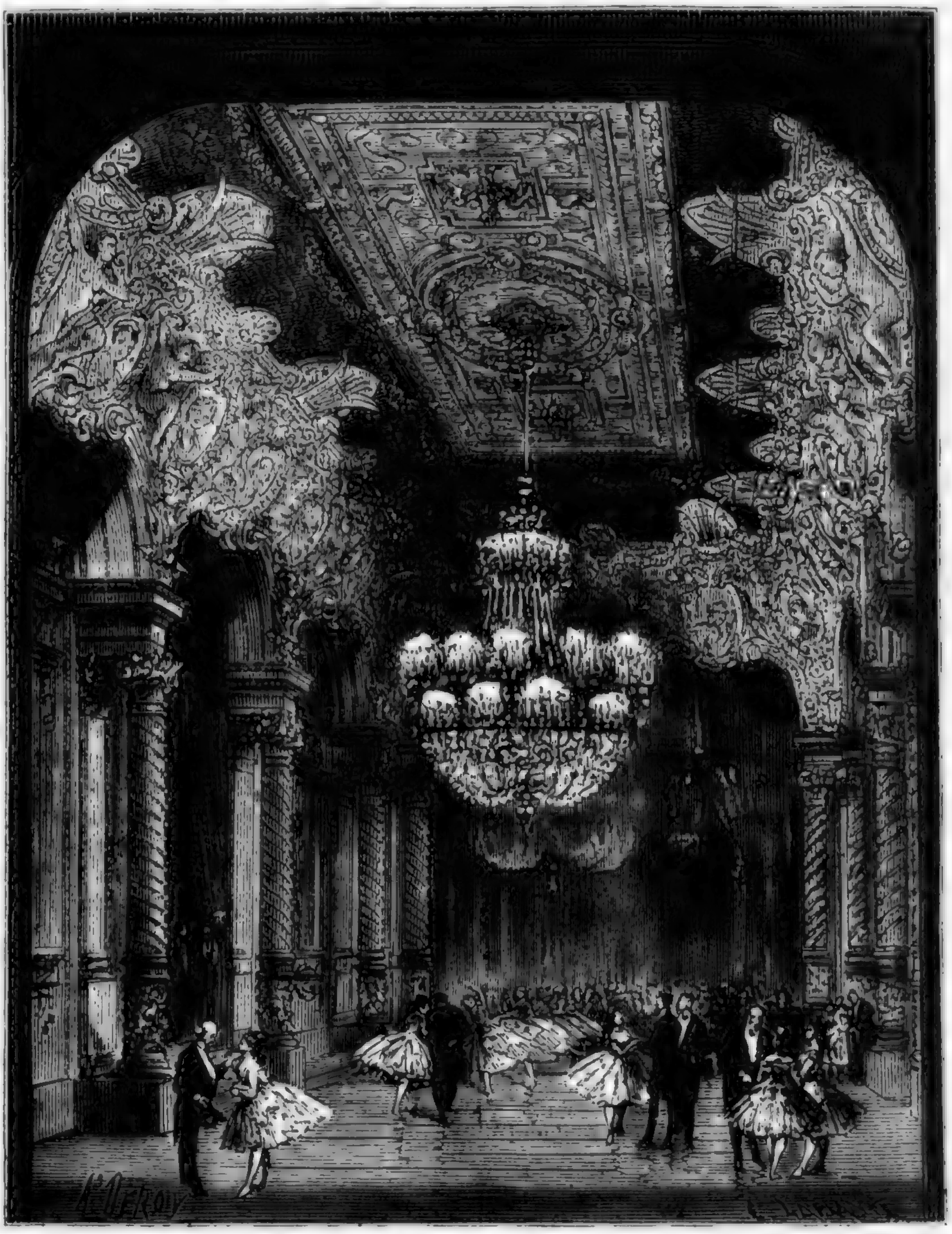
A POMPIER AT THE PARIS OPERA.



THE DOCTOR OF THE OPERA TROUPE.

only sister, who had been dead now for nearly twenty years. The father also dying, Miss Grudy adopted the boy, worshiped, educated and worried him. She was rich, and he was to have all her money.

The boy was fourteen when Madeline was born, and, as the hour she saw the light also saw her motherless, the child was cast upon the care of her aunt, who, with all her faults, had been faithful to her life-work. She had at one time been sought for in marriage by a man she might have been very happy with; but she declined the honor, saying that Providence had cut her out for an old maid, and she fancied she could take better care of other people's families than of her own.



THE FOYER DE LA DANSE.

When Madeline was sixteen, Max Lieutner accepted a professorship at the early age of thirty. Madeline was then the life and sunshine of the house to the grave student; and to her he was the type of all excellence.

When he went abroad for a year, his letters were so delightful, and when he returned, his presents so fitting and beautiful, that her gratitude was unbounded. Everybody made her the theme of conversation and admiration, so that Madeline, seeing with other eyes and hearing with the ears of the outside world, began to think constantly of Professor Max.

Aunt Grudy, the darling desire of whose heart was that they should marry, cautiously forwarded the development

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of a tenderer feeling than cousinly friendship, and at last it came to pass that those soulful eyes looked into hers one day with a passionate intensity that heightened their beauty, and that voice, always soft and low as the richest flute-notes of an organ skillfully played, told Madeline a story in such cadences, with such absolute trust in her truth and integrity, that every tone thrilled her and made her feel almost unworthy of such precious confidence, yet proud of being its object. And when she said Yes to his whispered question, she thought she knew her own heart; and when he drew her toward him, and her young head rested upon his shoulder, she thought she had surely found her refuge from all trouble—her haven for a blessed life.

This was the man who was coming home, and for the first time in her experience Madeline was not happy at the thought of his return. She did not ask herself why—she was only conscious of the fact.

Max came on the morrow; but, unhappily, under a cloud. It was easy to see that something was amiss. His greeting of Madeline was very tender, but he seemed anxious and absent. He was not a man to tell his troubles—he would have thought it akin to sacrilege to disturb the peace of mind of a friend by the recital of personal grievances.

It had happened that certain critics had set up their banners, and were waging war to the knife against him and his book. To make it worse, they were foreign journalists, and what mischief may not be done while opinions are traveling thousands of miles away, full of dark hints and caustic suggestions, that, coming all suddenly with the force of exploded missiles upon one's quiet entrenchments behind hitherto undisputed testimony, startle and sting! They may have spread all over the continent by this time, and gathered an army of retainers, ready at a moment's notice to follow the hint or watchword of their leader.

One's sense of helplessness at the first, when conscious of having roused an invading host, is simply overwhelming. It may not last long; but all the same, it renders its subject depressed and gloomy, and oftentimes bitter, toward those who approach him. And then, to some natures, there is a certain sense of defeat in the idea of speaking of the matter at all, consequently others are left to conjecture what they will—that one is odd, peculiar, has forgotten old friendships; has found attractions elsewhere.

So everybody but Miss Grudy noticed that Max was preoccupied. She was so full of joy that she saw only Max, and none of his moods.

He came in one day, and, as he threw his gloves in his hat, Madeline was leaving the drawing-room. He seldom noticed her attire, or indulged in compliments, but she was so charming just now, in the palepink dress with its creamy tints and laces, that he spoke with sudden admiration in voice and eyes:

"Why, how pretty you look, Madeline!"

She flushed faintly at the compliment, and glanced up at him with something of the old merry sparkle in her eyes.

"You have been entertaining, I see," he added, going toward her and reverently half inclosing the delicate form with his arm. "Who was that very handsome young gentleman who left just as I came?"

"Oh, that was Mr. Mayo. You remember I told you how his uncle helped papa so much when he was taken ill in the Park that day?"

"I remember—yes; he's a fine-looking young fellow. Does the uncle ever come here?"

"Oh, yes; he has been twice to see papa."

"Aha!" he said, pleasantly; "and the nephew came to see papa's daughter, I expect."

"He came to see us all—only there was no one at home but me. Aunt Grudy, you know, never sees callers. By-the-way, they will be here to dine on Thursday. Papa has invited them."

"Thursday—now that is provoking. I made an engagement this morning with a friend who is going with me to D——. There are some books of reference in his library, which I wish to consult. It is truly unfortunate, as I should like to make the acquaintance of your new friends. I trust your father will be able to do the honors of the table. He is much better, I find."

"But can you not put off the visit to D——?" asked Madeline, in a faint voice.

"Impossible, my dear girl—I never break an engagement." And he went off to his books and correspondence, scarcely conscious that the sight of the young man and the subsequent conversation—to say nothing of the bright, animated face of Madeline, which suffered a change as she met him—had affected him somewhat curiously; but he shook the feeling off, if it did make itself visible, for he was in the very midst of a brilliant vindication, to which he must yet give much time and study.

Thursday came, and the professor was not at dinner. Even Miss Grudy, as she took her seat, with a new and enlarged edition of the voluminous head-gear, in honor of the occasion, expressed her disapproval of his absence. There was also in Madeline's heart a sense of injury, which, although secretly she had much rather he were absent—not that she confessed as much, even to herself—irritated her. He no longer regarded her wishes as paramount in importance, she said to herself; but secure in the possession of her promise, given when she was scarcely more than a child, he thought she might be left to herself. Very well, then—and she turned her bright eyes in one of those sweet flashes of light that made her so exquisitely beautiful, toward young Dick Mayo, and young Dick reciprocated by falling madly in love.

After that Dick came often. There was always an excuse—now a book, now flowers, now a message to Mr. Bruce, with whom, being merry and witty and light-hearted, he had become somewhat of a favorite. And his presence was perilous to poor Madeline, who felt that she ought to do her duty, let the consequences be what they might, though her opinions in regard to Max had undergone a change. But, alas! the germs of what was intended to be only a mild friendship for Dick stirred to a decided interest, and the interest grew into something still warmer. Madeline found herself watching for his footsteps. The touch of his hand made her happy, and it seemed as if when he sang—for he possessed a wonderfully thrilling and magnetic voice—she was lifted out of her ordinary sphere, and floated somewhere quite near to heaven.

Miss Grudy was very unfortunately sick with one of her attacks during this time, but she managed to be made aware of Dick's visits, and never spared Madeline on such occasions.

"Of course, you're all right," she said, after one of Madeline's vehement protestations. "If I didn't think you were, I should hate you. Compare *him* with my Max, indeed! But people will talk—yes, they will. You give them reason to."

"But how can I tell him not to come? Besides, he pleases papa," pleaded her niece.

"Oh, of course—papa must be pleased, though the heavens should fall. Papa must be pleased, if his daughter is called a flirt, I suppose. Nonsense! There's always a straight way to the right—never a crooked one. Tell him you're engaged," said the downright spinster; "or, if you can't, let me tell him. Max don't care; he has no more suspicion than a child, his trust in you is so perfect; but he would, if he knew what a wild fellow Dick Mayo has been. That boy ran through twenty thousand dollars left him by his aunt before he was twenty-one. How do I know? Well, I *know*, that's enough! You're not going to marry *him*, so I'm not bound to tell you. That's the way he sowed his wild oats. He'd go through another if he had it. I've known the Mayos by reputation ever since I can remember. Rich enough? Yes—there's the sin of it. When poor men are scapegraces, the Lord knows there are plenty of ways of giving them the cold shoulder!"

Madeline chose to believe that this was a bit of spite on the part of her aunt, who, very unwisely, referred again to her engagement with Max. And Madeline was coming to look upon this engagement as a burden.

Dick, with his impulsive, ardent temperament, his bright ways and sayings, his merry humor, was much more congenial. Of course, she said to herself more than once, he knew about Max; he would never presume—but he did.

One day he startled her by a sudden and passionate avowal of love. It was on the edge of an August evening. The young man had lounged across the parlor to the bay window in the rear, which—the house being near the suburbs of the city—overlooked a long stretch of diversified landscape, softened and delicately toned by the gray shadows of the coming twilight.

He called her to notice the tender coloring of the clouds, tinged by the swiftly sinking sun into a momentary, dying splendor, and then and there he rushed upon that other subject, standing with those dreamy eyes bent upon her, his lips parted, every motion vitalized by the intensity of his feelings.

"Speak to me, Madeline—if I may venture to call you so—my future depends upon your answer. I love you with all my soul! I want you to be my wife. Say, will you not try to love me?"

"I do love you!" she was surprised into saying; "but——" and before she could find breath to add the coming words she had intended to say, she felt herself caught to his bosom.

"You said 'but.' I only wanted that other answer—you love me; that is enough. All my life lies clear before me!"

"Still, there is something I must tell you," she said, with surprised frankness, withdrawing herself from his arms.

"Never mind the something—at least, to-night. Let me be happy, without feeling there may or might be any alloy."

And they were happy for the brief hours that followed.

When he left, Madeline went up to her room, scarcely satisfied with herself, or, strangely enough, with Dick. Some way she had found an opportunity to speak of her engagement, and he had turned it all into ridicule.

"That old graybeard!" laughed Dick, secure in the brown locks of three-and-twenty. "Why, he's a bookworm, a cold-blooded philosopher, a scientist, whose mind is always in the moon, or some other equally remote region. He ought to have been ashamed of himself to think of making you his wife! Let him shut himself up in some dreary old hole with Miss Grudy; they'd make a delightful pair!"

Though Madeline laughed at the picture, and at other caricatures which it pleased the exuberant spirits of the young man to indulge in, it was not pleasant to hear Max ridiculed. To do her justice, she made some feeble show of indignation.

When Dick had gone, his words came back to her. Perhaps it was just possible that Max had changed in his feelings toward her; he certainly secluded himself almost constantly, under the plea of business. He had never been very demonstrative. Indeed, the reverence of his manner might be mistaken for coldness. He had often excused himself to her on account of preoccupation of mind, had told her that much of his time must be necessarily given to his profession; and, frequently reflecting on all this of late, the aspect of her feelings had changed.

"It would be a dull life," she said, thinking of the rosy hues of the world which Dick was so fond of picturing; "and he *is* older—fourteen years older—than I am. Still—I have not been quite honest."

She had not been honest at all, as she might have told herself, had she been more carefully trained; and even now she hated to be alone with her thoughts. The dark, serious face seemed ever before her, reproaching her, till an impetuous desire arose in her breast to seek Max and have it over—to make confession and find peace before she sought her pillow.

"I'll go now," she said, rising from the moon-lighted window. "Max always sits up late. If I wait till to-morrow, I cannot do it."

The gas was turned down in the passage, but Madeline made her way to the familiar door. She knew that room thoroughly, and all its belongings. At her knock a voice that sounded far away said, "Come in!" Madeline, fortifying her sinking heart with assumed indifference, entered.

He sat at the table—great folios opened before him. His face looked darker than ever in the deep shadow that closed over the circle of light made by the green shade above the gas. At sight of her a quick smile illuminated his countenance, though at the same time he sighed.

"Give me joy," he said; "I am almost through. Now come the printers, and then—— Why, child, how pale you are!" he added, in the same breath. He had not taken time to wonder as yet why she had come, and he motioned to lift the shade.

"Don't, please!" and she put out her hand; "I'd rather have it dark. I've—I've something to tell you," she said, brokenly, for her courage was failing her. He did move now; thrust aside his manuscripts; half-rose in his chair. All at once he was roused to the sense of some threatened trouble.

"Let me tell you in a word, Cousin Max—if I can. It's only honest to say—to say—that—you are not to think of me any more—only as a friend—and I cannot help it!" Her voice faltered and fell.

"Do you mean—no, you cannot mean that!—no, no; she cannot mean that!" And the smile came again as he stretched out his arms. It was a mute question—an appeal that she would come to him.

"No, I cannot, Cousin Max; I—I don't love you now," she faintly answered.

"Great God! what does she mean?" he asked, his face changing. "The dearest thing I have on earth—the very dearest—my love, my idol!"

Slowly, but not calmly, with face averted, she told him all.

He stood slightly leaning forward. The hand that supported his weight upon the massive library-table trembled—nay, shook—and it terrified her. Then he slowly sank down; his head fell upon his folded arms. He spoke not a word.

"Cousin Max!" she called twice, but he did not move.

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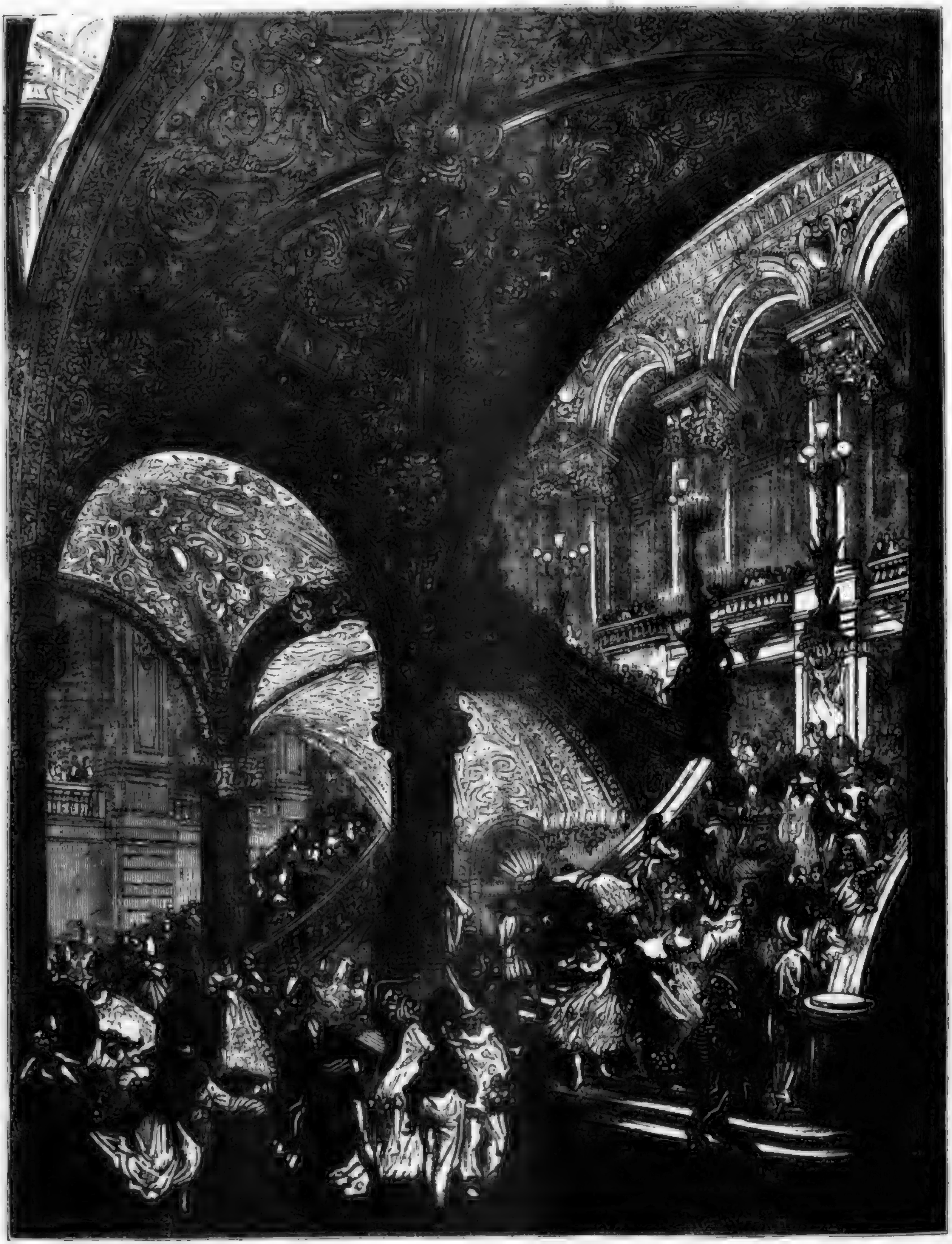
"Oh, you are angry with me!" she wailed, more troubled still.

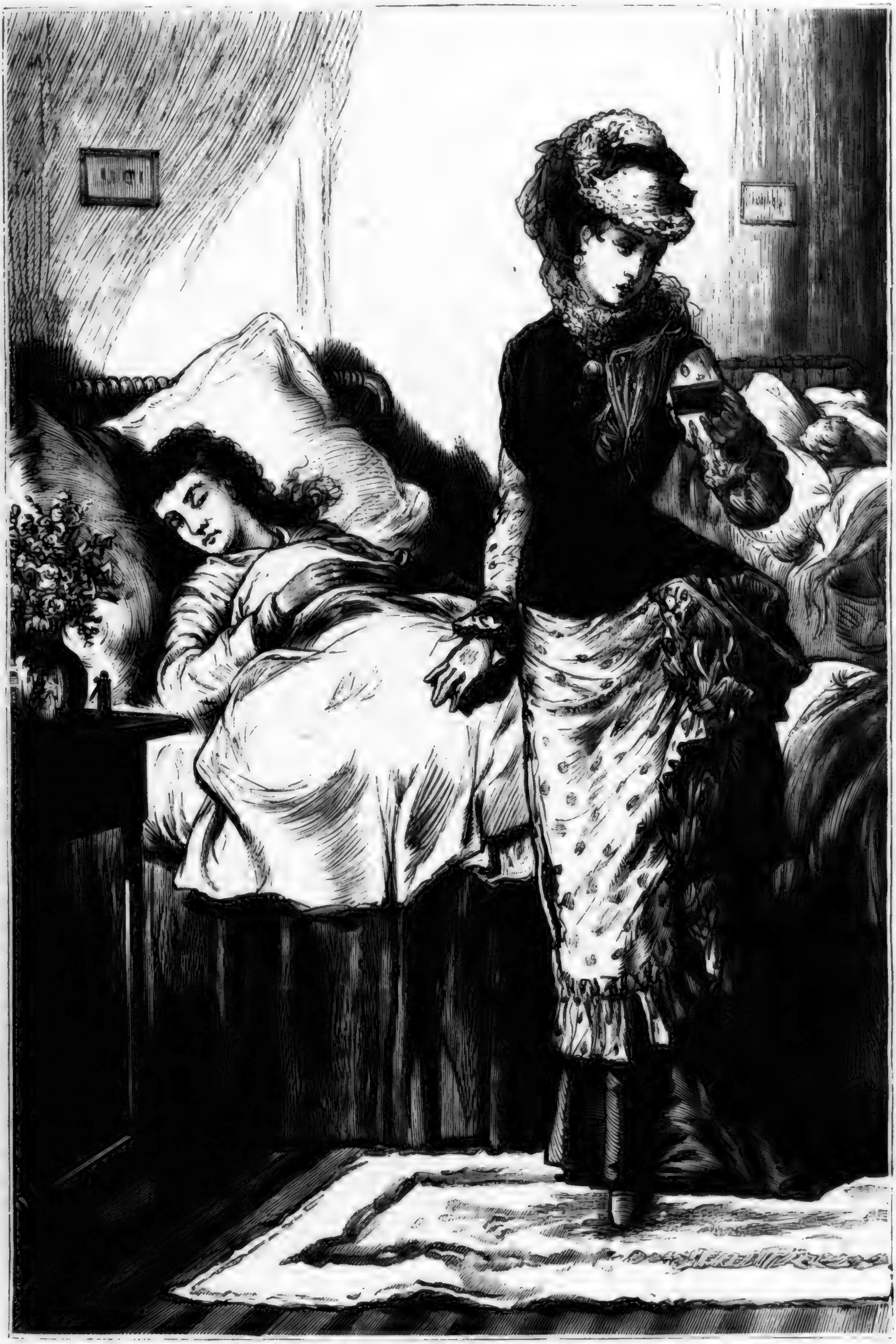
She had not looked for this. He spoke at last.

"No, not angry—not angry, child," he said; and she scarcely knew his voice, it was so vailed and choked. Then he lifted his head, and in his face was an anguish that had changed that also. Madeline could scarcely believe her own eyes. "We won't talk about it," he went on, and every word seemed an effort too much for him; "it would be useless now. If I had only known! but I did not. No good angel whispered to me. But no matter. Let it end. I am too proud to sue for what another has stolen—yes, basely stolen!" he added, with emphasis.

"But he did not know; how could he——"



BALL IN THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, PARIS.—SEE PAGE 208.



UNDER THE PAINTED WINDOW.—"HER COLOR WENT AND CAME AS SHE STOOD THERE, FORGETTING HER SURROUNDINGS, FOR ONE BRIEF MOMENT; THEN SHE SAID, WITH A PAINED, SURPRISED LOOK: 'RICHARD MAYO! WHAT CAN HE HAVE BEEN TO YOU?'"

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"Pardon, my child, but he did know," said Max, quietly, almost sternly. "Your father gave him to understand that fact from the first. Never mind, now. You love him, and we won't talk about it. As I said before, it would be utterly useless. Don't cry, Madeline; doubtless you could not help it. Women are weak, they say—it was not my theory; but I must be taught the hard, distasteful lesson. Madeline, good-by, and God bless you. You love another, but I shall love you to the day of my death!"

It was spoken as solemnly as if the end had indeed come, and Madeline left him, feeling crushed, humiliated and despondent—very little, indeed, like a heroine. Strangely enough, she thought of Dick almost with anger. He had been the cause of this dreadful quarrel—and could it be possible that he had known all along?

"Max trusted me," she sighed, as the haunting eyes seemed to follow her, "and I was not worthy of his confidence. What must he think of me?"

Aunt Grudy, when she heard that the match had been broken off, grew furious. She opened her fan with such angry vehemence that it split in three pieces.

"You'll rue it! you'll rue it! And for that puppy with the Spanish eyes to throw my Max over! For *him* to throw over that heart of gold! To ruin such a life! for, mark my words, Madeline Bruce, you have ruined Max Lieutner for life. Marry your popinjay—unfortunately I can't disinherit you, or I would. He will spend your money, and his own, too, when he gets it. I tell you he is a spendthrift by nature, and he has been worse. Many is the poor young man he has led into evil. I'm no Christian, Madeline Bruce, for I find it in my heart to hate you; but I will pray the Lord that your eyes may be opened in time—although it would serve you right if he married you and made you miserable. Madeline Bruce, get out of my sight! I thought you were different from other girls—the very fact that Max was fond of you made me think so. Go, marry that green gosling. I only wish Max could hate you as I do."

There was, on the whole, the prospect of a stormy passage for Madeline to her wedding-day. Her father was not pleased, and would not give his consent to her marriage for a year to come. In vain the youthful lover pleaded for a shorter probation. On this point Mr. Bruce was immovable. He was in no hurry to lose his only child, he said. If she had married Max, he would not have taken her out of the family.

He was uneasy and unhappy. Always, as a daughter, Madeline had been a loving and lovable creature; now it almost angered him that she should alternate between filial affection and her newly acquired interest in one who was so recently a stranger—one who had been a wild boy, too, Mr. Bruce soliloquized, though it was considered that he had sown his wild oats.

"But," added Bruce, *père*, "Max never had any wild oats to sow, and that's what I liked him for."

Max left the country, stipulating before he went that he did not care for any letters from home.

"Don't write me a word—I couldn't bear it," he said to Aunt Grudy.

She, poor soul, fell on his neck, or, rather, under it, for she was scarcely up to his shoulder, and, with her cap pushed first over her nose and then at the back of her neck, sobbed upon his bosom.

"Don't care for her, Max—don't, my dear, dear boy. Do try to forget her. She is a wicked, heartless little flirt. You will try, Max?"

"Yes, auntie; but remember I have loved her all my life," was his low reply.

"And so have I, the little adder! but I can feel her sting all the same. Oh, Max, my dear boy, to think that you should be driven from me, when I expected so much hap—hap—hap—piness, and I a poor old woman! It's not right—it can't be right!" and he had as much as he could do to free himself from her arms.

As soon as he had gone she took to her bed at once, and never left it for a month; true to her peculiarities, however, keeping her dressing-cap on all the time.

And so Madeline lost a treasure that was worth the winning and the keeping for a man who was both weak and selfish. For Dick was accustomed to homage since the day he had donned his first knickerbockers until the present time. He liked to be waited upon, to which liking his mother had accustomed him by a too fond devotion, and he would not have given up any indulgence that had grown a habit with him for the best wife that could be found.

One day a lady friend called upon Madeline just as the family carriage drove up to the door.

"I'm so sorry you are going out!" she said, after the girls had kissed.

"But it's nothing of consequence," Madeline made response. "I can wait till to-morrow."

"You see it's bouquet-day," said Miss Hatty Munson, "and Minnie Caspar is ill. She always accompanies me on our flower missions; and I thought, as you had never been to the Home, you might like to go with me."

"Oh, I should—that is, if I shall not see anything very dreadful," said Madeline.

"I promise you you shall not—only sick and convalescent people. There are no very bad cases."

"Then we will ride," said Madeline. "Are the flowers there?"

"Yes, the gardener carried them this morning. We shall be likely to be in time to distribute them ourselves."

The two girls were driven to the house which stood in the shadow of old Ascension, and was a plain, handsome structure of granite, like the church. Up the wide, clean staircase, through the corridors above, and then into the wards, Madeline followed her friend, who bore with her baskets filled with exquisite bouquets.

"You will take the left side," she said, in a low voice, to Madeline. "That is Miss Caspar's side. All you have to do is to give the bouquets to those who are strong enough to receive them. Where they are not, you will find little bouquet-holders, filled with water, by the bedside."

"And what shall I say to them?" queried Madeline, her lovely face as clear and sweet as the lilies blooming under her touch.

"Very little. Few of them ever talk. You can wish them good-morning—and if they ask after Miss Caspar, tell them she was sorry not to be able to be here."

Beautiful mission! that has come in with the awaking of tender susceptibilities, fairer meanings of the universal Gospel—brighter renderings of its spirit and teaching, this bearing flowers to the sick and afflicted; fitting companions to the cup of cold water which may moisten the fevered lip. These sweet messengers bring coolness and beauty to the weary eyes, and holy thoughts from God's gardens to the soul.

There was many a glance of gratitude as Madeline wended her way from cot to cot. The troubled eyes rested in wonder upon the delicate, rosebud face, for Miss Caspar was very plain, though lovely in character and beloved by them all.

"Oh, how sweet! "Oh, how beautiful!" resounded on all sides; but whether they meant Madeline or the flowers, who could tell? At last Madeline paused before a face that

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held in its wasted lineaments the impress of death. The eyes were intensely black, and flashed, even now, from under the straight, narrow brows. The skin, pale and shining, clung to the delicately cut features that had once been very beautiful.

"Ah, this is flower-day!" said a weak voice, but little above a whisper; "but you—you are a stranger."

"Miss Caspar could not come to-day; she is sick."

"God bless her!" murmured the quivering lips. "She has been very kind to me—and perhaps I shall never see her again."

"If you have any message," said Madeline, softly, for the sweet, wan face was very pathetic in its pallor, "I will give it her."

"Thank you. I have a message—a very short one. Say to her that I *have forgiven him.* She will know what I mean. When they told me I had but little longer to live, I wrote the name upon a card; she will understand. It is under my pillow. Will you kindly take it from there?"

Madeline lifted the pillow mechanically, took therefrom the card, and read—waking to sudden and painful consciousness—the name of the man to whom she had pledged her faith. Her color went and came as she stood there, forgetting her surroundings for one brief moment; then she said, with a pained, surprised look:

"Richard Mayo! What can he have been to you?"

The woman turned her face to the wall as the nurse came forward and signified that the patient must have rest.

Chatty and merry as ever, Hatty Munson, conscious of duty well performed, went down-stairs without a glance at Madeline; nor, till after she entered the carriage, did she notice the abstracted manner and pale cheeks of her friend.

"I am afraid you are fatigued," she said, kindly. "You are not accustomed to this kind of work."

Madeline answered with difficulty in the affirmative, and ordered the coachman to drive to the rectory, which was at some distance from the church.

"Oh, that will be delightful!" said Hatty. "Minnie is just ill enough to appreciate a pleasant visitation."

"But I want to see her alone," Madeline rejoined, not at all conscious of the rudeness, so preoccupied was she.

"Pardon me—then I will stop here," said Hatty, somewhat stiffly. "I have some shopping to do."

"You won't mind—pray let me take you home," said Madeline. "I have a message for Miss Caspar from one of the patients. Some time I will tell you. But, indeed, I did not mean to be so abrupt."

Her eyes were full of tears as she laid a detaining hand on her friend, and her face was so wistful that Hatty brightened at once.

"Of course not—it is all quite right, though I believe I will get out. Tell Minnie I'll call to-morrow; and, good-by."

Then Madeline was driven to the rector's house. She found Miss Caspar in her own room, and gave her errand and the card.

The invalid's cheek flushed painfully.

"Indeed, Miss Bruce, this is new to me," she said, with an effort.

"But, whatever it is, I ought to know," Madeline responded, in a low voice. "There can scarcely be two of the same name—in fact, he has often told me that he is the only living representative of the family name. If there is anything——"

She stopped short there, for the warning words of Miss Grudy seemed ringing in her ears.

"Yes; you ought to know."

Miss Caspar had cultivated a very distinct enunciation, and the words, as they came from her lips, filled the room like things tangible to the sight. Then, softening the narrative as much as possible, she related the history of the poor girl who had found it so hard to forgive. Her only brother, a handsome, intelligent lad, had come to the city, honest, and comparatively innocent. He had been led into temptation by a band of fast young men, of which Richard Mayo was the acknowledged leader. He had carried Dick to his country home, and the latter had professed to love his only sister—had, indeed, gone so far as to engage himself, and then had left her dishonorably.

"It was she you saw to-day," continued Miss Caspar. "Her brother, quite ruined by dissipation, died only a few months ago. That affliction caused the death of his old mother. And this girl, Rose, left utterly alone, came to the city to seek employment, was taken sick, brought to the Home, and there she will die. It is a sad story."

Madeline, as she listened, felt as if she had been one of the actors in a tragedy. If anything more was needed to give her surety of the fact, it was the look Dick Mayo fixed upon her, when she told him all in a few brief words.

"Al Bright—dead!" he exclaimed.

"They are all dead!" she answered; and her voice sounded like a dirge.

Explanations, protestations, passionate apologies—of what avail were they to one who had read the open book of Max Lieutner's manhood, and fondly fancied that other men were like him?

She turned from young Mayo, and there was no sort of indecision in the manner and the words which alike bereft him of all hope.

"Well, what's the matter now?" asked Miss Grudy, who had entered the room as Dick flung himself out of it, swearing between his teeth.

"Nothing," said Madeline, slowly, and speaking with an effort; "only I have given up Dick. Please don't say anything about it, auntie."

"But I will! What! you have broken another engagement? Do you take men's hearts for shuttlecocks? There—there! I didn't mean anything," she added, as Madeline burst into tears. "I was only thinking that folks would talk—but let 'em talk. To tell the truth, deary, I'd rather have followed you to your grave than married you to him. Kiss me, child. I'm delighted!"

There was the usual nine days' wonder. Madeline went on the even tenor of her way, changed from the pretty, thoughtless girl to the thoughtful, reasoning woman. She gave much of her time to her father, devoting every spare moment, indeed, to his needs.

A year passed. The world gave out that Miss Madeline Bruce had become religiously inclined, and would probably enter as a Sister in some one of the charitable Orders of the Church. She never saw Richard Mayo now, though he had gone almost from her side and engaged himself to the prettiest and most frivolous girl of her acquaintance, and a great heiress.

She might almost have forgotten Max but for the interest taken in him and his travels by her father; for, though the professor had forbidden his aunt to write to him, every month there came letters which Madeline had to read to her father, because of his failing eyesight.

And such letters! Transcripts of a mind lofty and pure in its idealizations, and true to its ideal; full of delicate imagery, and showing, in spite of visible efforts to the contrary, that the writer had suffered keenly, and still suffered, for a vein of sadness ran through them all.

Mr. Bruce talked of him by the hour. Madeline seldom

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mentioned his name; but how could she help contrasting the noble with the ignoble love—the tender, true life with that so disfigured with the sowing of wild oats?

Nearly two years had gone by.

Mr. Bruce was still an invalid, though he had benefited greatly by his daughter's ministrations. One day when Madeline was reading the daily paper aloud to her father, a strange knocking noise was heard along the staircase. Madeline hastened to open the door, and there stood Miss Grudy, panting, her cap awry, and numberless written pages fluttering from one hand, while with the other she held the cane that had aided her in hobbling up the hated stairs.

"There, I'm here! First time in ten years, and I hope it's the last. Every bit of breath gone out of my body!" she cried, as she sank into a chair. "But it's a penance I vowed to do when I got the news that has come this morning, and like a good Christian, I always keep my vows. What do you think? Max is nearly home—our Max!" and she fell to waving the paper and shaking the cane, by way of giving emphasis to her delight.

Yes, Max was coming.

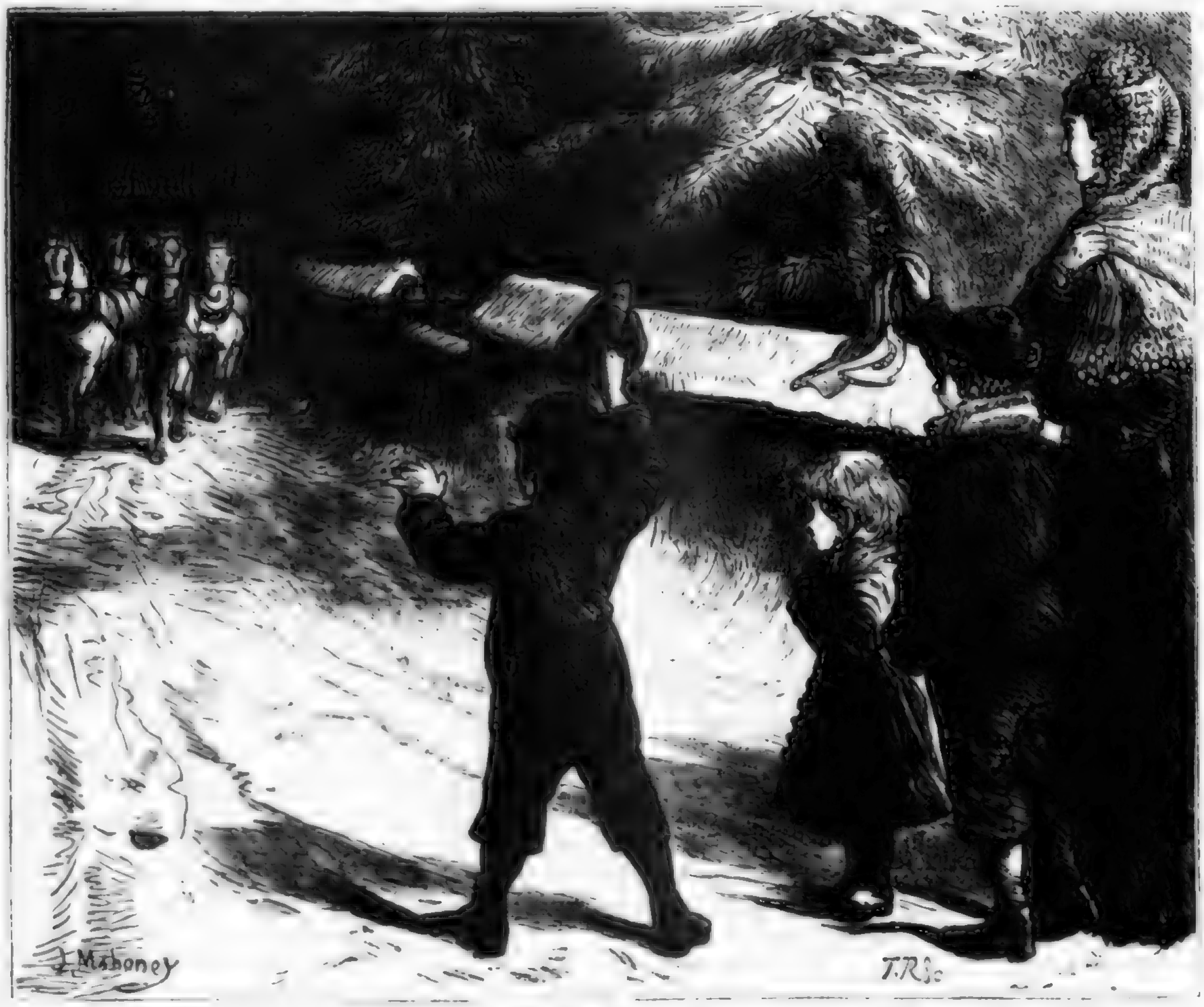
For one instant Madeline's heart throbbed as it never had before. He believed her married, long ago—he had conquered his old love—maybe he brought a wife with him. At all events, he had forgotten her, or he never would have come home—for so he had hinted in one of his letters. "When I have conquered myself, I shall come home."

"And he is a greater man than ever," ran on Miss Grudy. "They've given him medals, and invited him to palaces, and he has sat with kings—as he ought to. Nothing too good for my Max. He may be in the city now, for all I know—by the time we get the letter, he says, and that has been delayed."

Miss Grudy took her departure not long after, leaving Madeline thoughtful, and her father chatty and hopeful.

Then it happened that Madeline, who had not lost her taste for pure white fabrics, nor for flowers in lieu of jewels, went down-stairs a sweet, shining figure, with a face and presence ten times more beautiful than in the years agone; and it also happened that as she gained the foot, and the sunlight from that painted window poured its golden radiance over her hair and the floating white drapery, the door opened, and Max entered.

She could scarcely master the impulse to leap toward him. He had nearly rushed forward, but both controlled themselves—one with an angry resistance to a tenderness that he had thought dead long ago.



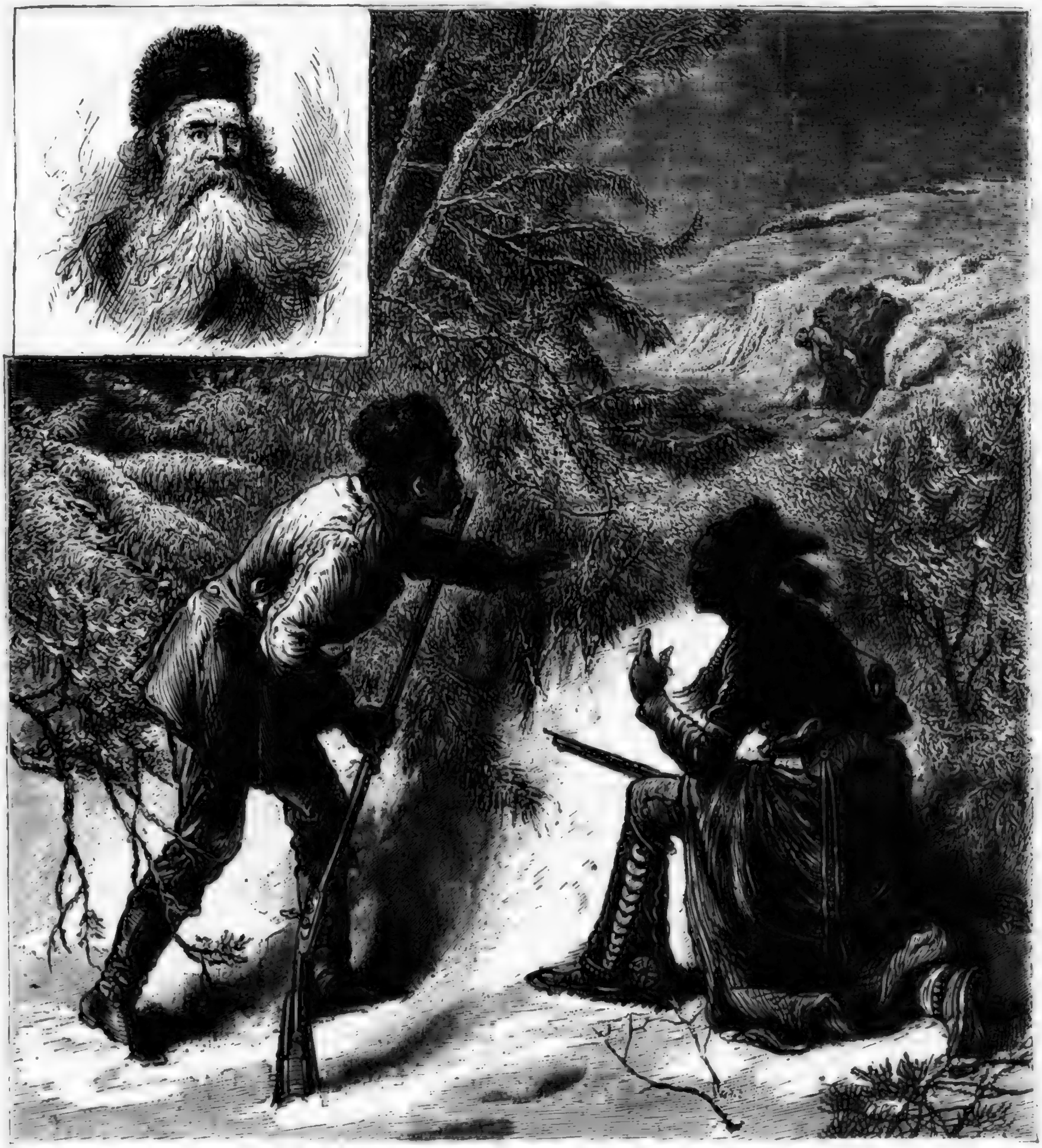
THE WELCOME STAGE.

"Madeline! Mrs. Mayo!" he said, coming with slow eagerness forward, and with outstretched hand.

"Madeline—but not Mrs. Mayo—or—Mrs. Anybody," she half sobbed. "Oh, Max!" and then he caught her to his bosom, half wild with the sudden shock of joy—for how could he help reading in her face, that which she tried in vain to conceal, that all these months she had been true to the love she knew now was the one love of her life?

Miss Grudy was performing a sort of triumphant dance behind the scenes, *i.e.*, back of the drawing-room door; for her keen eyes had been long ago opened to the real facts of the case.

And so there were wonders and questionings and suppositions enough following this glad return, but Madeline cared little for the opinions of the world outside. Her world was all within—beauty, strength, harmony, love. What more could she ask?



THE HERMIT'S PLOT.—"'NO, NO; LET OLE MAN BE. BAD MEDICINE, GO SHOOT ONE MAN WHILE HE BURY ANOTHER. YOU KILL HIM, DEN YOU SURE BE KILL NEXT.'"

THE HERMIT'S PLOT.

A TALE OF THE SIOUX FRONTIER.

"I NEVER killed a white man in all my life, and it's nigh on to twelve year since I drew a bead on a red one; but 'pears like as if I felt cur'ously ugly jist now. No, sir, Job Launt, you needn't think of goin' back into that thar business this Winter. Yer old blood ort to be cold enough by this time not to keer."

The speaker was evidently addressing himself, for there was no other living listener; and a strange enough audience he was for any man to talk to. Less than five feet high, but broad-shouldered, athletic, and not badly proportioned, his bushy white beard almost covered his wrinkled face, and shaggy masses of grizzled curls poured out from under his otter-skin cap, down over his very shoulders. Old—nobody could tell how old—yet erect and vigorous, and the white mustaches seemed to twirl perpetually in a sort of bitter smile, that suited well with the habitual and almost wolfish cunning of the little gray eyes.

But for all that, the face of old Job Launt, the Hermit, was one of the saddest faces a man ever looked into, and it was doubly mournful just now, as he gazed angrily down upon the ruin of humanity before him.

There was no other living listener, and the dead do not hear; but the bloody mass at the feet of old Job Launt had been a man an hour or so before.

"It's nobody but Whisky Sikes, and I wonder what ill-will they had agin him?" continued Job. "He's no loss to the settlement, and least of all to his own folks. All the red devils got out of him was his good-for-nothing gray scalp and his gun—but then, that was a good one. I wish I knowed, sartin sure, if that thar cussed half-breed was a-playin' into their hands; and I'll bet he is. Wall, no, you mustn't do any bettin', old Job; that belongs to yer old murderin' days—that is, if it's murder to kill Injins when you've got a count of blood to make up. You made up yours clean and squar, you did, and you'd better not take on another job o' that sort. What's more, Aleck Sanders is half white. Yer a good shot, Job Launt, but how'd ye go to work to put a ragged hole through the Injin half of him, an' not shoot daylight into the white part? Somebody ort to try it on—Bill Manton, or somebody else—but don't you do it. You'd better do up yer sexton work, if it's only to spite the wolves, and then you go for the village."

The bitter Winter day—for it was still March—was drawing to a close that threatened a stormy night, and Job Launt set about the dismal task before him with an energy that spoke well for his toughened sinews, while the charity of it belied the now all but ferocious bitterness of his grim visage.

A chasm in the rocks on the hillside was speedily selected, and into this Job bore the poor remains that redskin savagery had left of Whisky Sikes. Even if the snow had not been so deep, the flinty hardness of the frozen soil would have prevented the preparation of any other sepulchre, then and there; and the heavy flat stones and fragments of trees with which Job closed the chasm were an abundant safeguard against four-footed wolves, now that the biped ones had done their work.

The task to which Job Launt had set himself had been by no means devoid of peril, since he could not guess how near or far might be the destroyers of the vagabond hunter he was burying; but he seemed to have no thought of fear, only muttering to himself at the end of his work:

"Nigh on to twelve year since I come up yer among the rocks, and every Winter I've covered up a man like that, jest a leetle before Spring. Twelve's a round number. Thar's luck in twelve. Does it mean thar won't be any more? Or does it mean we're about ready for the next dozen? Or does it mean that my stint is about done? Can't tell edzactly, but I wouldn't mind makin' it a baker's dozen if I could have my pick of Aleck Sanders to wind up with—leastways, the Injin half of him."

Destitute as he was of merely personal fear, the queer old forest-sexton might scarcely have toiled so steadily if he could have heard a low-voiced conversation that was going forward at that very moment within long rifle-range of him, among the shadows of some hemlock saplings.

"No, no; let ole man be. Bad medicine, go shoot one man while he bury another. You kill him, den you sure be kill next."

The speaker was unmistakably a Sioux brave in his war-paint, but the man whose arm he had seized and to whom he was urging his superstitious philosophy might almost have passed for a white man of the rough-and-ready frontier sort.

A practiced observer, indeed, would have suggested, "Half-breed, most likely"—and such he was. But Aleck Sanders was just the person to be touched by such an argument as his companion used. No Indian on the border could have had a keener dread of what he called "bad luck" and the red man's "bad medicine."

His reply, therefore, was simply:

"Reckon you're right, and thar's bad luck in meddling with such a feller as old Job, anyhow. All I'm afeard of is that he'll go and stir up the settlement about it."

"Den, what for you shoot oder man?" sharply replied the warrior. "No hurry for one 'calp. Git 'em all in few days. Own fault, I say."

"Wall, Yaller Wolf, it's no use you and me quarreling. They won't make no great fuss over Whisky Sikes, and I reckon I kin fix it. I'll make 'em believe old Job shot him for comin' up yer among his rocks. They don't like him any too well, nohow, and half of 'em's afeard as death of him."

"All right, den," more cordially responded Yellow Wolf. "Me understand. You watch close. Tell all dey do, so we catch 'em. Den you hab squaw—hab what want. Yellow Wolf and Sioux braves take all de rest."

The nature of the bargain was reasonably clear, and in a few moments more the two had said their say and separated, for old Job Launt had finished his sexton-work, bound on his snowshoes, and disappeared among the rocks and trees, his two enemies did not seem to care whither.

The Yellow Wolf made a reasonably straight path toward the hill-ranges to the northward, while his half-white fellow-conspirator strode rapidly away in a nearly opposite direction.

"Yes," he growled, as he pushed forward, "I'll have my squaw, as he calls her, but I want a scalp or two on my own account. I'd never feel safe, even among the Sioux villages, so long 's thar was any risk of Bill Manton creeping around arter Sally. He wouldn't let up so long 's thar was breath in him, Bill wouldn't."

A brawny, rather heavily built fellow was Aleck, with a good deal of clumsy, ungainly strength of frame, his size bringing to notice the one remarkable thing about him, and that was, oddly enough, his head.

Too big?

No; on the contrary, although the dark, strongly marked features were by no means irregular, nor, at first sight, repulsive, the head of Aleck Sanders was apparently too small for his body. The neck was short and strong, but the black-haired, thin-bearded skull moved only too readily and restlessly, and the fiery, penetrating eyes wandered rapidly in all directions, as if "looking for game." It might be merely a hunter's habit.

Aleck's eyes and head were more than usually restless just now, and he muttered to himself:

"If I only knowed which way that confounded old hermit had took himself! I'd go for his trail if I had time to spare, but I reckon the quicker I git down to Squire Van Lennep's and put in my say agin him, the better it'll be for all consarned."

And yet, if Aleck had only known exactly the route old Job had taken, and just where he was at that very moment, his black eyes might have snapped even more viciously than they did.

The moment the strange old man turned away from the spot where the forest tragedy had been enacted, he had glided away over the frozen snow-crust with a speed that was marvelous for one of his age and size, and that sent his white beard and grizzled locks floating out behind him on the keen wind that was now beginning to whistle among the pines.

It was not long before this swift progression brought him out on the brow of the hill overlooking the deep, broad valley, dotted here and there with extensive clearings where the strong-armed settlers were turning into wheat-fields and pasture-land one of the best hunting-grounds of the Yanktonnais and Sioux.

It was no wonder the savages forgot their solemn treaties, at times, when they saw what was coming in consequence, or if they longed to change the peaceful columns of "fireside smoke" that curled from the scattered chimneys into the denser and blacker tokens of their own destroying presence.

Up to the present time, indeed, various circumstances, including the rifles of the settlers, had kept the red men in check, but the Yellow Wolf himself had now determined that "No corn grow in Shelter Hill Valley dis year"; and there was no reality in the apparent peace and safety upon which Job Launt looked down.

Only a moment, however, did the dwarfish hermit pause to look, and the next he was gliding down the steep declivity as only men on snowshoes can, avoiding trees and rocks with a dexterity that had something almost "uncanny" in it, and seeming to know every inch of the way as if it had been a fenced road.

Nor was it any great length of time before old Job was compelled to slacken speed and climb first one fence and then another, and then he actually was in a "fenced road," and one, moreover, the well-beaten track in the centre of which declared its constant use by the sleigh-loving settlers. It was, indeed, the highway from Shelter Hill Valley to the clustered mills and stores and homesteads which were fast gathering a town around the military post, some twenty odd miles away; and there were light-built "cutters" to come and go over it, as well as "wood sleighs," and mountainous loads of wheat in sacks.

Job's first movement was to stoop and unbind his snowshoes, as not likely to serve his turn on such a track, and then he seemed almost in doubt which direction to take.

Then there came a quick, jingling, merry sound of sleigh-bells down the road, and Job stood as still as a statue as it drew momentarily nearer.

Merry and frolicsome and jingling, in spite of the threatening weather, the musical bells rang out on the frosty air, and in a minute or so they came joyously around the turn of the road, borne by a spanking pair of dark bay horses, in front of a light but somewhat long-boxed sleigh.

"Bill Manton and Sally Van Lennep!" grumbled the hermit; "and mighty quiet-lookin' they are, I'd say. Reckon they're on thar way home, and that'll jest bring me to the squire's in a hurry."

So saying, he stepped out into the middle of the road, and shouted, in a shrill, hoarse voice:

"Hold up, Bill—hold up!"

The smoking bays were promptly pulled in, and the deep tones of a man, not in the best of humor, apparently, responded:

"Hullo, Job! is that you? Whar did you drop from?"

"Never you mind whar I dropped from," sharply returned Job; "I'm gwine to git into your sleigh, and I want you to drive me to Squire Van Lennep's about as quick as you know how. I 'most wish you had a fast team to do it with, but these yer plow-hosses'll have to do, seeing they're all you've got."

Job had suited the action to the word, with impish agility, and Manton had to turn in his seat to get the benefit of the malicious grin with which the hermit uttered the slur upon his bay trotters.

Far from taking offense, however, the young settler scarcely seemed to notice Job's remark, and said, with a good deal of earnestness, as he again whipped up his bays:

"I'll land you anywhere you say, but I want a bit of a talk with you. I've been wondering for a fortnight how I could make out to fasten eyes onto you."

"Very well, then; now you've found him, if I'm in the way, I'll get out."

This last remark, in a half-piqued, half-roguish voice, came from the bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked brunette who sat by the side of Bill Manton, and Job answered her:

"Not if I kin help it, you won't. Time was when I was better-looking than Bill himself, but I can't spare any one of ye jest now. Whip up, Bill; mebbe we haven't any too much time to spare, and Sally may hear all I've got to say, if she'll agree not to tell anybody."

"Oh, it's a secret, is it?" exclaimed Sally. "Then, of course, I won't get out, for I want to hear every word of it."

Bill Manton was looking singularly grave for a fellow of his apparent character. As tall as Aleck Sanders, he was broader and better proportioned, and his kindly brown eyes looked as if they would kindle into a smile or a laugh on the very slightest provocation. His clear-cut and sun-browned features were under a species of cloud, as if some things were going wrong with him, and his mouth seemed to shut like a steel-trap behind his yellow mustaches.

"I'm afraid, Sally," he said, "that it will be very necessary for you to keep this secret, even from Aleck Sanders."

"And why do you say that?" exclaimed Sally, with a quick flash in her black eyes and a quiver of her ruby lips. "Who is Aleck Sanders, that I should tell him? and what do you mean by throwing his name in my face?"

There was a gleam of intelligence in Job's withered features, and he said to himself:

"Been quarreling, have they? Wall, I wouldn't blame Bill if he did quarrel with a gal that spoke to Aleck in the same day she spoke to him. Gals is cur'ous critters, though, and it don't do to boss 'em too much."

But Bill replied, steadily and gravely:

"It's all your own fault, Sally. I'd rather never mention his name at all, and I wish the settlement was well rid of him, and of everybody like him. Job Launt, we haven't any time to spare, for the plow-hosses, as you call 'em, are going free. Tell me if you've seen any Indian sign in the woods."

"Heaps of it," sententiously replied Job.

"I reckoned as much," said Bill. "We've been out on the road six or seven miles, and thar was two places whar I got my eyes on snowshoe-tracks. Not yours, either one of 'em."

"How many men?" asked Job.

"Two," said Bill; "and, in one place, both were Indians, if I know the difference."

"And how about the other?" said Job, with a look of keen curiosity.

"It had a kind of a white look about it," said Bill, cautiously; "but then, a feller can't always tell."

"Did it slide a little heavy on the left foot?" asked Job, "and did it cut the crust a little on the inside edge?"

"Just so," said Bill. "Why, have you been on that same trail?"

"Wall, I jest have," said Job, with a gleam of almost malicious triumph in his eyes; "and I know who made it. I know one thing more, too."

"What's that?" exclaimed Bill.

"I know I found Whisky Sikes, dead and scalped, up among the rocks, three miles this side of my place."

"But, do you know who killed him?" hoarsely responded Bill; and Sally's face was pale as ashes when she leaned forward to hear the answer.

"Was it the Sioux?" she asked.

"It was, and it wasn't," replied the grim old hermit, evasively. "But yonder's the squire's, and I won't say any more till I've told him the hull story."

In a moment more the jingle of the bells ceased, as the swift trotters were drawn up before a house of unusually ample proportions for that day and region, and a big, burly, fine-looking old farmer stood by the door, with a most ample welcome in his face and greeting.

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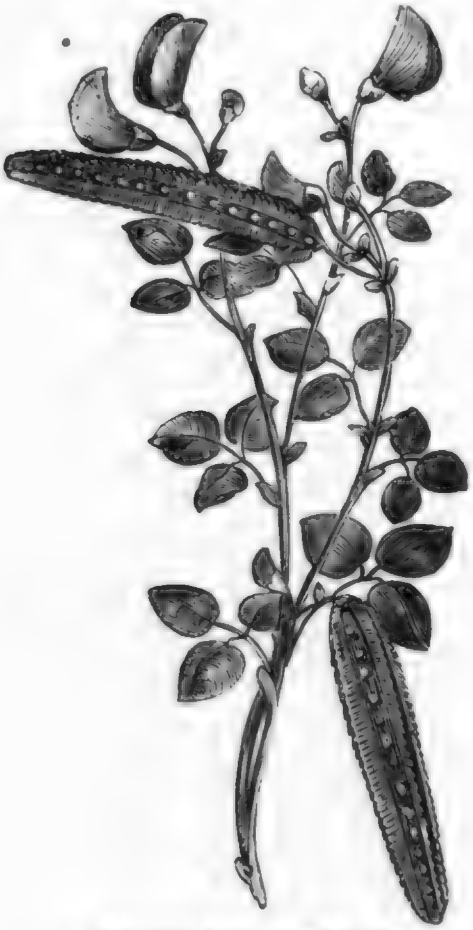


AN EGYPTIAN PEA.— SEE PAGE 234.

Sally Van Lennep sprang from the sleigh without waiting for Bill to help her, and barely paused to give her father a hasty kiss as she darted past him into the house.

Bill Manton was slower in his movements, and scarcely added a word to the rapid exchange of half-civil, half-bitter "chaff" which Job Launt was exchanging with the squire.

His horses first attended to, the young man strode thoughtfully in, accompanied by the hermit, and the squire followed him with the air of a man who knows there is something unusual on hand, and can't begin to guess what it may be.

The Van Lennep homestead was large and solidly built, mingling hewn logs with sawed lumber; but it did not by any means approach the proportions of the enormous barn that stood behind it. It was likely the barn might be empty now, since the huge stacks of straw near it declared that the squire's wheat had been threshed out. It had been marketed as well; and thereupon depended more than they knew for the good people of Shelter Hill Valley.

Inside the house, in a little snuggery beside the kitchen, which the squire called his "office," and used as such, he and his two guests were in deep consultation, a few moments later. Job Launt had done most of the talking thus far, and now the squire interposed, in a deep, strong voice, that was not without a tremor of emotion:

"Can you tell me how strong they are?"

"Of course not," said Job; "but Yellow Wolf's own band numbers over a hundred braves, and he will have plenty to help him. Sure of that."

"Any idea when they mean to come?" asked Bill Manton.

"I wouldn't have it, if it wasn't for one thing," said the hermit.

"What's that?" asked the squire.

"They know just what's going on in the settlement," said Job, excitedly. "'Pears like I can jest read 'em right through. This yer big quiltin'-bee o' your'n, squire, it's to-morrow night, ain't it?"

"Yes," responded the squire.

"And yer mean to have yer big barn packed full, and you'd never 'a' thought of being ready for a fight with double yer number of Yankton Sioux, did you?" sharply inquired the hermit.

"That's it!" exclaimed Bill Manton, bounding from his seat, "or they could take us when we were scattered to go home. They could scalp every able-bodied man, a'most, and have the whole settlement at their mercy. Why, thar wouldn't be a house left standing by daylight next morning."

"But how should they know about the quilting, so plumb and certain?" asked the squire. "Thar hasn't been a redskin in as far as this since January."

"How'd they know!" said Job. "Wall, I reckon I kin tell ye, only I ain't quite so sure as I wish I was. D'ye see that thar bullet? Do ary one of ye know whose gun it came out on?"

As he spoke, the old man held out a ragged bit of lead that had been a small, conical rifle-bullet, of a somewhat unusual style.

"I don't know," replied the squire. "Do you?"

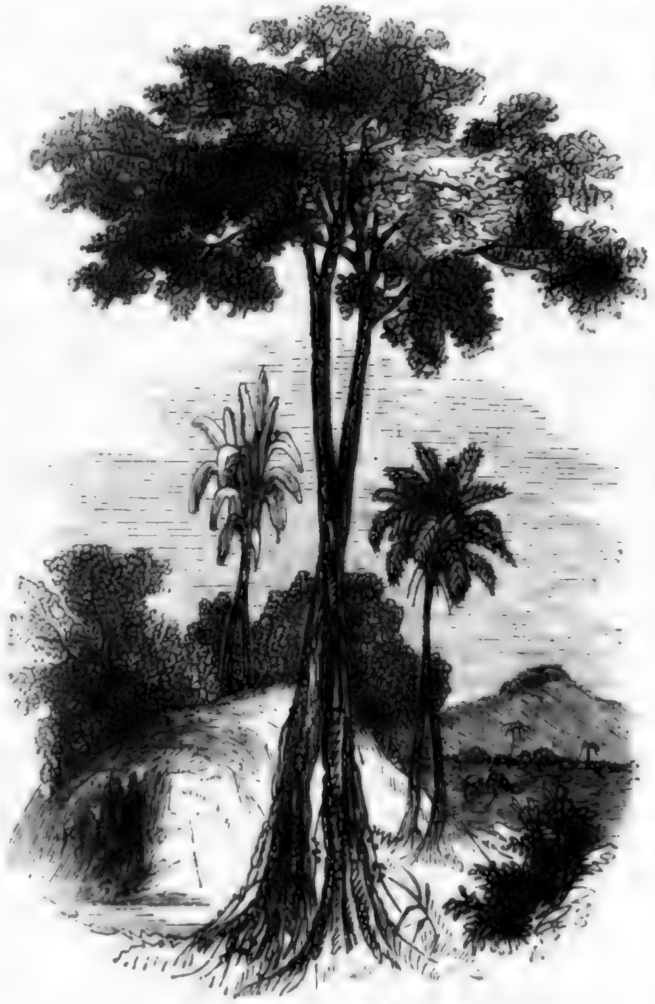
But Bill Manton's face turned a shade or so paler, and he merely nodded at Job, as much as to say:

"I understand—I thought so."

"Wall, squire," continued the hermit, "that thar ugly chunk is what has fetched me to the settlement, for the first time in over six months."

"How's that?" asked the squire.

"Why, Squire Van Lennep, that thar bullet has been clean through the heart of old Whisky Sikes this yer very day. It lodged into the buckskin on his left arm, and I



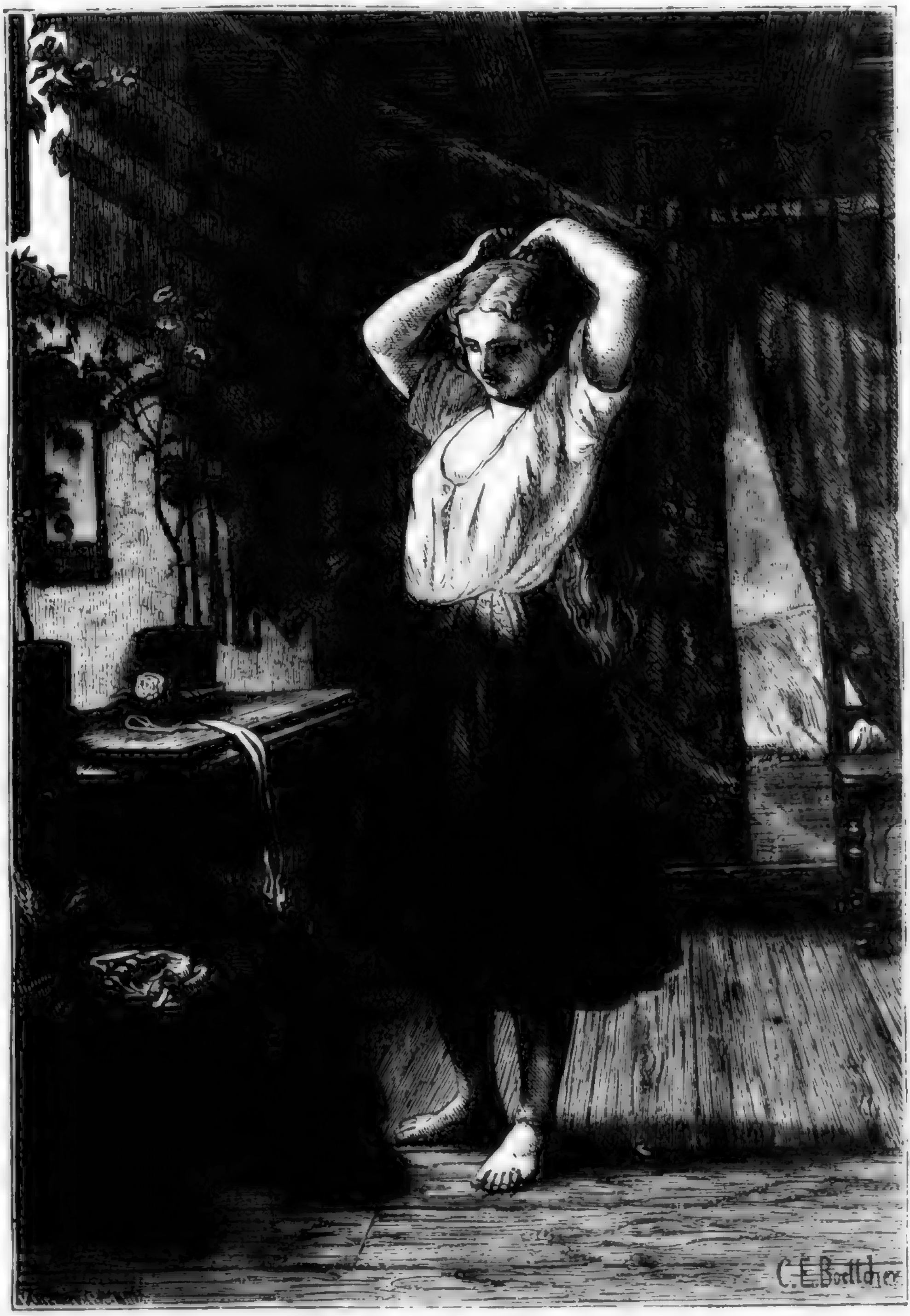
THE UPAS-TREE.—SEE PAGE 234.

picked it out afore I buried him. He was dead and cold when I found him, and I come down to let you know about it, 'cause the feller that fired that bullet had a Sioux warrior right alongside of him when he fired."

"And who was it?" asked the now excited squire.

Before Job could answer, however, the kitchen-door of the snuggery was swung open, and the voice of Sally said, uneasily:

"Father, here's Aleck Sanders says he must see you at once on business of great importance. I didn't tell him who was with you."



THE VILLAGE MAID'S TOILET.

"Please do not, then," whispered Bill. "Job, thar's something up, now, sure's you live. Jump out the side-door here with me. Aleck mustn't git a sight of you just yet."

The action was suited to the word, and it was clear by the twinkle of the black eyes that the squire could be trusted with his share of what was going on. In a moment more Aleck Sanders was shown into the "office," and found Sally's father all alone.

The door was shut close behind him, and Aleck was quickly all absorbed in the business which had brought him; but he would have done well to have taken his snow-shoes along, instead of hanging them by the door as he came into the kitchen. Just now Sally Van Lennep was curiously watching the two men, who were examining those very snow-shoes.

"Don't you see, Bill," said Job Launt, "the left one's wore the most, 'specially on the inside runner, whar he leans onto it? I could foller him all day by that very mark on the crust. You know that bullet was made in his mold, and came out of his rifle. Wonder what he's come over yer arter?"

"Some deviltry or other," said Manton. "Anyhow, I move we don't let him know we suspect him. Reckon he'd better not so much as know you're here. 'Spose you go and wait in the barn till I call you?"

"All right," said the hermit, with a malicious leer of intelligence, as he darted away on the instant.

The moment he had disappeared, Sally Van Lennep came forward exclaiming.

"Now, Bill Manton, I think you are too bad. I'm sure there's something serious going on, and I can't bear to trifle. Won't you tell me?"

"Sally," said Bill, gloomily, "I wish you were always minded not to trifle. There are some things a man can't bear to have said to him, and those are the very things you seem to think it's fun to say sometimes."

"But I take it all back," said Sally, half archly.

"You can't exactly do that," responded the young man. "Some things won't come back when you call 'em. I wish you'd never seen Aleck Sanders!"

"Now, Bill Manton, you are one of the greatest fools I ever saw!" exclaimed Sally, with a flushed face, and a lip that was beginning to quiver a little. "I don't know what to say to you, and I won't say one word about him, good or bad."

"Neither will I, then," said Bill; and just then the door of the snuggery opened, and the squire came out, followed by Aleck, whose face wore a singular expression, half of triumph and half of doubt, mingled with more than a little of fierce vindictiveness.

"I've just made out a warrant," said the squire, "for the arrest of Job Launt, for the murder of John Sikes. Aleck Sanders swears to have witnessed the deed, and I have deputed him to serve the warrant, with such help as he can get. Do you want to go with him, Bill Manton?"

"Is he right off for old Job's place, among the rocks?" asked Bill.

"Wall, yes, I am just that," growled Aleck; "but I won't want any man's help to bring in a feller like Job Launt. Least of all, I don't want any of Bill Manton's help, or company either."

"You wouldn't get it, if you did," quietly responded Bill; but if any words of a more bitter sort were on his lips, he managed to restrain them, and Aleck seemed to have no desire to prolong the conversation.

He picked up his rifle and his snowshoes, muttering that there was no time to lose on a job such as that, and strode out of the house.

Sally had suddenly disappeared, and Aleck had no opportunity for a good-by word with her. He seemed to be off at once for the woods and the haunts of old Job, judging by the direction he took.

"Come into the office," said Squire Van Lennep to Bill Manton; and as soon as the door was shut behind them, he asked: "Well, now Aleck's out of the way, tell me all about it."

"Well," said Bill, "Aleck shot Whisky Sikes himself. We've got the mark of his snowshoes, and the very bullet he did it with. Thar was an old grudge betwixt them."

"I know that," impatiently exclaimed the squire; "but how about the Sioux?"

"I haven't the shadow of a doubt that old Job is right, and they have planned to turn the quilting to-morrow night into a scalping-bee instead. They git all their information from Aleck. He had one of them in company when he shot poor Sikes. They'll strike here first, because everything'll be easy enough after that."

"I see—I see!" said the old squire, a little nervously, in spite of his half-century on the frontier. "And now, what do you reckon we'd better do? Aleck's no suspicion that we've smelt danger, but we sha'n't see any more of him."

"Not till to-morrow night," said Bill, "and Job Launt's head is as good as anybody's I know of; but I'd give something if 'twas all over. Now for my part!"

There were strong and ready hands within easy call of such a man as Squire Van Lennep, and all he asked of any man was to keep up with him while he did "his part."

Just now, however, the squire's work had a good deal that was peculiar in it, and from time to time, as he went on with it, his lips would open with a mutter of some kind about Job Launt, and "follerin' the old hermit's advice."

"But I reckon we'll see him then, if thar's a good light, unless he paints Indian."

The conference between the two was long and earnest, and at the end of it Job Launt was summoned from the barn, Bill Manton's bay trotters were unhitched, and the two set off in different directions, with just this word at parting:

"Mind, now, Job, every man in the settlement must be on hand."

"Need 'em all, Bill."

For a moment or so Squire Van Lennep stood and looked after them, muttering:

"I reckon it's the only thing to do."

It could scarcely be that he was having so many holes cut and bored and "plugged up again" in the sides of his house and barn as a preparation for any ordinary "quilting," and even Sally Van Lennep herself began to comprehend the nature of the "serious business" which Bill Manton had refused to explain to her.

Meantime, while these things were going forward at the Van Lennep homestead, Bill and Job had driven and ridden fast and far, briefly explaining their errand and plan to the sturdy riflemen whom their summons brought to the doors of the cabins, or whom they chanced to meet in the path or forest or clearing.

All the rest of that day and all night the faithful messengers went on, and the following day at noon they were still in motion, still each alone, but now at last on foot, and evidently returning from "finished work."

Old Job, with a step as light and springy as that with which he had set out the day before, had made his way to a huge, gnarled oak-tree that stood at a cross-road near the foot of the hill down which his snowshoes had borne him so swiftly.

"Reckon he'll be yer before any great while," he muttered; "but it's a good time o' day to keep under kiver, 'cordin' to my notion. Here goes!"

And, suiting the action to the word, the queer old fellow clambered up the rugged trunk, and seemed to find himself so good a hiding-place among the twisted boughs, that no man on the ground would have suspected his presence.

Scarcely had he done so, however, before his quick ears caught the sound of approaching footsteps from at least two different directions. In a moment more, too, he became aware that the two who were coming saw each other, although not himself, and he huskily whispered:

"Somethin's comin' now. Look sharp, Job; keep yer eye on the redskin. Aleck won't think of takin' hold of Bill Manton."

And yet there they were, Bill and Aleck, steadily advancing toward each other, as if they had met by appointment.

The face of the latter was drawn and menacing in its expression, while the brawny young settler had evidently made up his mind about something. Both were well armed, but neither made any hostile movement until they stood face to face under the oak.

"Bill Manton!" exclaimed the half-breed, "whar's Job Launt?"

The answer did not come in words only, but a square blow between the eyes, straight from the shoulder, was followed by:

"P'r'aps that'll teach ye to lie about me agin to Sally Van Lennep!" and Aleck Sanders measured his length upon the snow, while his gun flew out of his hand.

He struggled instantly to regain his feet, but before he could do so his ears and those of his assailant were saluted by the almost simultaneous reports of two rifles near at hand.

Bill Manton felt a sharp sting on his right side, but at the same instant Job Launt seemed to drop from the air above him, exclaiming, as he alighted on his feet:

"Mark one for me! I hit him in the throat, so he couldn't yell. That's the way I allers did. Hurrah, Bill; thar's more on 'em comin', you bet, and we'd better make tracks."

"Job Launt, you're my prisoner!" shouted Aleck Sanders, as he came once more to a perpendicular; but the words were scarcely out of his mouth before he again went over flat, and this time it was not Bill Manton's hand that struck him.

"Job Launt!" exclaimed Bill, "I never seed a man could handle his feet like you can!"

"Shut up and run!" was the ungracious answer. "Don't you hear that whoop? Them crow-calls didn't come from any bird's throat, neither. Come on, I say, and leave him where he is. I've smashed the lock of his gun."

The amazed half-breed had risen only to a sitting

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posture by the time the two friends had fairly disappeared among the trees, but his ears could catch the now fast-approaching signals as well as Job's had.

The first object that caught his eyes, however, brought him up with a bound, and he sprang forward some fifty paces to where, by the side of the log behind which he had been lurking, the body of a Sioux brave, in his war-paint, lay still struggling in a prolonged death-agony.

It was the victim of Job Launt's fatal shot from the tree, and the empty weapon that he clutched so tightly accounted for the double report.

"Wonder if he barked either on 'em?" said Aleck. "Hope he did. Anyhow, Yaller Wolf and the rest can't be far away now."

Near enough they were, indeed, and there had been more than one Sioux witness of the collision between their half-breed spy and his white enemies. The wonder, to their minds, was that his life had been spared at all, and they took it as an indication that their own plans were as yet unknown, however their presence might be.

It was this, perhaps, which prevented any immediate rush on the trail of Job Launt and his friend, who were now making the best of their way for Squire Van Lennep's.

"Job," said Bill, as they sprang over the fence into the road, "take a look at my right side. It don't hurt much, but it's bleeding some."

"Hit you, did he?" said the hermit, with a quick shadow on his half-malicious features. "Then I'm sorry I didn't kill Aleck Sanders—leastwise, the Indian half of him."

In a moment more, however, the old man had finished his examination, evidently knowing very well what he was about, and he exclaimed:

"All right, Bill; it's a nice little rake along yer ribs, but it won't amount to nothin' at all. Pretty stiff to-morrow, I reckon, but it won't keep ye from fightin' hard today. You won't be as good for a long run, though, and I'm glad them red devils ain't any closer. Hullo! thar's a sleigh coming."

One of the neighbors, sure enough, bound for the "quilting," and glad to give Job and Bill a lift; but every man and woman in the sleigh—two of the former and three of the latter—was armed with rifle or double-barreled gun, in a way quite remarkable for even a frontier merry-making.

"Jest hide them shootin'-irons in the bottom of the sleigh," said Job Launt. "We don't want the cussed critters to smell what we're up to."

The team that dragged that sleigh were only "plow-hosses," but they did very well, considering. It was evident, as they drew near the squire's house, that the gathering was already considerable for so thinly settled and scattered a population as that of Shelter Hill Valley; but very few human beings were to be seen, nevertheless.

"Did you ever see such a lot o' sleighs?" exclaimed Job. "But they must get 'em closer in. We mustn't leave 'em out thar for the Sioux to sneak and shoot behind."

Once inside the house, and all things wore a different aspect. There were women and children enough, old and young, but even the latter seemed to have put on a serious look, and there was no "quilting" at all going forward.

Out at the barn there was pretty much the same state of affairs, and Job said to Squire Van Lennep:

"Wall, now, squire, what with one sort and another, thar's nigh onto sixty guns, male and female, and most on 'em right down good ones."

"But what if the Sioux don't come, after all?" asked the squire.

"Wall, that mought be all right," said Job; "thar may be enough on 'em to scalp us all, in spite of the best we kin do. Then, agin, they may hesitate a leetle. I had to shoot one myself, risin' an hour ago."

"Did you?" said the squire.

"I did," said Job. "I would not ha' done it, but he was drawin' a straight bead on Bill Manton, an' I had to shoot an' spile it."

"Aiming at Bill! Did he hit him?" exclaimed the squire.

"Wall, yes, he did hit him, but he ain't hurt bad, and I fetched him right along with me to the house."

Whether or not there was any intentional malice in the way the little hermit told his story to the listeners at the barn, or whether he knew who heard him, would have been difficult to guess from his wooden features; but one fair face near by turned deadly pale as he spoke, and one pair of rosy lips parted in a sharp exclamation of pain.

The next moment, and Sally Van Lennep was darting across the well-trodden snow toward the house; and in another, Bill Manton was astonished by a clasp of arms around his neck, and an anxious voice crying:

"Oh, Bill, are you hurt?"

"Why, no, Sally, I ain't hurt a bit! Who told you so?"

"Job Launt!" exclaimed the abashed and wounded girl, in a quick revulsion of feeling. Her hands were before her blushing face now, and the tears were coming through her fingers.

That was enough, and more than enough, for Bill Manton; and he, too, forgot the presence of all others, as he said, in a tone of voice that Sally Van Lennep understood:

"Wall, yes, Sally; I did get a bullet across my side, but it don't amount to anything. Two or three inches to the left, now, and you'd have been clean rid of me; but as it is, I've come back to help you fight off the Sioux."

Sally's hands were down again, as if there were something marvelously reassuring in the fact that Bill had actually been in danger, and been wounded; and she replied:

"Oh, I'm so glad you are here!"

"Aleck will be here, too," said Bill, in a low voice.

"I hope not!—I do—indeed, I do!" exclaimed Sally. "We shall do better without him."

"Perhaps so," said Bill; "for he'll come with the red-skins when they come. I don't reckon he'll git jest what he's comin' for, though; not right off."

The hours of the wintry day had been slow enough in passing, but they were nearly gone by the time Job Launt finished his inspection of the premises; and under his careful supervision, all things had been made to maintain as peaceful an appearance as possible. He had even taken a hand of his own at the "one lone fiddle" of the settlement, and the music thereof could have been heard, by red ears or white, at no inconsiderable distance.

Any one approaching the ample homestead would at once have understood that those within were having a high time of it. It was not on that road, nor at that season of the year, that random wayfarers were likely to come, however, and "the neighbors" were already nearly all there—all who had dared to come at all.

And yet, just as the sun was sinking in the west, the several approaches to Squire Van Lennep's were rapidly becoming peopled—strangely, weirdly, terribly peopled—by dark, fantastic forms, that flitted from tree to tree, crouched and crept from bush to bush, pushing swiftly forward with a silence that was marvelous, and seeming to move in perfect concert with one another.

They heard the lively music of Job Launt's fiddle, and

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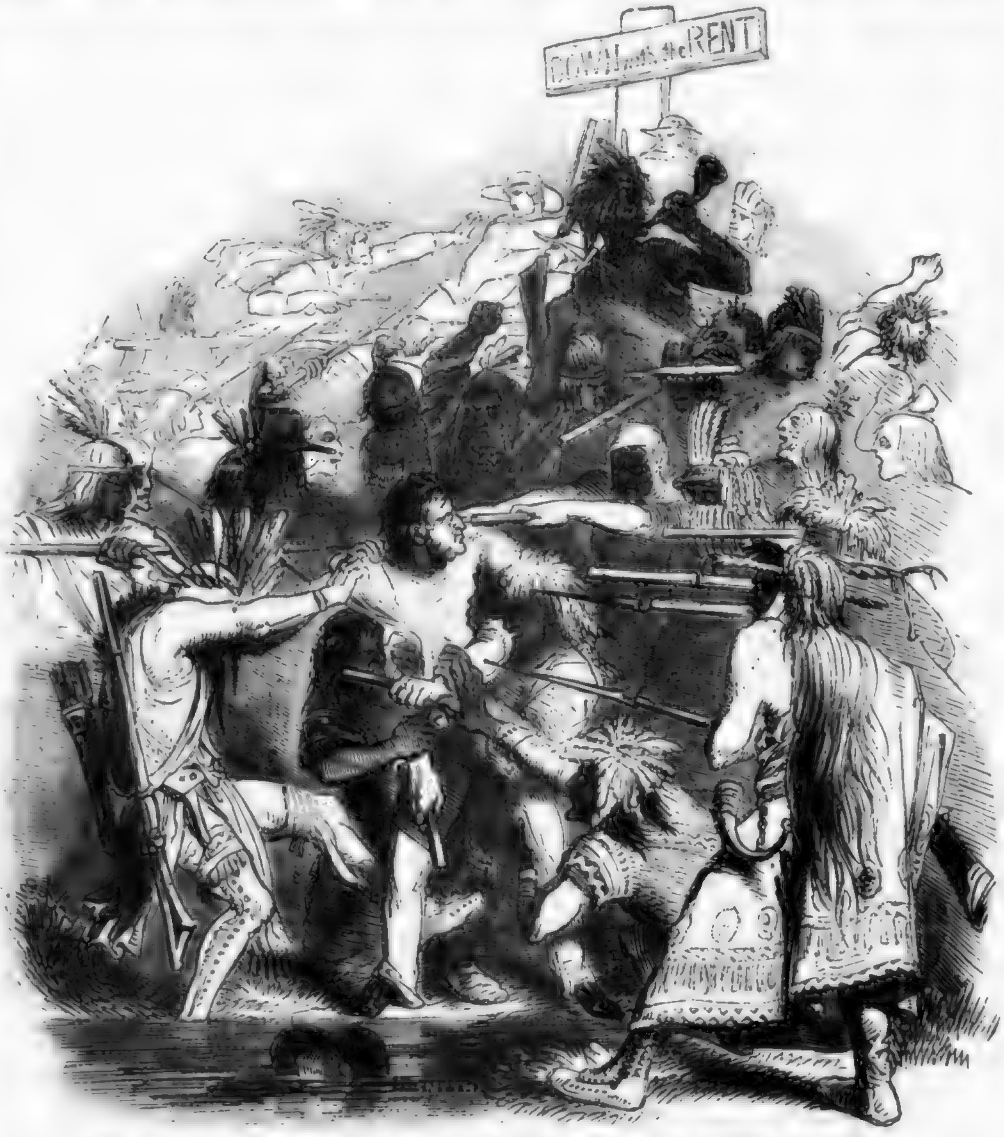
the sound of voices which now and then arose with it. They saw the smoke curling from the wide-mouthed chimney; they took note of the unusual collection of sleighs, and of the horses in the sheds; and all seemed to be about as they expected.

Now and then there were brief and hurried consultations among their leaders, and these latter wore upon their faces, as did most of their followers also, expressions of grim and ferocious triumph, and almost uncontrollable exultation.

"Quilting-bee," indeed!

Whatever might be the nature of the settlers' merrymaking, these dark new-comers looked forward to a feast of blood and of slaughter—to an unchecked orgy of lust and cruelty and vengeance. More than two hundred chosen warriors of the Sioux, and they did not mean to leave a home unburned, or a paleface unscalped, from end to end of Shelter Hill Valley.



THE ANTI-RENT WAR IN NEW YORK STATE.—ATTACK ON THE SHERIFF OF ALBANY.
SEE PAGE 235.

Inside the house the fiddling was in Job's control, but it was all he could do to keep up the other symptoms of merriment, or to keep down the hasty spirit of the younger men, who could ill bear the restraint he deemed necessary.

At the big barn all was quiet and still; and here the very flower of the Valley men were gathered, under the leadership of Bill Manton.

"Steady, boys," said the young frontiersman, in a low, clear tone, that was heard by all. "Onless I'm greatly mistaken, they're gathering for a rush. Tell ye what, if they had taken us unawares, we'd be at their mercy in about three minutes. We've got our work cut out for us, as it is. Steady! Here they come! Pull out the plugs—ready—now let 'em get well in—fire away, and don't waste a shot!"

Even as Bill had been speaking the dark cloud of the Sioux had burst out from under cover of the woods, and now, with wild, fierce, heart-piercing yells, they were dashing across the clearing. More than one woman's voice—sister's or mother's or wife's—arose from the house in shrieks of uncontrollable dread, and if, as Bill had said, there had been less of forewarning and preparation, the plans of Yellow Wolf and his warriors would have met with instant and complete success. No hasty, unorganized resistance would have checked the fierceness of that savage rush, and the surprise, too, might have been complete. As it was now, however, just at the moment when the Sioux imagined their prey altogether secure, and their glorious massacre of defenseless white settlers about to begin, the sound of the fiddle suddenly died away, and, as if that had been the preconcerted signal, scores of loopholes in the house and barn bristled with dark muzzles.

No haste, no quick and boyish "blazing away," but the riflemen of Shelter Hill Valley each sought a redskin for his proper mark before he pulled his trigger, and more than one whooping redskin uttered his death-cry within twenty feet of the house.

Scarcely comprehending the full truth at first, the savages pushed on to the very doors, and even the fagot-carriers dashed down their huge rolls of blazing birch-bark and pitch-pine knots, according to their instructions. The black, stifling smoke rose quickly, for Yellow Wolf understood "fire," and no less than fifty of his men had been detailed to this peculiar branch of the proposed destruction.

Loud rose the yells, and the red men also plied their weapons vigorously, but they were taken at too terrible a disadvantage. Very nearly secure from harm, behind their log walls, the Valley men loaded and fired as coolly as at a turkey-shoot, only more rapidly, and the range was terribly close. Down they went, in quick succession, whole groups of them at once, the painted heroes of many a border foray and midnight massacre, and old Job Launt fairly jumped up and down with delight, as he peered through his loophole. A gleam of something like insanity was in his eyes, and he shouted:

"Give it to 'em! That was the way they came to my house, a dozen years ago, when thar wasn't anybody at

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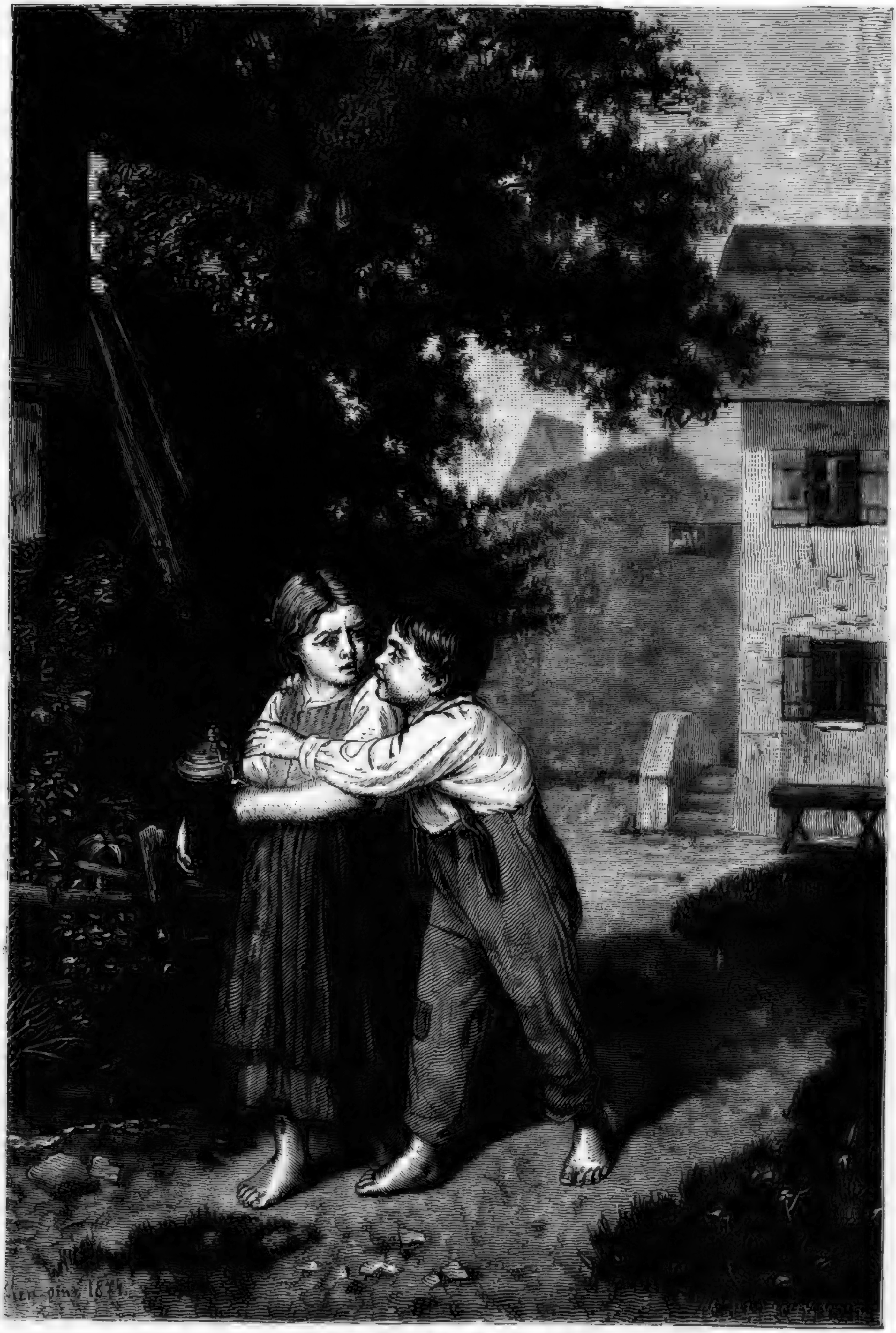

"GO AWAY! I CAN'T LET YOU TOUCH IT!"

home that could stop 'em. They murdered, and they scalped, and they burned, just as they meant to do here. But they won't do it this time. Ha!" And Job Launt now, for the first time, suddenly pitched his rifle muzzle through the hole and fired.

"I knew him, in spite of his paint," he shouted, "and I only fired at the Indian half of him. If the white half didn't want to git hurt, it ort to hev kep' out o' bad company!"

Self-deceived as they had been for a few moments, and blinded by wrath and disappointment as much as by the smoke of the fires they had lighted, the Sioux were going down too fast to be any longer in doubt about the matter. Somehow or other a trap had been laid for them, and they had fallen into it like so many wild animals. The very angel of death seemed after them, and now the great doors of the barn were suddenly thrown open, and Manton and his men came pouring out. To the eyes of the panic-stricken and bewildered savages there was a regiment of them, and they broke, and fled in all directions.

"Foller 'em! Close in on 'em!" shouted Bill. 'Don't give 'em a chance to rally nigh to the clearing. Job Launt, you and the squire and the rest, come out and try to save the house."

Bill was a good captain, if the old hermit was a crafty and cunning counselor, and less than half as many redskins got away from Shelter Hill Valley as had come into it that morning.

Nor were the survivors at all disposed to linger or dispute about the matter, for their chief himself and their best warriors had fallen under the rifles of the settlers in Job Launt's trap, and the remainder had scarcely pluck enough left to get home on.

Bill Manton did not abandon the pursuit until he felt sure there would be no rally, and by the time he returned to the house the danger from the fire had also disappeared. Log walls do not kindle well, and the fagots had been dragged away to burn themselves out at their leisure.

"Do you see him thar, with his painted face?" exclaimed old Job, in a hoarse whisper, as he grasped the arm of Bill Manton on his arrival. "That's Aleck Sanders. I never drew a bead on a white man in my life, but the white half of that villain was in bad company. It's that way with more fellers than you'd think on. He's dead now, both sides of him. But, Bill, hev you seen the squire? Thar's only two of our fellers killed, and less'n a dozen hurt a little; but the squire's hit in some bad place or other. Come and see him."

Bill needed no urging, and in a moment more he was in the snuggery of an office, and the squire lay on the floor before him, groaning heavily. Nevertheless, he raised himself as Bill came in, and said:

"Leave the room, Sally; I've something to say to Bill."

"Oh, tell me if you are unhurt!" whispered Sally to Bill, as she passed him; and he might well have been forgiven that his answer was only a hasty kiss and a "No, dear, God bless you!"

Sally went out with a radiant face, but the squire beckoned Bill close to him and whispered:

"Is Aleck Sanders dead?"

"Dead as a door-nail," said Bill.

"Does anybody suspect who killed him?" asked the squire, with a strong effort, and a shudder.

"Suspect? I don't know what you mean," said Bill. "Job Launt shot him. Everybody knows that. He and I were just examining the wound."

"Job shot him! I was mistaken, then! Oh, I was afraid I had taken the life of my — heavens and earth! what was I saying? Job shot him? Well, I ain't sorry he's dead. He was always a trouble to me. Such a devil he was! Job knew all about it, and he's akin to us, far away. Never mind, Bill; I don't feel so bad as I did. It's only a buckshot in my leg, and won't lame me for a fortnight. Go and see Sally. She don't know anything about Aleck. No more do you, Bill Manton. It was Job shot him."

Bill was glad enough to obey the squire, nor did he and Sally Van Lennep have the slightest difficulty in forgetting their previous differences in their joy over the successful issue of "The Hermit's Plot."

AN EGYPTIAN PEA.

The common notion that seeds two or three years old lose their vitality, and will not grow, is by no means a correct one. Grain that had been deposited in the pyramids of Egypt for several thousand years has been planted, and produced new varieties. We give an engraving of a kind of pea that has a curious and interesting history.

Some years ago, during the explorations of Egypt, there was found in a mummy pit a vase, believed to have been buried at least three thousand years. This vase was presented to the British Museum, and, when opened, was found to contain some grains of wheat and a few peas. These peas were given away, except three, which were kept as curiosities. They were finally given to a gentleman, who subjected them carefully to heat and water, and after some thirty days one of them sprouted and began to grow. By patient care and skillful culture this plant was brought to produce nineteen peas, which were ripened, and planted the next year, thus laying the foundation of a valuable stock known as the Egyptian pea.

Its blossom is unlike that of every other pea, very nearly resembling a bell, and veined with green lines on a white ground. The blossoms break at every joint in clusters of two, four, eight, and are succeeded by pods that protrude crookedly through them. Each pod contains from five to ten peas, very finely flavored, and superior to any other variety.

This fact shows that the wonderful fertility of Egypt in ancient times, and the excellence of its productions, were fully in accordance with the Bible history, and that it was truly the granary of the world, the abode of plenty and prosperity.

THE UPAS-TREE.

This terrible plant, to which was for a long time attached a sort of fabulous interest—killing, it was said, man, bird and beast that came within the circle of its influence —*is of the same tribe of plants as that from which the Strychnos Nux Vomica is obtained.* The fruit is about the size of a St. Michael's orange, with a bitter, astringent pulp, and containing from three to five seeds. The pulp may be eaten; the seeds, which produce one of the strongest poisons, are of a brownish-gray color. Each side is flattish, or very slightly concave.

Owing to the hard, cartilaginous nature of the seeds, they are extremely difficult to reduce to powder. When reduced, a very small quantity of this powder is sufficient to destroy life. The poison strychnine is obtained from the seeds by the following process:

The seed is rasped down as small as possible; it is then exposed to the action of nitric ether. The residue, thus deprived of its fatty matter, is digested in alcohol so long as that re-agent is capable of dissolving anything. The alcoholic solution is evaporated to dryness and what remains is dissolved in water. Caustic potash being dropped into the solution, a white crystalline precipitate falls, which is *strychnine.*

The poison thus prepared has a white color ; it taste is tolerably bitter, leaving a metallic impression in the mouth ; it is destitute of smell, and is not affected by exposure to the air ; it is neither fusible nor volatile, except at temperatures at which it undergoes decomposition ; it is very soluble in cold water.

Strychnine belongs to the alkaloid class of substances ; which is easily proved by adding its alcoholic solution to an infusion of litmus turned red by a little acetic acid. The blue color is instantly restored by the alkaline action of strychnine.

THE ANTI-RENT WAR IN NEW YORK STATE.

Who were the Anti-Renters? Few of the present generation have any definite idea, and the subject is rarely brought to mind except during some political campaign, when personal reminiscences are in order, or when it is stated in the obituary of a defunct politician that he "took a leading part in the Anti-Rent insurrection of 1839, and was elected to the Assembly on the Anti-Rent ticket in 1846."

Reference to the election returns of the latter year reveals the fact that the Anti-Rent party then elected their candidate for Governor, John Young, a considerable number of assemblymen, and other local officers, and curiosity is naturally excited for further information concerning this now forgotten organization.

To explain the origin of the Anti-Rent troubles, we must go back to the time when the territory now included in the State of New York was known as the Dutch Colony of New Netherlands, under the dominion of the Dutch West India Company. That corporation authorized its members in New York to take up land in any quantity upon the banks of the streams and rivers, on condition that they should introduce within a specified period fifty settlers for every mile of land.

The title and privileges of a lord patroon or protector were conferred upon each landed proprietor, and these colonies or manors were governed by the same customs and laws as were the feudal manors of the United Provinces.

At the close of the Revolution, a very large part of the land in the settled portion of the State, mostly included within the present counties of Albany, Rensselaer, Columbia, Greene, Ulster, Delaware, Schoharie, Montgomery, Herkimer, Oswego and Oneida, was held by these patroons, and the actual tenants occupied their farms for the duration of one or more lives, or from year to year, or stipulations for services and the payment of rents and dues, based upon the feudal tenures of England and Holland.

Although the Legislature passed Acts in 1779 and 1785 abolishing feudal tenures, the holders of these manor grants, unwilling to abandon their claims, managed to evade the law. They contrived a form of deed containing covenants for services and the payment of rents and dues precisely similar to the old feudal conditions, thus rendering the legislative enactment nugatory.

With the lapse of years, the exercise of manorial rights became more and more unpopular, and in 1839 many tenants formed associations, and made a united effort to rid themselves of these feudal burdens. They soon offered forcible resistance to the collection of rents, or the service of legal process therefor, and became known as "Anti-Renters."

Assuming the disguise of Indians, they committed many acts of violence, but it was not until they had killed a man upon the highway, at Grafton, Rensselaer County, that the movement excited general attention, intensified by the protracted legal investigation which followed, but failed to detect the authors of the crime.

A State Commissioner, appointed by Governor Seward, having failed to devise any means to remedy the grievances of the tenants, the disorder and excitement increased, until, in 1845, Governor Wright was compelled to declare Delaware County in a state of insurrection, in consequence of a tragical affair at Andes, in that county, which resulted in the death of several persons.

In Albany and Rensselaer Counties the Anti-Renters were very numerous, and determined in their resistance to the proprietors and the civil authorities. The sheriff of the former county, on attempting to arrest several of the ringleaders, was seized by a mob disguised as Indians, and, after being very roughly handled, thrown into a horse-pond, from which he escaped with his clothing torn to rags, a wetter if not a wiser man.

Finally, the trial and conviction of a number of the Anti-Renters for conspiracy and resistance of law put an end to outrages by the disguised bands; and with the adoption of the new Constitution of 1846, which abolished all feudal tenures and incidents, and forbade the leasing of agricultural lands for a time exceeding twelve years, the excitement died away, and after 1847 the Anti-Rent influence ceased to be a disturbing element in our politics.

MIMICRY AS A DEFENSE AMONG THE LOWER ANIMALS

By C. F. Holden.

The arguments of Mr. Darwin relating to his well-supported theory of the survival of the most perfect type, and the causes which lead to this end, are, perhaps, more interesting to the general reader than any other. They possess a charm for him because of the richness of anecdote, the culled cream of universal scientific lore, and savor of an originality of investigation new to him, and delightful in its technicality; while to the student the innumerable analogies between the lower animals and man, and the consequent deductions, are continual sources of pleasure and surprise.

We are often led to reason as to the use of the resplendent decorations of color or contour found upon all animals in a greater or less degree ; and how important these charms appear when we see them used as the agents by which prolific nature concentrates her forces to still greater and ever-increasing perfection !

The power of attraction and repulsion is noticed by the intelligent observer in all classes of animal life, from man down ; in obscure cases differing in degree, and again, as among the birds, and especially in the act of courtship, appearing in strong relief, and asserting for them a higher place in the arena of intellect than is generally accorded. It is evident that their brilliant plumage, exhausting as it does the scope of invention, is intended, in its multifarious arrangements, to produce certain results beyond that of acting as part of the ornamental part of nature. The reptiles, as well, are decked in a never-failing martial garb, their metallic-tinted scales vying with the iridescent and gaudy costumes of their aerial neighbors ; while the mammals, insects, and all life, have a liberal share of decorative honor.

It would be impossible to even enumerate in this paper

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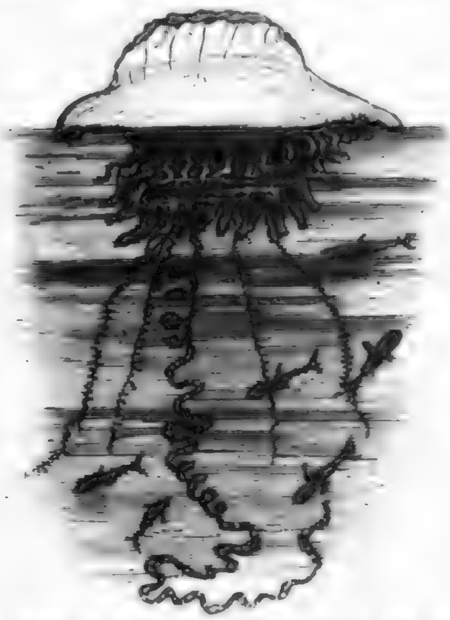
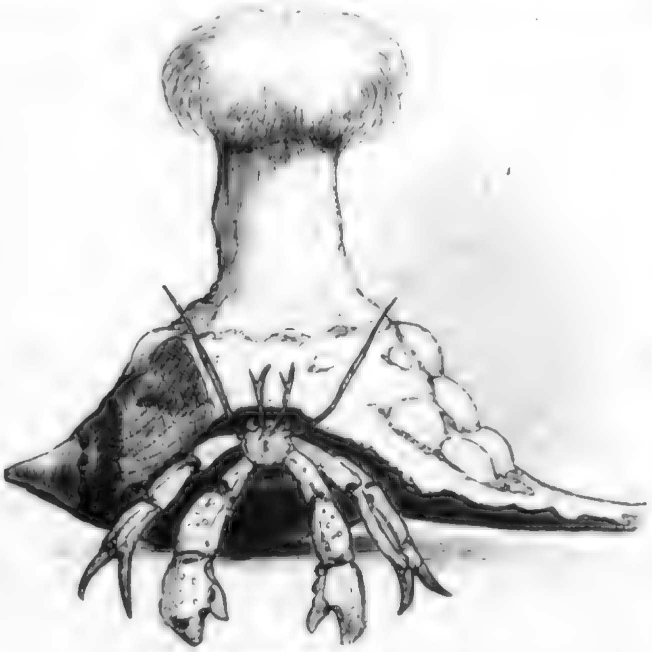
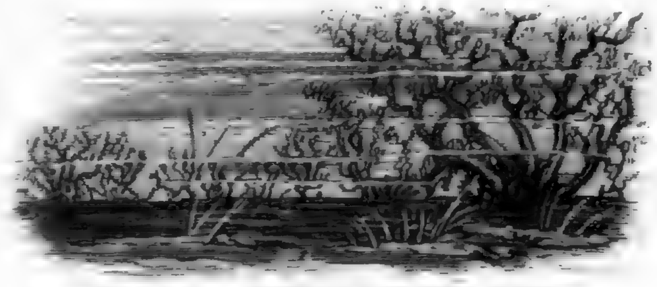
the many quaint mimics that are found on land, sea and air among the lower orders; so, for convenience, we will divide some of the more curious into a few classes: Firstly, we see those—and a large class—who use decoration as a power by which one can influence the other; secondly, where decoration is used as a measure of protection and defense—and the latter may be divided into two classes, composed, firstly, of those animals in which the effect to be produced is caused by a passive reliance upon color; and secondly, those which employ both color and organs, showing imitative characteristics to further a certain end. In all of these cases we have abundant and interesting examples, that we are prone to term the result merely of following the blind lead of instinct; but, until we can define the "party line" between instinct and intelligence, let us not commit ourselves to the belief that there is no gradation to the power of thought, or different degrees to the scale of intellect.


A PHYSALIA WITH BLUE FISH LURKING FOR PROTECTION AMONG ITS DEADLY BLUE TENTACLES.

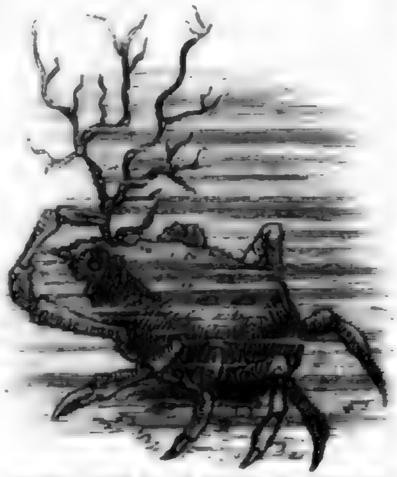
In the first case, where natural attractions form the medium of selection, we have numerous quaint illustrations, and perhaps, as above mentioned, the act of courtship is one of the most striking, as showing an evident homology with the movements and motives of the *genus homo* in like cases.

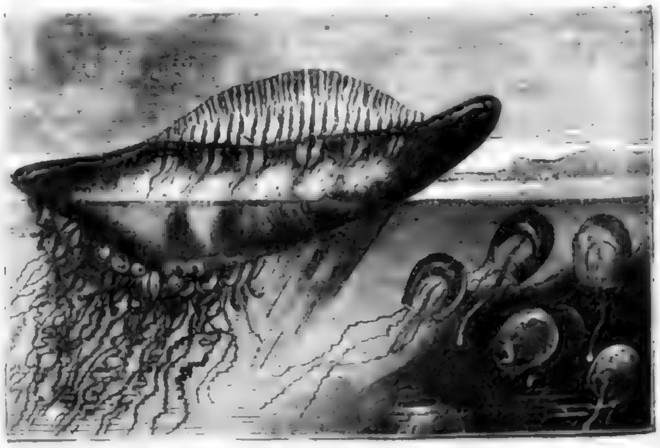

AN ANEMONE ON A CRAB.

I have often watched the cranes in Central Park, New York, and the absurdity of the actions and contortions of the males could not well be described; but their love-making always had great effect upon the females, and, like the marriage-form of one of the African tribes, the higher they kicked, the better chance had they of acceptance. Audubon describes at length the "love actions" of the grouse and great bustard, and the bower-bird has earned a world-wide fame as a devotee to the fair sex. Gould, in speaking of them, says: "The bowers in some cases are four feet in length, and were evidently built as 'halls of courtship,' where both sexes could meet and pay their devotions. At times the male will chase the female all over the aviary, then go to the bower, pick up a gay feather or leaf, utter a curious note, set all its feathers erect, run around the bower, and become so excited that his eyes appear ready to start from his head; he continues opening one wing and then the other, uttering a low, whistling note, until at last the female goes gently toward him, vanquished by his continued addresses."


HOLOTHURIA.—SECTIONAL VIEW WHEN BURIED.

The magnificent plumage of the male bird of paradise, when compared with the dingy garb of the female, is evidently a strong card; and Dr. Jaeger, director of the Zoological Garden at Vienna, states that a silver pheasant, who for a long period was the accepted lover of the females, was deserted by them when robbed of his long tail feathers. So, many other examples can be given to illustrate this use of decoration. In the second class, of course, all creatures form examples as they are intended by the Great Giver to form the decoration of the world, as well as to lend their aid in its support. Were not the animals representing the third class familiar to us, it would


DECORATIVE CRAB FIXES SEAWEED ON ITS BACK.


A PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR WITH ITS TENTACLES.

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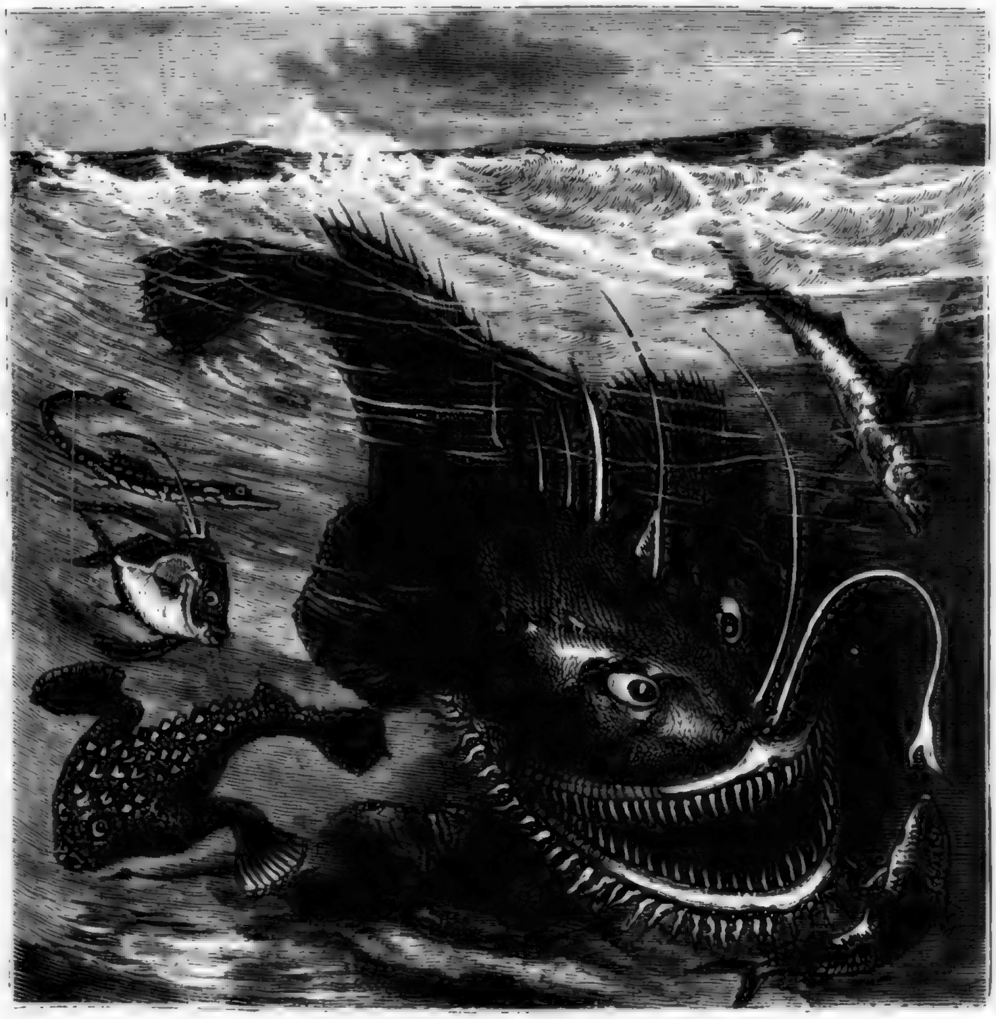
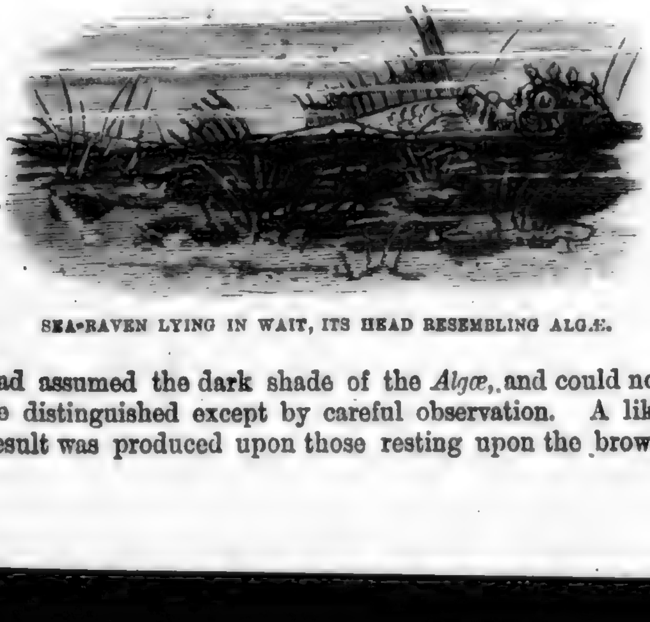
perhaps be difficult to understand how the natural decoration and embellishment of a creature could constitute its defense; but such is the case, and they form a large class of animals of great variety, ranging from the highest to the lowest forms.

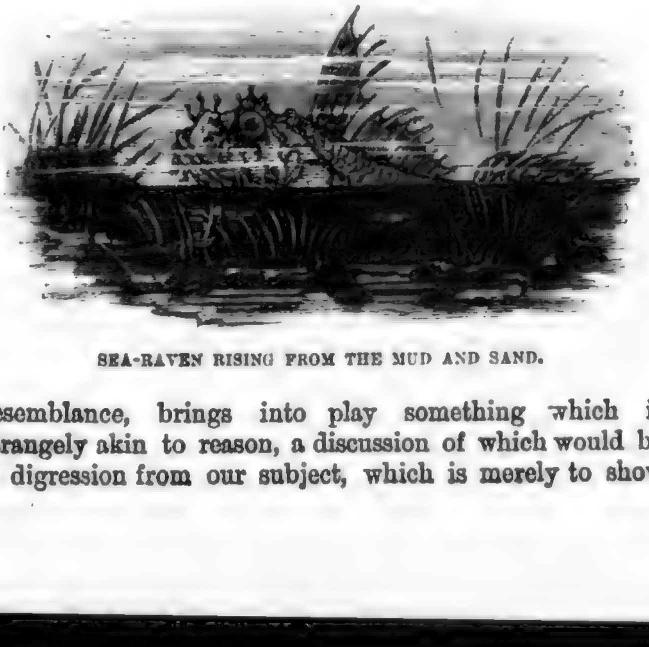


THE FISHING-FROG, OR LOPHIUS AMERICANUS.

The most interesting belong to those who depend entirely upon color for their protection from the common enemy. A familiar example is the common octopus, whose wonderful fluctuations of color while laboring under excitement all well know; and during a trip to the Florida Reef I had an opportunity of testing whether the color produced was modified by the tint of the bottom at the will of the animal or not. The creatures were very common among the coral, and I soon secured eight or ten. Three I released in an inclosure with a white sandy bottom. Three others were placed where the ground was covered with dark *Algæ*, and the remainder placed upon a large head of *meandrina cerebriformis*, which was alive, and a rich brown—a medium between the others as regards color. After allowing them to remain a day, I commenced a warfare upon them with a stick. Those on the white bottom changed at the onset to a dark brown, throwing out a cloud of ink, and as soon as it cleared away, with one exception they were as white as the bottom upon which they rested. Those upon the black bottom acted in a like manner, and as the sepia disappeared they had assumed the dark shade of the *Algæ*, and could not be distinguished except by careful observation. A like result was produced upon those resting upon the brown *meandrina*, mottled brown waves of color following each other over the surface of the animals in rapid succession, and finally assuming the exact grade of the base upon which they crouched. This assumption of like color, or mimicry, was kept up for over ten minutes; they gradually recovering their normal shade, which ranged from yellowish gray to dark brown, as the signs of danger passed away.



SEA-RAVEN LYING IN WAIT, ITS HEAD RESEMBLING ALGÆ.



SEA-RAVEN RISING FROM THE MUD AND SAND.

To prevent any possible play upon my imagination, I repeatedly aroused the ire of the octopus under various conditions of servitude; and nearly always with the same result, which was, in brief, that after the first blush of color and ejection of sepia they took advantage of the power of mimicry, and assumed as nearly as possible the tint or shade of the bottom upon which they rested. It must be remembered that these experiments were not made in an aquarium, but in an inclosed section of the open reef. I have also noticed the same tendency in the *Aplysiæ* (marine)—not, however, in so marked a degree. There is evidently here a condition produced, the result of observation; as, were it merely instinctive, it would be an unconscious assumption of any shade, without regard to surrounding circumstances. But there is an evident knowledge of the condition of its surroundings, and to realize this, and produce in itself a conformable grade of resemblance, brings into play something which is strangely akin to reason, a discussion of which would be a digression from our subject, which is merely to show

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the protection afforded certain animals by this peculiar power, or decoration.

The well-known *Physalia*, so common in the Southern seas, affords protection to a small fish, and oftentimes three or four. There would be nothing remarkable in this, were it not for the peculiar affinity they possess for each other. The *Physalia* and its terrible powers are too well known to be described. The long blue tentacles, with their death-dealing darts, are certain death to creatures seven or eight times their size. I came near losing my own life by unconsciously swimming over one, and the shock was so great that I had to be taken from the water, and the fiery blue mass scraped from me with razors.

I have also seen a hawk's-bill turtle, weighing ten pounds, entangled and completely dead. Sardines, biting at the seeming tempting morsels as they are lowered from the animal, are killed as with an electric shock. But, notwithstanding this, in the very midst of these death-dealing weapons, where it is impossible for any other living creature to exist, we find a number of small fish of the exact color of the tentacles—a most beautiful blue. What wonderful bond of sympathy is there here! and what a wonderful example of the power of mimicry! as without a careful examination the little attendants cannot be distinguished from the tentacles, which this creature, low in the scale of being, casts around them, as a death-line to all invaders.

Under specimens of "jelly-fish," of the genus *Rhizotoma*, I have found numbers of minute fishes, all finding protection high up among the massive lobes and arms of the jelly-like mass, that would be death to them were it not that they are mimics of the tentacular parts of their protector. The dorsal, caudal and ventral extremities are touched with delicate pink; and, with their erratic positions, generally standing upright in the water, the casual observer would take them, and with good reason, for the tip end of a floating tentacle. These cannot be considered as accidental occurrences, as they have been noticed in hundreds of cases, and never did I see one of the blue attendants of the *Physalia* under a *Rhizotoma*, or *vice versa*, though I have often seen hundreds of them within two or three feet of each other.

In gulf-weed many crustaceans are found, having upon their shells the wonderful impressions of the surrounding plants, placed there by some wise provision of nature, and the results of a change that comes from continued instinctive attempts at better adaptation to place and circumstance.

Among the *Actinaria*, one large species resembling the genus *Actinolota* was always found on the clear reef, and partly covered by the pure white sand that forms its bottom. On removing specimens of this to a dark, rock-lined aquarium, built out into the open water, in two days it had assumed a dark-gray, spotted shade; and upon being restored to the white, bleached coral bottom, it soon assumed the light-green tint, and was invisible except to the experienced eye.

In these cases, color alone has been used as a "deceptive," seemingly at the will of the animal in some cases; and again being perhaps used, as in the *Physalia*, as a medium of recognition and protection, or *quasi* affection.

In another class we have a multitude of animals who not only bring mimicry of color into play, but take advantage of the imitative characteristics of certain organs which they may possess to attain certain results.

And a type of this class is certainly found in the *Kallima paralikta*, or leaf butterfly, as a more wonderful case of natural and applied mimicry cannot be found. The wings in this creature are perfect imitations, when closed, of the leaf of a plant indigenous to the Malay country. The lower part of the wing is a perfect representation of the stem, and can be followed up through the centre of the wing. The muscles are exact counterparts of the leaf-veins, and, in fact, the copy of a leaf is faithful to nature. Mr. Wallace says that for a long time he attempted to capture one of these beautiful creatures, but, though he made every exertion, and their flight was slow, they invariably disappeared in a most mysterious manner. But one afternoon he traced one to a small tree or bush, where it disappeared, and after a careful search he found it, the stem-like projection pressed against the branch, the head and legs concealed. It was as perfect in its mimicry as any veritable leaf upon the tree. And Mr. Wallace says that, as i not satisfied with so great a resemblance, the peculiar mold spots found upon the leaf in a variety of shapes, positions and colors, were reproduced upon the surface of the insect. Here absolute protection to the animal is afforded.

We have said previously, in referring to the adaptation of tint in the octopus to existing circumstances, that it was evidently "a condition the result of observation" upon the part of the animal. Is not the effect in question, then, the result an omnipresent cause, and one that has been constantly recurring in the past of the creature's existence? The amusing attempts of a learned gentleman to test the "efficacy of prayer," have been still more learnedly spoken of under the head of "cause and effect." We see the *cause*, but, except in imagination and theory, we cannot see the wherewithal upon which, or by which, an *effect* can be reached, unless a physical one is reached by the prayers being poured into the ears of the sufferer.

But in the above case a need, a want (which is cause in its relation to the effect in question) has something tangible to work upon in obedience to the will, or its representative in the animal. Hourly and daily the insect is forced to imitate for protection; and, as in other forms and in succeeding generations, the need is supplied by the continued enforcement of its energies in a given direction; observation, and the power of acting upon it, would be the first result, which would in time culminate in physical changes in accordance with the wished-for desideratum. If such is the manner of procedure, a most interesting and wonderful example of evolutionary power is shown us.

Another insect from the Malay country is remarkable for its power and display of mimicry. It seems that the birds are particularly fond of it, and would often make a good meal thereupon, were not a gross deception practiced upon them. There is another butterfly that, if not poisonous to the birds, is extremely dreaded by them on account of a peculiar odor it exhales, and is easily known to them by its peculiar and laboring flight. Mr. Wallace says that he has seen the first-mentioned insect, when pursued by birds, suddenly mimic the laboring and erratic flight of the poisonous butterfly, showing that it knew it was a defense and protection. And the bird in chase, thinking that he had made a mistake and was in a profitless business, would immediately give up the chase, and the wily insect would soon resume its natural method of flight.

The "green walking leaf," or the insects of the genus *Phyllium*, are well-known examples of this curious phase of nature; and when alive and upon the plants they affect, the most skillful eye often fails to discern them. The "walking-stick" (*Phasmida*), with its long, green, wingless body, is always mistaken for a portion of the twig upon which it rests. On the *mangrore* bushes at Bird Key, in the Tortugas group, I have often noticed a small species of this family. Generally they were seen crawling upon the branches; but did you alarm them—and, presto! they seemed to disappear. The legs are folded close to the side, while one end of the body is lifted into the air, and an exact imitation of a new shoot is presented, and were we a bird the metamorphose would certainly not be understood.

Upon these islands the spout crab, that seems formed for the sands he inhabits, is found. Ghastly white in color, they are never seen upon dark places, but revel on the shining white sand, where they are invisible alike to friend and foe. Another large red land-crab I have found invariably upon the prickly pear (cactus), their object being evidently to feed upon the rich red fruit; and so like were they, especially when the crab was alarmed, that at a distance of a few feet it was difficult to tell which was the animal and which was the fruit. It was a needy protection, as the thousands of gulls that hovered over the island did not disdain the crab in default of fish.

The common fishing frog (*Lophius Americanus*) is a rare mimic, that he may alike protect himself and fill his hungry maw; and when lying in wait for some victim and flattened upon the rocks, he would invariably be taken for an "erratic boulder, moss-covered and worn."

So with the sea-raven, assuming hues varying from rich brown to purple, yellow and red. Its mouth and head covered with barbels, which, if they had been made to order, could not better imitate the local *Algæ;* its general color corresponding to that of the moss-covered stone; the huge mouth hidden by a fringe of waving, fern-like particles of flesh; the eyes, even, partaking in the general deception—who would not be deceived by this guileless monster?—a natural mimic, and a mimic of nature.

In the *Holothurians*, so common upon our eastern shores, we find an interesting example of this class—a creature of low degree, who does not object to being turned not only out, but inside out—a veritable Mark Tapley of the sea; and will, even at the slightest provocation, on the principle, "If thy eye offend thee," disgorge its entrails, in an off-hand manner, and soon produce another set more to its satisfaction. In this simple creature we find that the mouth, or food-collecting organ, is a most beautiful model of a branch of seaweed, with all its waving branches, new shoots, and varieties of color; and under the muscular tension of the animal's movements, a graceful unfolding, oscillatory motion is kept up, so that, when the animal is concealed in the sand, as is its wont, and the *Algæ* or tree-like organ only exposed—thrust up through the sand, waving in the midst of surrounding aquatic verdure, in seeming obedience to the tide—the most ardent seeker and admirer of the *Trepang* would not dream that beneath this common moss lay snugly concealed, and perhaps laughing in its (*Echinodermic*) sleeve, the prince of mimics and the object of his desires.

It would ill become us to pass by one creature who, though no natural mimic, rests its claim upon its own wily attempts. This is the decorative crab, or spider crab, so common upon our coast. Destitute of brilliant color, and resembling nothing but themselves, they are driven desperate in their attempts at concealment. But in this extremity an idea is caught; and the crab seizes a bit of weed, attaches to the broken end some glutinous substance, and then plants it upon his back. Another piece is treated in like manner, and soon back-claws and antennæ are bristling with a miniature forest, that forms a sure protection from the rays and skates that prey upon his crabship. I have often scraped them clean, and as soon as they strike bottom again they commence a re-decoration, and in an hour you could barely distinguish them from the surrounding bunches of growing weed. The sea is especially rich in this peculiar phase in the struggle for life; and these few examples will perhaps serve to show the evident importance of the power to the possessors, and the fertility of invention shown by the great hand of Nature.

THE THREE BIRDS.

(*Translated from the French of Coppée by O'Shaughnessy.*)

I SAID to the dove, Thou canst fly above me—
Go where the corn-fields are,
And find me the flower that will make her love me:
The dove said—'Tis too far.

I said to the eagle, Heaven is before thee,
Help me to win her and die;
Go fetch me the fire of Jove, I implore thee:
The eagle said—'Tis too high.

I said to the vulture, Tear out and devour
Her love in my heart; to lone fate
Leave only what has escaped her power:
The vulture said—'Tis too late.

THE "EXPERIMENT'S" FIGHT WITH PIRATES.

FEW of the many brilliant exploits with which the naval history of our country is crowded stand out with greater lustre than the gallant deeds of the small but efficient fleet of armed schooners that were launched from our seaports during the year 1800.

The larger frigates and line-of-battle ships, searching out opponents of equal force and bravery, drew greater attention to their engagements, victories and defeats, in consequence of their size; but equal, if not more substantial, benefit was rendered by those smaller and lighter craft, noted for their brilliant dashes into hostile ports, capture of rich convoys, and general annoyance to the enemy so hard to prevent or punish.

On the first of January, 1800, the schooner *Experiment*, Lieutenant-Commander Maley, was convoying a fleet of merchantmen among the dangerous islands in the southern waters.

The fleet of merchantmen, with their protector, lay becalmed in one of the narrow passages in the Bight of Leogane, then noted as the nest of numerous pirate bands that were wont to creep out from the land in their boats and capture the unprotected vessels whose course lay near their haunts. It was a quiet, misty day. The idle sails hung useless from the masts, while the vessels rocked to and fro on the glassy waters, undisturbed by a breath of wind.

Knowing the dangerous character of the neighborhood, Lieutenant Maley had so disguised his vessel that an enemy would with difficulty detect the difference between his own vessel and the feeble merchants around him. Thrown off their guard by the helpless appearance of the fleet, the pirates of the coast manned their barges and made straight for the nearest of the fleet, expecting but a slight resistance.

Their boats were manned by crews of thirty and forty men each, desperate cut-throats and outlaws, whose excesses and acts of violence rendered them the terror of the neighboring waters. Armed with a cannon in each boat, and plenty of muskets, cutlasses and pikes, they came prepared to fight if necessary.

The fleet, at that time, was much scattered, and, seeing the signal from the *Experiment*, made hasty efforts to get together for mutual protection.

The pirates, eager to make the first capture, make direct for the schooner, which lies nearest them. Lieutenant

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Maley waits until they are close to him, when he throws off his mask. Instantly the vessel, before so quiet, is all life and activity. The canvas concealing her guns is thrown off, and at point-blank range her broadsides are delivered full in the face of the oncoming enemy. The grapeshot strike in deadly bunches among the crowded boats, tearing oars, boats and men to pieces, and lashing the water into foam.

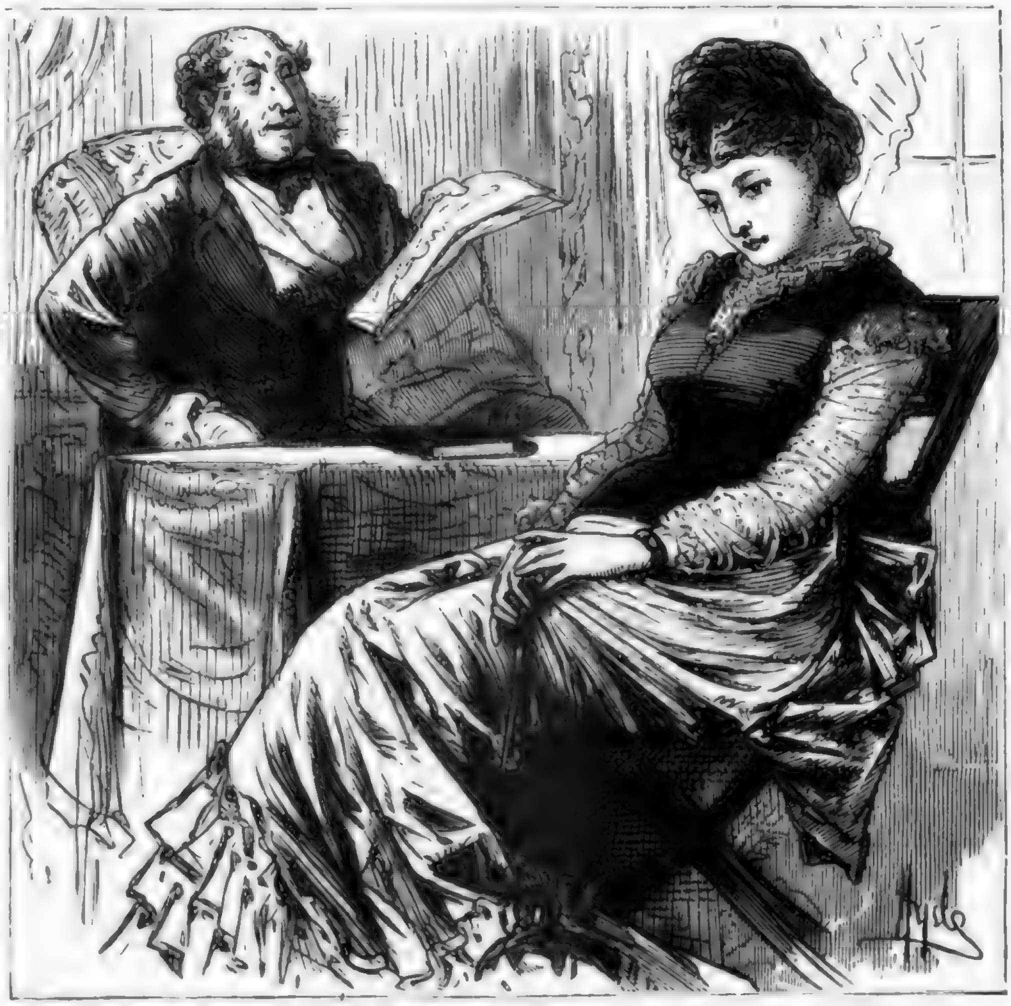
Everything is confusion among the assailants, and they halt in astonishment and dismay. They see their blunder, and, by separating, endeavor to prevent another such a deadly shower; but scarcely have they turned when the schooner, now all but invisible in the white smoke of her first broadside, gives them another.

The freebooters, as brave as they are desperate, now return and make an attack on the schooner. The fight thus commenced is long and fierce; but, seeing they are unable to capture their vigilant opponent, they divide their forces, and, part remaining to engage the schooner, the rest make an attack upon the nearest vessel, which they capture, after a slight resistance from the crew, and tow off.

Another soon falls into their hands, and, emboldened by their success, they resolve to attack a brig directly under the guns of the *Experiment*. A short resistance is made by the hapless crew, but the pirates, ten to one, swarm over the sides and slay all on deck. A party of them rush below to plunder the cabin, and, finding there the skipper, they murder him, and proceed to ransack the lockers.

The schooner, seeing the brig in the hands of the pirates, turns her guns against her, and, with rapid broadsides, proceeds to tear in pieces the vessel so lately occupied by friends and now swarming with enemies. A few minutes suffices to render the richly-laden vessel a wreck, and amid the tottering masts and falling spars, the pirates hastily abandon the prey they can no longer hold.

Finding their barges encumbered with dead and dying, they retreat to the shore, where they can be seen landing their wounded and such plunder as they have succeeded in securing.



JOY FOR ONE.

OLD PORGEY.—"*Rapid Transit at last! Now, duckey darling, you'll see ever so much more of me. I can stay with you an hour later every morning, lunch home every day, and be home so early that we shall have splendid long evenings.*"

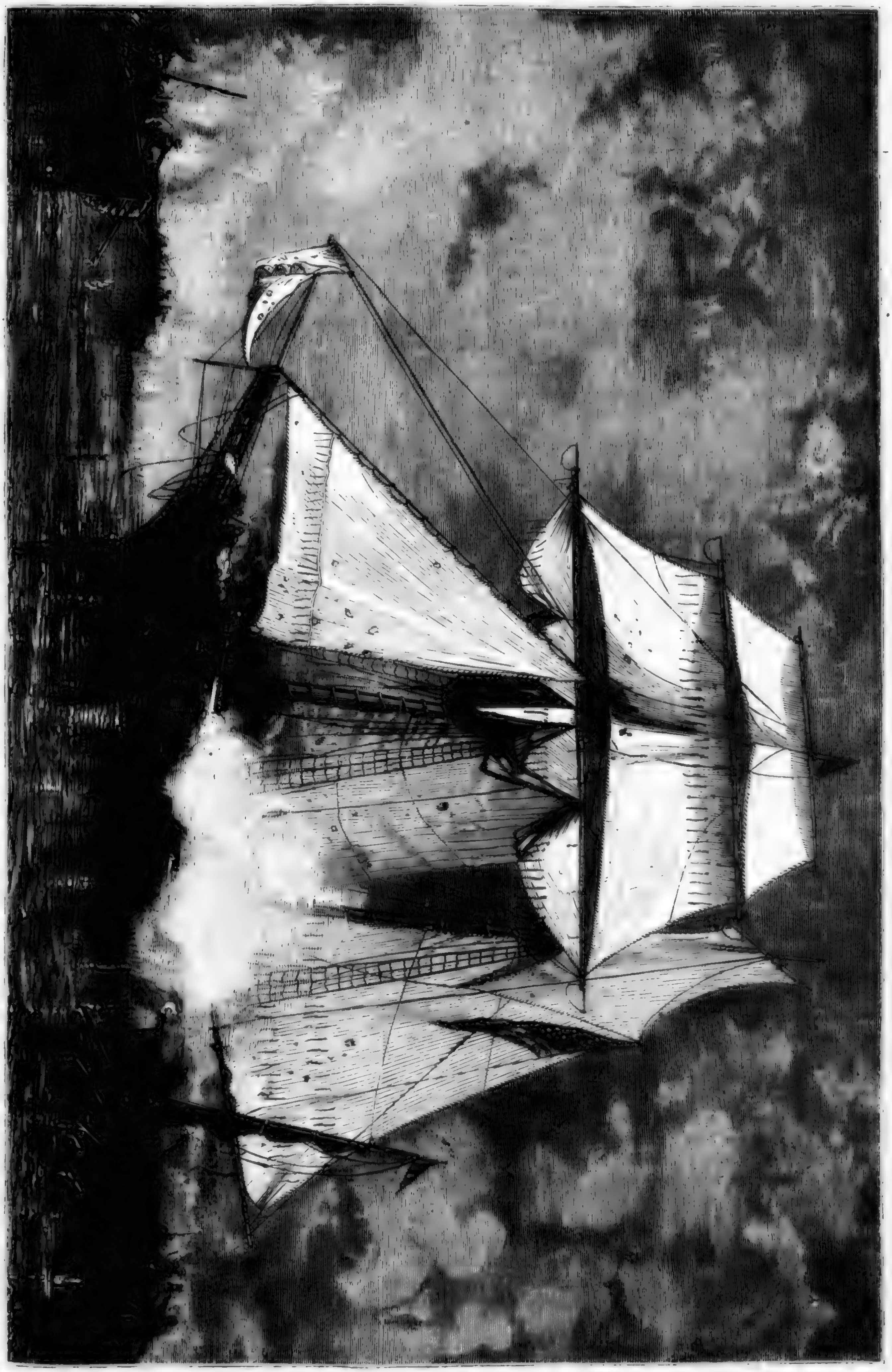
[Mrs. P. sighs at the prospect, and resolves to move into Fifth Avenue next May.]

Taking on board fresh supplies of men and arms, they advance again for a new attack. This time they advance boldly, and commence a furious cannonade. Grape and round-shot plow the smoke-covered water in every direction, tearing planks and striking down all in their course. Lieutenant David Porter and a number of men have been disabled, and the schooner's fire slackens a moment. The pirates make a rush, but, being again driven back, retire to land for repairs.

The last attack by these stubborn robbers is made against the *Experiment* alone. Their boats advance in three divisions of three boats each, and from different directions. The assailants rush forward and disappear within the clouds of smoke surrounding the schooner, out of which come the bright flashes of the guns. For four long hours the fight rages, and, to the anxious ones looking on, they appear ages. At length, toward evening, the fire slackens, a hearty cheer from the schooner announces victory, and, one by one, seven of the defeated boats make their appearance out of the battle-cloud, and put for the shore, followed by the schooner *Experiment*, urged in pursuit by the sweeps of her gallant crew. The pirates, in full flight, are followed by a few shots from the schooner, which is unable to overtake her more nimble enemies, who have lost two of their boats, and over fifty of their number in killed and wounded.

In this way did these active little cruisers, manned by brave sailors and skillful officers, render efficient service in preserving our merchant marine from capture at home and abroad.

The skill and spirit which characterized these fights soon made our men-of-war respected among the pirates on our own coast, and their more honorable adversaries abroad; so that shortly after we hear of the same gallant little vessel, and how she captures and brings into port the French privateers *Les Deux Amis* and *La Diane*, much larger than herself, her daring commander, conscious of the tried courage of his men, not hesitating to grapple vessels of greater size and armament than his own.



THE UNITED STATES SCHOONER "EXPERIMENT" ATTACKED BY PIRATES IN THE BIGHT OF LEOGANE, JANUARY 1ST, 1800.—SEE PAGE 239.

IN LONG AGO.

By Nellie C. Hastings.

Two little feet upon the hearthstone warm,
A fair head on my arm;
Long hair that glittered in the fire-shine—
Oh, love, sweet love of mine!
What glory wrapped us in that flickering glow,
So long—so long ago!

The hot red embers into ashes fell;
Each one a fairy tale
That we two read, and all its charm was love.
Out of the dark above
Wandered and wavered down the silent snow,
That dim night—long ago!

The wind sent shivering through the icy trees
A sound as of the sea's;
The wild fox barked across the moorland swells;
The chime of midnight bells
Came as the storm-wind came, now loud, now low,
So long—so long ago!

Through the wide chimney dripped the snow like rain;
And on the diamond pane
The frost drew pictures of the Summer dead.
We mourned no Maytime fled;
The blossom and the bloom were ours, I know,
That wild night—long ago!

Sweet little love of mine in those old days,
What word of blame or praise
Could bring once more the passionate lips to mine,
In love's sweet, speechless sign?
Or the swift blush that mocked the firelight's glow,
So long—so long ago?

So many Winters and so many Springs
Have passed on silent wings;
So many years have seen our hearts grow cold,
Since that sweet tale was told!
What have we gained, since that fierce night of snow,
So long—so long ago?

Dreams that were madness, wakings that were wild,
Since last your brown eyes smiled!
Wisdom and sorrow, memory and regret,
And ghosts that haunt us yet!
Ah! it was better in the storm and snow,
And sweeter—long ago!

And I would give this Southern night's perfume,
Dying o'er fields of bloom—
The fireflies that mock the starlight calm—
The white magnolia's balm—
Just to call back that eerie night of snow,
So long—so long ago!

"THE PLAIN MISS BURNIE."

By the Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's."

She stopped reading for a minute, to listen.

"It is a child crying," she said, "or it sounds very much like one." And then she listened again.

Very few girls of her age would have given attention to such a trivial thing as the fancied sound of a child's cry in a distant room; but, as her sister said, "Brenda was always peculiar." So Brenda listened until she had made sure she was not mistaken, and then closed her book and went out of her room to follow the sound and inquire into the cause of it.

She did not know the house well, as it was an old-fashioned country-seat, full of winding galleries and corridors, and, moreover, she was only a lately-arrived visitor; but the pitiful little far-away wail was too much for her to bear quietly; it flushed her cheeks and quickened her breath and excited her just sufficiently to make her forget that it was rather a singular thing for a young lady who was only a visitor to be wandering about the establishment without a guide.

"It is up-stairs, somewhere," she said, when she had stood in the corridor for a minute; "but it seems to be very high up—on the next flight, I should think."

Accordingly, she made her way up the big, rambling staircase, letting the sobs guide her, and winding about until at last a sudden bend revealed to her the object of her search, all at once.

"I thought so," she said, stopping and looking upward with perfect gravity; "it *is* a child."

And so it was. On the very top step of the flight sat a chubby little mortal, about four years old, sobbing and shivering, in a remarkably tight white night-dress.

Brenda went to her at once.

"What is the matter?" she asked, as seriously as if she had been speaking to a grown-up man or woman.

"Told an' 'faid," sobbed the child, with chattering teeth.

Brenda knelt down on the steps, and looked at her with a sudden softening of her whole expression.

"Cold and afraid," she said. "I don't wonder at your being cold; but what are you afraid of, bairnie?"

"Dosts," was the answer, with another shuddering little burst of sobs.

"Mercy on us!" ejaculated the peculiar one. "Who has been talking to the child? What is your name?"

"Yosie."

"Yosie," repeated her interlocutor—"that is infantine Sanskrit for Rosie, I suppose. Well, whose are you, Yosie?"

"Nobody's."

The girl stooped down and kissed her, with a queer, impulsive swiftness.

"Dear, dear!" she said, almost nervously. "Who *has* been talking to her? I shall be obliged to find out where she came from, and carry her back, or she will catch cold. I say, Miss Yosie, will you come to me?"

And she held out her hands, as she had seen people do to children, though it must be confessed she hesitated a little, in some fear as to whether she might not be presuming too much upon so slight an acquaintance. Perhaps she was "peculiar." At any rate, she had a peculiar respect for people's fancies, and it even extended to this shivering little mite in the scant night-dress.

"Will you come to me?"

The child looked at her for an instant, as children have a fashion of doing at people who talk to them—silently, solemnly, questioningly—and then she held out her arms, too.

Brenda took her up, and folded her close and warm—even folded the cold, small feet in her dress before she resumed her investigations. The child was nothing remarkable—only a pretty, chubby little morsel, with light, crumpled hair and round eyes; but, somehow or other, the girl felt a subtle chord in her heart touched by the mere sight of her childish forlornness.

With the help of some brisk cross-examination, she found out that she was an inmate of the house, and that, having been put to bed by her nurse, she had been frightened, and so had made her way to the lighted staircase, in hope of making somebody or other hear her.

"Well," said Brenda, when she had learned this much, "we will go back to the nursery and have a light there, and I will stay with you, so that you won't be frightened again."

Yosie was consoled at once. She clasped two short arms around her friend's neck, and nestled down on to her shoulder, as they journeyed down the long gallery, in search of the nursery. When it was found, Brenda re-lighted the gas and stirred the fire, and then sat down with her charge on her knee.

She had only been in the house two days, but her mother and sisters had known its master, Sir Michael Thorwald, ever since he had become a widower, four years before; and it was because they knew him so well as an eligible *parti*, that they had been kind enough to accept his invitation to spend Christmas at his country-seat, with a dozen other visitors, in the good old-fashioned way.

Cecilia and Lucy, being beauties, were supposed to have an interest in eligible individuals, whether widowers or bachelors. They had a right to such an interest; but Brenda, who was the youngest, and not a beauty at all—simply a "peculiar," quiet girl of nineteen or twenty—was only one of the unavoidable accompaniments of the party. She was not needed particularly, and had never spoken to Sir Michael a dozen times in her life; but, as the discreet Mrs. Burnie said to her two charming eldest, "It would not look well to leave Brenda at home."

So Brenda had been packed up with the rest of the baggage, and carried down to Thorwald Holm; and here she had been for two days, reading and crocheting in quiet corners, unnoticed and uncared-for, and not enjoying herself very outrageously, it must be admitted. At first, the sight of the small apparition on the staircase had been a great puzzle to her; but after she was settled in the nursery, she began to recollect dimly that she had once heard her mother mention the fact of Sir Michael's dead wife having left a baby only a few days old at the time of her death.

"And this must be the one," she said, aloud, looking down at the plump figure making itself comfortable on her lap.

"And it says it belongs to nobody. Poor little bairnie!" And she sighed over it as honestly and deeply as if she had been a soft-hearted matron of forty, instead of a very ordinary young lady of scarce twenty years. She was very much inclined to think that Sir Michael might have taken better care of his little daughter, if he were a man. He was old enough. Sir Michael was nearly forty himself, be it known.

Still, she saw, on looking round, that the nursery was complete enough—even elegant enough, as far as nursery appointments go. It was spacious and handsomely furnished, and there were plenty of toys strewn on the carpet. But it had a lonely look. Her small waif was not very communicative, but she was at least affectionate. She lay in her friend's arms, quiet but observant, and regarding her admiringly as she talked.

It was not the easiest thing in the world, at first, for Brenda to talk to her. She was not used to children—not used to talking to any one much, the fact was, but some quiet latent instinct ripened her conversational powers on this occasion, and she managed to make herself quite interesting and intelligible. She told one or two little stories about impossible fairies, and sang two or three pretty little gurgling baby-songs—all rhyme and no time—but suited exactly to the comprehension of her listener; and finally, finding that Yosie was warm enough, she persuaded her to permit herself to be tucked up in bed again.

"I will come to see you in the morning," she said, after she had made her comfortable. "My name is Brenda Burnie, and I am one of your papa's visitors; so, while I stay here, you shall belong to me—if you will. Will you?"

"Yes," answered Yosie, with a gravity as sincere as Brenda's own.

"Very well, then. Before I go away, suppose you tell me whose you are now?"

"Benda Burnie's," said Yosie. "You's her."

And, for the first time in their acquaintance, Brenda was suddenly awakened to recognition of her babyhood, and laughed at it for sheer pleasure.

"I found Sir Michael's little daughter last night," she said to her mother, the next day. "She was out in the cold on the top flight of stairs, crying, because she was afraid of ghosts; so I carried her back to the nursery and warmed her, and put her to bed again."

The estimable Mrs. Burnie settled her sharp-looking spectacles on her aquiline nose, and stared aghast.

"*What* was that, may I ask?" she inquired.

Brenda repeated her speech, with an addition.

"I think Sir Michael ought to see that her nurses attend to her more closely," she said, practically. "Her feet were as cold as ice, mamma."

"Her feet!" gasped Mrs. Burnie. "I should really like, Brenda, to hear you explain what your object is in making yourself conspicuous in a strange establishment after such a Quixotic fashion. I should really like to know what the servants would think if they saw you. I should really like to know what Sir Michael would say to such a piece of interference. I should really like to know——"

But Brenda stopped her there—without looking up from her sewing, however.

"I don't believe it would matter much what they thought, mamma," she said. "I should certainly do it again under the same circumstances. It was right, whether it was conspicuous or not; and as to Sir Michael—well, if it had been Lucy or Cecilia it might be different, but I am only Brenda, you know."

"And being only Brenda," said Mrs. Burnie, with brisk acidity, "you are going to disgrace us all."

"Oh, dear, no," returned that young lady, quietly. "I shall do nothing so bad so that, I hope."

She was by no means as devoid of spirit as the family Cinderella ought to be, and generally is, when she plays the part of the heroine of a story; on the contrary, "the plain Miss Burnie," as people called her, was pretty well calculated to hold her own in a placid, practical way. She was never crushed by sarcasms, nor subdued by snubbings; when she was neglected she amused herself, and when she was by chance noticed (which was not often), she really managed to make herself reasonably agreeable. Very few people ever discovered her attractions (thanks to her elder sisters), but when any one did discover them, it was sometimes observed that the impression she made was a lasting one, and there had been daring individuals who had actually remarked that the "plain Miss Burnie" was not so plain, after all. Something of her disadvantages might perhaps be adduced to the fact of her being not only the "plain one" but also the young one.

Lucy and Cecilia must be married now, but Brenda had

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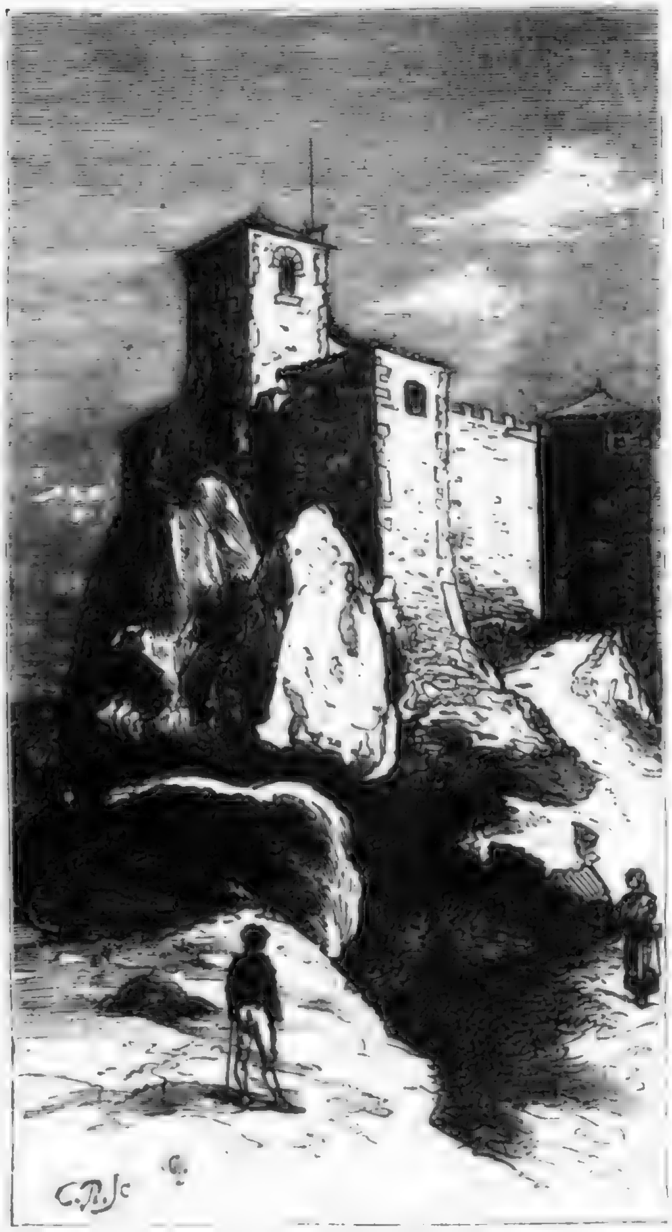


THE CASTLE OF SAN MARINO.—SEE PAGE 247.

plenty of time before her; consequently, Lucy and Cecilia were brought forward with all the power of the estimable Mrs. Burnie's excessively Scotch shrewdness, but Brenda was held in the background. And it did not hurt Brenda very much, on the whole. She was a reticent, large-brained, self-contained girl, observant and quick-witted. Books, and human nature—as she obtained a looker's-on impression of it—amused her, and not being of a meek temperament, she was healthful-minded enough to parry the family slights without receiving any very deep wounds. There were scratches now and then, of course, but they never rankled, and always healed in the end without a scar.

She kept her promise to her *protégée* the next morning, and, going to the nursery, found the nurse there.

"I have just found out from Miss Rosie here what happened last night," said that person, obsequiously. "I hadn't any idea but what she was safe in bed, mum. Bless my life! I wouldn't have Sir Michael hear of it for the world. It would be more than my place is worth to me."

Brenda decided to give her a hint, and gave her one accordingly.

"Then you had better be more careful, or he will find out for himself without being told," she cried. "I heard her crying from my room at the other end of the house, and came to see what was the matter."

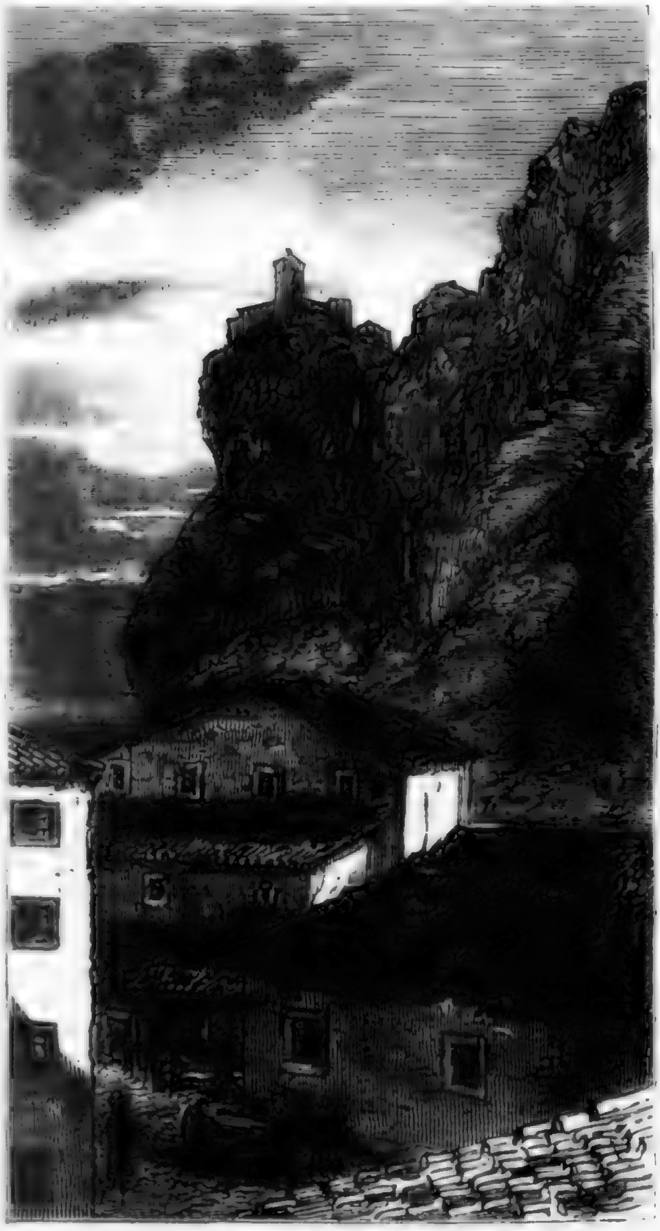
"Goodness alive!"—nervously. "Whoever heard the like! I hope you won't mention it, miss. I'll take care it doesn't happen again. He'd be powerful put out, Sir Michael would, if he doesn't take much notice of her."

"Doesn't he take much notice of her?" Brenda asked, betrayed for a moment into excusable curiosity.

"Well, no, Miss," was the answer. "Not as some men do of their children, though he's very particular about her being well attended to. But it's no wonder, you know, considering, for they do say as he never was over fond of her mother, and only married her to please his father—though he treated her well enough, for that matter."

Brenda made no comment upon this. It was no affair of hers, she thought, and she never interfered with other people's concerns, so she turned her attention to the child, to the complete ignoring of her host's domestic history. Still, slight as was the notice she gave it, the idea conveyed to her aroused in her mind some latent pity for the man, simply because he had not been as happy as she had hitherto fancied.

In this manner it came about that Sir Michael Thorwald's little daughter became the chief amusement of the plain Miss Burnie. She fell into the habit of spending a great deal of time with the child, and in trying to render her happy. She gained a great influence over her before long, and, almost unconsciously to herself, this influence had its own almost maternal quality. She learned how to pet the little creature, and proved herself an adept in



BORGO AT SAN MARINO.

nursery ways. She could talk to her and tell her stories, and sing lullabies—though it must be owned that at first she did such things with a grave reticence.

Nobody missed her where Lucy and Cecilia were, so she could run up to the nursery half-a-dozen times a day, and rejoice her small *protégée's* heart.

It was about this time that Mrs. Burnie was somewhat nonplussed. She was beginning to feel dubious about the success of her maternal plans. The fact was that Sir Michael was not acting as it was clearly his duty to do. He was amiably following her rather sharp lead in the game of hearts, but he was not showing his hand. His attentions were not "particular" enough. He chatted with Lucy, the brown-eyed, and delicately flattered Cecilia, the blonde; he sang duets with the one, and openly admired the playing of the other. He was too open, in fact, Mrs. Burnie thought. If he had been a trifle less open, it would have made the case look better than it did; but as it was, he was making himself equally agreeable to both, and committing himself to neither. Of course, this was trying, after having carried them away from town right in the middle of the season. Mrs. Burnie was reasonably irate, after the manner of old soldiers. Mrs. Burnie was a very old soldier. The girls themselves were not in the best of humors, either, if the truth must be told, though, of course, they were discreet enough to hide their slight discomfiture. They had come to Thorwald Holm ostensibly to celebrate Christmas with the rest in the good old style, but though they were not more calculating than the generality of girls, and were modest enough in their way, there is something more than a possibility that both of them had secretly cherished a decorously faint hope that the festivities might not end without some record of a comfortable triumph. And yet, here they had been for more than a week conducting themselves with all the discretion in the world, and still without even the shadow of a decided result. Really, they were not even as well content as Brenda, who had cherished no hopes at all, and merely regarded her host as a handsome, middle-aged man, who could make himself very agreeable, but with whom she herself had as yet nothing in common. But the time came at last when the state of affairs was materially altered.

GATE OF SAN MARINO.

Among two or three other solitary and half-melancholy habits Sir Michael had contracted, was the one of strolling about the terraces in the evening, with a cigar as his sole companion; and it so happened that on one occasion, about a fortnight after the Burnies had arrived, he was promenading up and down a walk near the house, when his attention was suddenly drawn to the fact that some one was singing in a room high above him, and the some one in question, whoever she might be, had a remarkably full, sweet and flexible voice.

It was a woman, of course. No man had ever sung such a pretty, lilting air, in such a pretty style; but, then, who could it be? None of the servants, surely, or he would have heard her sing before; and he knew it was none of the guests. He stood listening for a minute or so, holding his cigar between his fingers, and letting its fragrance die out upon the chill air, and then he turned toward the hall-door again.

"It is in the nursery, most certainly," he said, pausing for another instant. "Yes, it is in the nursery. I will go and see who it is."

In consequence of which resolution, he made his way up the staircase rapidly and lightly, until he had reached the upper flight, and stood upon the landing, looking in—positively staring in, at the picture the dancing firelight revealed to him.

There was a queer, old-fashioned, deep-seated rocking-chair drawn up to the hearth, and in this chair a young lady was seated—a young lady whose cheeks were flushed prettily by the warmth of the fire, and whose abundant reddish-brown hair was tumbling loose over her throat and shoulders, evidently disordered by childish fingers; for this young lady held his little daughter in her arms, and as she rocked to and fro, looking down at the child's face, and singing her nursery song, he recognized in her, to his great astonishment, no less—or rather no greater—a person than the "plain Miss Burnie." A moment more, and the child's quick ear caught the sound of some slight stirring, and she looked up.

"Brenda," she said, a trifle timidly, "dere's my papa!"

Then Sir Michael came forward, not having quite overcome his feeling of surprise, however.

"Don't rise, I beg of you," he said. "I—the fact is, I was smoking on the walk beneath the window here, and I heard you singing, and came to see who it was. Why did I never hear you sing before?"

Brenda gave him a quiet little smile. If she had been other than the "plain Miss Burnie," she might have been unpleasantly conscious of her disordered hair and rumpled collar; but as it was, she really did not care much.

"I don't think anybody has asked me to sing since I came here," she answered. "Lucy and Cecilia make a science of music, you know—I do not."

"But," stammered Sir Michael, in a half-bewildered fashion—"but you sing as the birds sing. Your voice is perfect."

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"Oh, dear, no," she said; "but you are very kind to say so, nevertheless."

Then, while he stared at her, and wondered at himself for being such an insane simpleton, she set Yosie down out of her arms upon the hearthrug.

"Yosie," she said, in a pretty, matter-of-fact way, "go and kiss your papa."

The child did as she was told, without any hesitation—it seemed as if she was accustomed to obeying the girl—but there was something deeper than ordinary shyness in her manner, something that made it very evident that the new-comer was a stranger, and represented to her childish mind nothing more than the merest acquaintance, before whom she was bound to be nothing more than tractable and well-behaved. The recognition of this, it may be, emboldened the "plain Miss Burnie."

"She does not see you very often," she said, quietly—"does she?"

He hesitated slightly, under his consciousness of the girl's frankly speaking face. Brenda Burnie's face was a very frank one.

"No," he answered—"not often." And for the first time in his life he wished he could have answered differently.

Brenda held out her arms again, and Yosie came back to her favorite resting-place. She was not a remarkable child, as I have said before, but she was wonderfully loving, and almost pathetically quiet, in a babyish way.

Brenda took one of the small, fat hands, and began to pat it softly against her own, with an almost ungirlish reflectiveness in her eyes.

"She told me, when I first found her, that she belonged to nobody," she said, "and I suppose that was why we fraternized so warmly. We are very good friends now, of nearly two weeks' standing."

Sir Michael forgot to smile. The fact was, he was just making a discovery. He was finding out all at once—as if a flash of lightning had revealed it to him—that there was something indescribable and oddly charming just at this moment about the "plain Miss Burnie." She had a small, light, round figure; she had great, honest hazel eyes, and her hair was real, at least. He had felt some slight doubts concerning Lucy's elaborate coiffure and Cecilia's blonde puffs and braids, but there could be no mistake about this profusion. She was not a beauty, of course, but there was something quite attractive in her self-reliant voice and those honest eyes. How was it that he had not found it out before?

And, after a conversation of half an hour's length, he discovered something more—namely, that she was even more inviting than she looked. No platitudes from her, no young-ladylike speeches, no nonsense, or lassoing for flirtation. She talked to him in a bright, straightforward fashion, spiritedly and girlishly, yet as sensibly as if she had been his mother or his aunt, or any other essentially sensible female relation. What a mistake he had made hitherto in flirting languidly, and letting himself be angled for by the other two, while this charming, piquant little woman was left in the corner to her crocheting!

And before they separated she gave him a brave little hint.

"Are you fond of children?" he had asked of her.

"I never knew until I came here," she answered him. "I never had anything to do with children before. But I think I must be. I am sorry for this one."

And her great, honest eyes met his squarely. She knew he would understand her.

He received the womanlike rebuke almost humbly. He would have resented it as an interference from any one else, but coming from such a girl as this—so young, so frank, so womanly—it touched his heart.

"I have not taken care of her, you mean," he returned. "Perhaps you are right. We men do not understand these things."

"If her mother had lived," Brenda answered, "she would not have let people frighten her with ghosts, and tell her she belonged to nobody. I do not think she ought to be left alone so much. Children need friends," staidly.

He thanked her gravely and courteously, and went down-stairs, thinking the matter over; but by the time he reached the bottom step he had wandered unconsciously far away from the original subject, and was lingering with a curious sense of pleasure over the little homely picture he had seen through the opened nursery door—the picture of the light, round figure in the rocking-chair, holding his motherless child in its arms, and rocking to and fro to the sound of a nursery song.

That night the "plain Miss Burnie" was rescued from her corner and her crocheting. To Mrs. Burnie's great bewilderment, Sir Michael brought her forth to sing for him, and stood near her as she sung, turning the leaves of her music, and looking at her as he had never in his life looked at Lucy or Cecilia. He looked fairly like a man who had fallen upon a novel pleasure, and was enjoying it in no half-way measure.

And as the days went by the vail fell from the business-like matron's eyes, and she awakened suddenly to a new consciousness. She had diplomatized and struggled sharply, after a soldierly fashion, for her older daughters, and her struggles had availed nothing; but she had left Brenda alone, even thrusting her into the shade, and here it appeared that in spite of all this Brenda had made an impression, and Sir Michael's usually erratic attentions were becoming "particular." It was brisk discipline, but it held its own consolation. She had not made a favorite of her youngest daughter, but it is likely that if Cecilia and Lucy were off her hands, she would have been almost as sharp in her maternal solicitude for "the plain one" as she was now for them. So, though her patience was somewhat tried, she was not sorry to see some shadow of a prospect in store for Brenda. Beauties are always marketable, and she had anticipated trouble in "selling" Brenda, which she had known would arise just as much from her spirit and self-reliance as from her lack of beauty.

This was what passed through the maternal Burnie's mind when she first began to note the growth of Sir Michael's totally unexpected fancy; but Brenda herself had few thoughts upon the subject, if any. Not being a beauty, attentions did not mean much to her, and consequently when Sir Michael began to single her out from the rest, and exert himself to please her, she merely enjoyed the change in a quiet, unromantic fashion, and felt a little happier for feeling herself of some slight importance to somebody.

So the days passed pleasantly enough, until they had achieved the object for the furtherance of which so many of them had flocked down to Thorwald Holm—namely, the keeping of Christmas in the good old style; and at last people were beginning to drop away, one by one, and among the rest the Burnies were going.

It was the very last hour of their stay, and while the rest were bustling about here and there among baggage and toilets, Brenda Burnie had run up-stairs to the nursery to take her last farewell of her favorite.

She was kneeling on the hearth, in her hat and sacque, with her arms around the child, when she heard some one enter the room through the door behind her, and she looked up to face Sir Michael. She gave him a smile—only a faint one, however, for she found it rather a hard thing to bear this farewell she was taking of Yosie.

"We are bidding each other good-by, Sir Michael," she said—"Yosie and I."

He came to the fire, and stood looking down at her upturned face, speaking hurriedly.

"Brenda," he said, "don't say good-by to her at all—why should you?"

She started slightly at his eagerness and rapidity of speech, but her honest eyes met his so gently that he went on.

"Listen to me for a moment," he said. "I followed you here to say something to you. The past few weeks have been a revelation to me—I have found a woman I love. Nay, Brenda, do not look startled, or it will seem like a reproach. I do not ask anything of you yet; I know you can have nothing yet to give me. I am not young; I am years your senior, and I have a sad enough heart-history in my past; but that you are my first love, and the only woman on earth to me, you may rest assured. Just now I only ask you to say 'yes' or 'no' to two questions: May I come to town this Winter? and will you promise that you will not say good-by to the child here before I am sure that my efforts must be in vain?"

The "plain Miss Burnie" hesitated a moment, with the ungirlish reflectiveness peculiar to herself. Then she loosened her hold upon her *protégée*, and spoke to her in a soft, quiet tone:

"Yosie," she said, "go to your papa, and tell him that my answer to both of his questions is—'Yes.'"

* * * * * * * *

It is easy enough to guess at the end. Sir Michael Thorwald went to town from Westmoreland with a purpose, and, being a man of taste and strength of will and spirit, he was not unsuccessful. He sued with a will, and did not sue in vain.

Discovering that their *Chateau en Espagne* had crumbled to the dust, Lucy and Cecilia discreetly applied themselves to industry more likely to be rewarded. And so it came to pass that a year later the beauties of the family officiated when the "plain Miss Burnie" was married.

SAN MARINO.

A BARE and rugged mountain, about ten miles from Rimini; a few hills grouped around the mountain, some hamlets, a village or two, a town, *la Citta;* a church, a convent, a tower here and there on the rocks. This constitutes the Republic of San Marino. You can traverse it in its greatest length in an hour, and almost take the census of its 9,000 inhabitants. The nearest railway station is Rimini, which travelers pass in going to Brindisi on the overland route to India.

After leaving Rimini, on the east stretches the blue Adriatic, and on the west the purple line of Apennines, and midway between them, rising abruptly from the plain to the height of more than 2,000 feet above the sea, there is a lone rock crowned with towers, and a little town.

This tiny Republic of San Marino was founded more than fourteen centuries ago, by a Dalmatian Christian named Marino. To escape persecution, he had taken refuge at Rimini, where he converted many, amongst them the Princess Felicissima, who presented to him the mountain, on which he founded a religious community. Being separated from the strife and wars of those times, it remained forgotten till the tenth century. Meanwhile the persecuted and plundered inhabitants of the neighboring districts took refuge on this rock, and joined in building up this little republic.

During the Middle Ages, though marauding lords of the neighboring territories seldom attacked San Marino, yet several attempts were made to take possession of it by surprise. One of these attempts was made in 1542, Pope Paul III. having, it is said, conceived the idea of making his relation, Pier Luigi, Prince of San Marino, if he could then have captured it; but in this attempt he was less successful than Cæsar Borgia, who, a few years previously, made himself master of San Marino, for some months only.

The little republic had to fight for its existence in 1739, against the Papal power, which then barely tolerated this tiny free State in the midst of the Papal dominions which surrounded the republic on all sides. Cardinal Alberoni and his soldiers gained possession of San Marino, and tried to make the republicans swear fealty to the Papal dominion. A certain Gazi, when ordered so to swear before the cardinal and his retinue in the church, boldly answered:

"Your Eminence, I make the same prayer that Christ made in the Garden of Gethsemane, 'If it be possible, let this cup pass from me.' Moreover, at the sight of that sacred head" (pointing to the head of San Marino exposed on the altar) "I have not the heart to make such a *spregia;* on the contrary, I will ever cry, 'Viva la liberta!'"

The people echoed the shout, and the priest had to commence Mass to drown the uproar. The cardinal left the cathedral, and ordered the houses of those "rebels" to be sacked. However, the inhabitants made a direct appeal to Pope Clement XII., who decreed that the people, at a general election, should decide themselves as to their government, and they unanimously voted for their old liberty.

Napoleon I., when at the head of his victorious army in Romagna, sent the celebrated Monge, in the name of the Republic of France, to offer protestations of affection and esteem, and more—cannon, and extension of territory; but the little republic wisely declined both, and to this wisdom and neutrality may be attributed the safety of the Republic in the Treaty of Vienna.

Garibaldi took refuge in the Republic of San Marino after the capture of Rome by the French; but the little Republic has only a militia force of about 400 men, and could not then have hoped to successfully withstand the threatened Austrian invasion, and Garibaldi retired in safety.

The scant revenues of the republic, which, it appears now, are likely to be so much increased by the gambling establishment, have hitherto been eked out by an extraordinary resource—the sale of titles—as well as by a light tax on property and the monopolies in salt and tobacco.

In this little republic, which has only about 9,000 souls, it is said there are more than that number of foreigners who hold titles. One hears of an American who gave 21,000 francs for the title of Duke of a village of two cottages and a church.

The little State, which may now expect to "coin" gold, has hitherto only coined copper (14,000 soldi in 1864, and 30,000 in 1869), and one gets nothing in change but copper sous or soldi; however, one can get a good deal for one soldo, or halfpenny—for instance, sixteen plums, or ten figs, or four pears; but this year, throughout Italy, fruit has been dearer. Good red wine is cheap and plentiful.

The castle, formerly the citadel, but now used as a prison, is built on the highest point of the rock, and the

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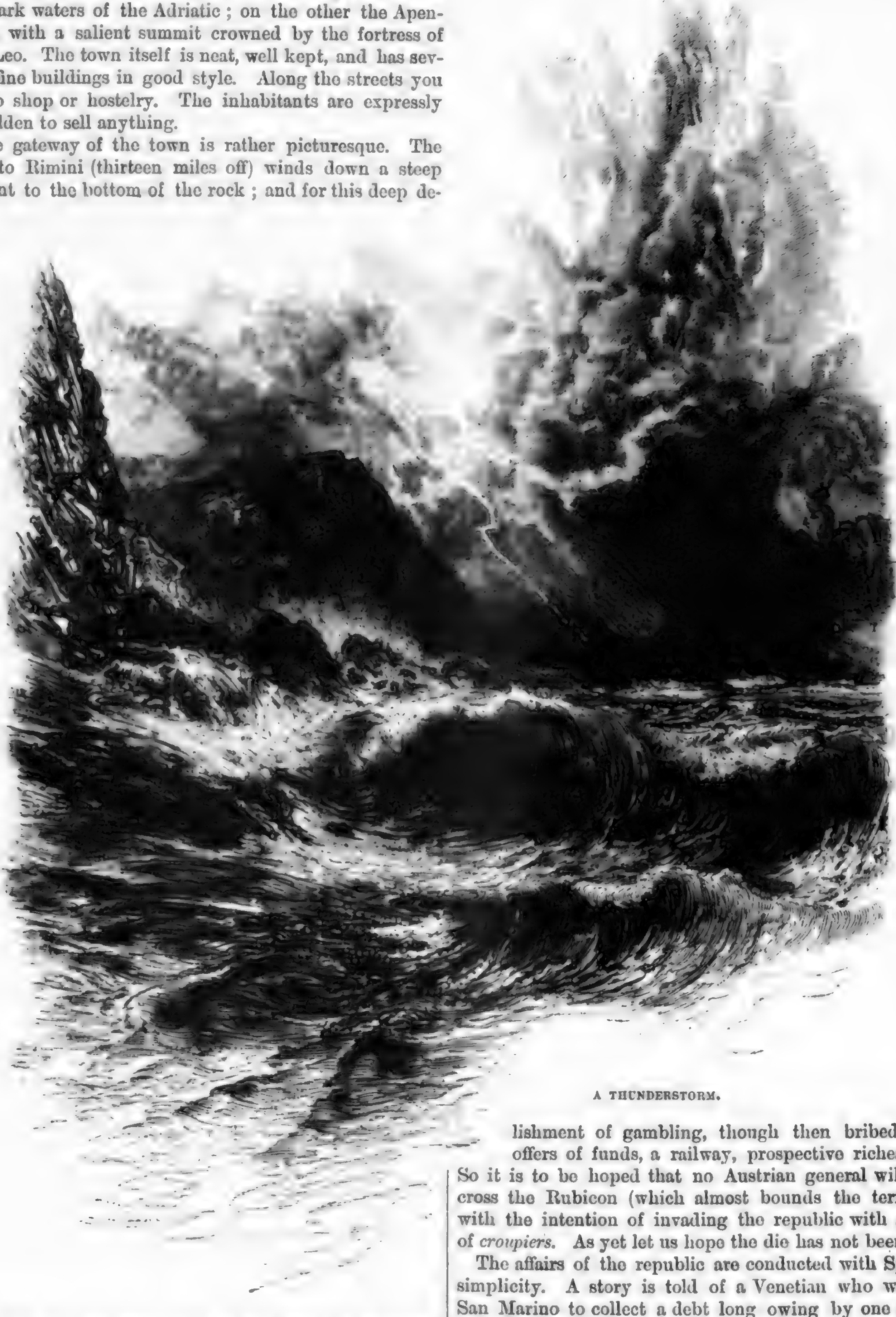
view from it is fine. On one side is charming Rimini and the dark waters of the Adriatic; on the other the Apennines, with a salient summit crowned by the fortress of San Leo. The town itself is neat, well kept, and has several fine buildings in good style. Along the streets you see no shop or hostelry. The inhabitants are expressly forbidden to sell anything.

The gateway of the town is rather picturesque. The road to Rimini (thirteen miles off) winds down a steep descent to the bottom of the rock; and for this deep descent oxen only are used, but it is said that if a gambling establishment is set up, then a Fell's railway will be made.

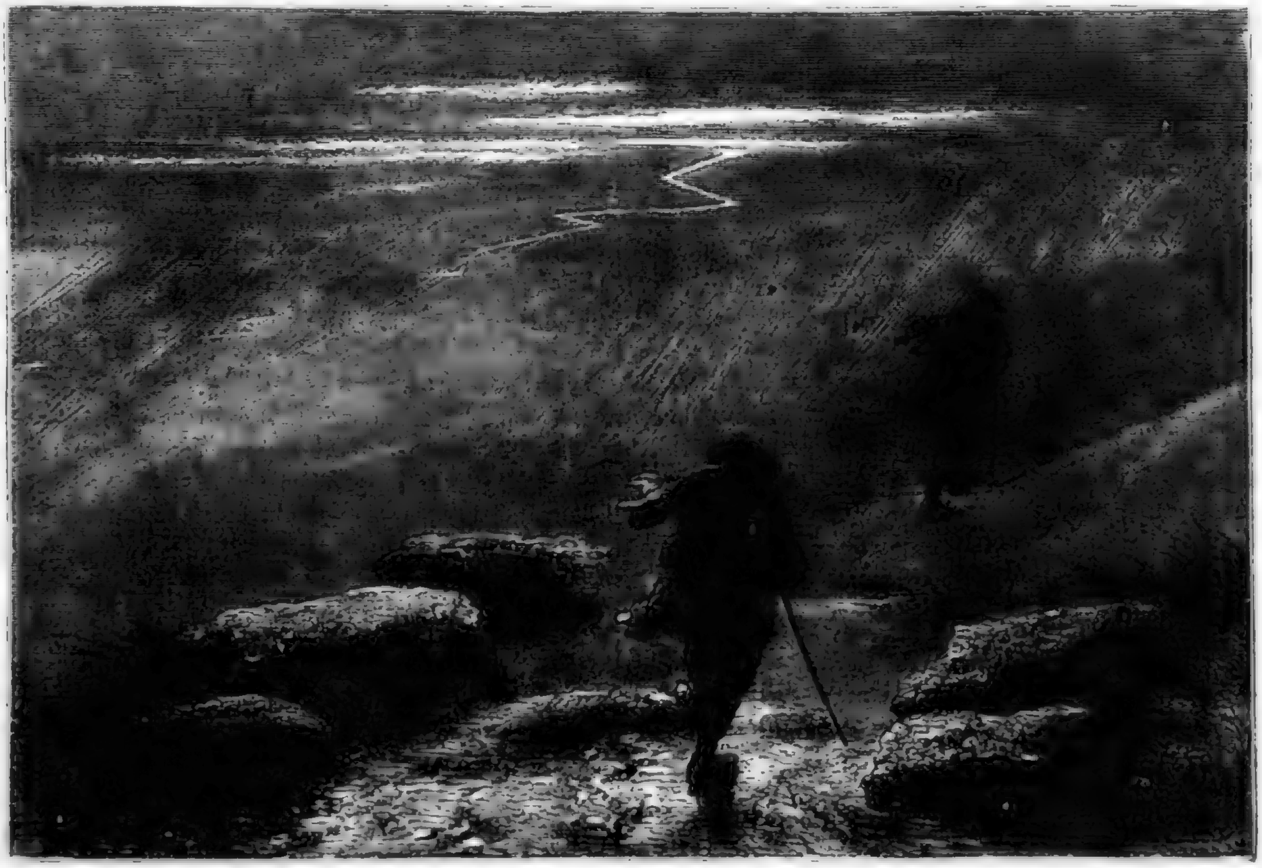


A THUNDERSTORM.

The Borgo, a suburb on the way down, is a poor little place, with an indifferent inn, but travelers have to put up there. Like most Italian towns, however small, it boasts a theatre, but it is generally shut.

San Marino is now a simple but prosperous republic, and in 1868 it indignantly rejected a proposal for the establishment of gambling, though then bribed with offers of funds, a railway, prospective riches, etc. So it is to be hoped that no Austrian general will now cross the Rubicon (which almost bounds the territory) with the intention of invading the republic with a host of *croupiers.* As yet let us hope the die has not been cast.

The affairs of the republic are conducted with Spartan simplicity. A story is told of a Venetian who went to San Marino to collect a debt long owing by one of the *cittadini.* He was taken to the house of the chief magistrate, and expected to find some of the pomp and solemnity of a Venetian court. What was his amazement when a man was pointed out to him as chief-justice, who, barearmed and barefooted, was treading out grapes. Without suspending his labors, the judge heard the complaint, gave a verbal summons for the attendance of the defendant, and directed him to plead. Finding that his defense would not stand, he condemned him to imprisonment and ordered



THE FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

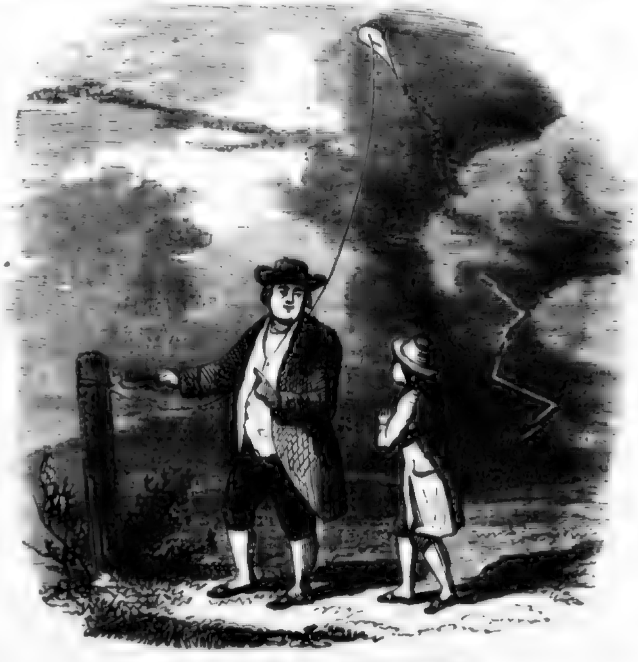
his house to be sold at once. The next day the Venetian left the city paid to the last cent.

Some months after a case of his before the Venetian tribunals was protracted till he lost all patience, and exclaimed, "Val pin un pistad' uva di San Marino che dieci parrucine di Venezia!"—"A wine-treader of San Marino is worth a dozen big-wigs of Venice!"

The Constitution of the republic is aristocratic, the supreme power being vested in a great council called the Arengo, where each family, poor and rich, is represented by one of its members; but it is really governed by the "Council of Sixty," comprising forty citizens selected by the wealthy families; and the Arengo meets only on most important occasions, when the great tocsin sounds, and each family's representative is bound to repair at once to the council-hall, under penalty of a fine amounting to about two cents.

The "Council of Sixty" every six months selects ten, from whom two *capitanei reggenti* are drawn by lot, one to govern the city, the other the rest of the republic. Next to them in importance is the "commissary," who is the supreme judge, and who must be well versed in law, born out of the republic, and not connected by blood or marriage with any of the inhabitants. The remaining officials are a physician, elected for three years, and who is bound to keep a horse, and, finally, the schoolmaster.

Such is this strange little republic in the heart of Italy.



FRANKLIN'S KITE EXPERIMENT.

A THUNDERSTORM.

By William Durham, F.R.S.E.

Almost every one must have seen a thunderstorm at some period of his or her life; few, however, have regarded it with intelligent interest as to the cause which produced it or the forces displayed. Some are content with contemplating the sublimity of the spectacle, while others, in ignorant or superstitious fear, seek to hide themselves from the attending danger by shutting it out from their sight.

Those, however, who desire to know more of Nature's works than appears on the surface, while not insensible either to the grandeur of the display or to the danger that accompanies it, will calmly and quietly examine all that happens, and try to find out the cause by patient investigation. With this purpose let us watch the progress of a thunderstorm.

The weather has been warm and sunny for some days; people complain of a feeling of depression and heaviness, which they account for by saying "There is thunder in the air"—rather a curious way of putting it, as thunder is usually heard, not felt. No doubt, however, there is something unusual about to happen. Suddenly a dense, dark cloud forms overhead, which rapidly increases in size, rising higher into the atmosphere, and drawing toward it any little clouds that may be scattered about, although they may have been motionless

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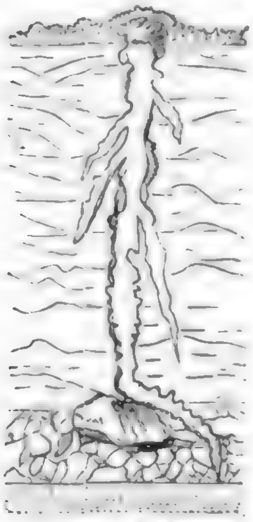
fore—just like an army preparing for battle gathering in its scattered detachments. Increasing in size and blackness, with an ugly, ragged and threatening look, the mass of cloud begins to approach the earth, sending out masses sometimes at one part and sometimes at another, but always toward the earth, while little cloudlets hurry to and fro over its surface, like officers marshaling the ranks for a grand attack. The rain now commences to descend, and the first faint beginning of the storm is heard, like the distant growl of some savage animal, low and threatening; flashes of light are seen darting here and there in the midst of the cloud; sometimes the whole mass is lighted up as with a vivid sheet of flame, or the dark edges of the cloud are brilliantly illuminated, displaying its ragged-looking form many times in succession; the thunder increases in frequency and loudness, sounding like the rattle of musketry mingled with the roar of artillery. As the cloud nears the earth, a flash passes between them, followed instantly by another flash at some distance; and sometimes we can trace through the cloud a connection between the two flashes. The lightning varies in appearance. Sometimes it is a clearly defined zigzag line; at other times it forks or spreads into many sharp points; occasionally it becomes a ball of fire, moving at a slower speed than either of the other forms, so that the eye can follow it. Many suppose this ball is a really solid "thunderbolt"; but it is not so, but only a modification of the other forms of lightning.

The storm is now at its height, and rages as a battle among the elements. The thunder roars and crashes overhead with appalling violence, and the vivid lightning flashes on every side. Now is the time of danger. The lightning in its path to the earth bursts through all opposition with irresistible violence; buildings unprovided with lightning-conductors are shivered to pieces like castles of cards; and woe to the unfortunate being who chances to be in its path—death is his certain fate, and that in an instant! If the lightning should chance to light on sand, it not infrequently fuses it in its path, and leaves long rods of a glassy nature as evidence of its fearful energy. This display continues until the cloud has exhausted itself, when it vanishes almost as quickly as it gathered, and we are left with a feeling of relief and freshness.



FULGURITE.

Of all the forces of Nature with which we are acquainted, the one that seems most likely to afford us an explanation of a thunderstorm is electricity. The famous American philosopher and statesman, Benjamin Franklin, was the first who suggested the means of proving this. By means of flying a kite, provided with a sharp steel point on its head, connected with the string, he succeeded in bringing down from a thunder-cloud flashes of lightning, which he proved exhibited all the phenomena which we know are due to electricity. The experiment is attended with considerable danger to the operator, as was proved by the fact that a Russian physicist repeating Franklin's experiment was struck dead by the lightning; so any one desirous of trying it must exercise the greatest caution. We shall therefore examine the laws and phenomena of electricity so far as they bear on a thunderstorm, and see how far they explain what we have observed. When looking for the origin of such a grand display, we are apt to look about us for some equally grand cause: but Nature often commences her greatest works in a very modest manner, working for long silently and unseen until she accumulates her forces; and in this case it is so. We must commence our investigation with phenomena so trifling as almost to escape observation. From experiments, we know that electricity developed by friction first exhibits itself in attracting such light bodies as feathers, etc.; and further, that the electricity developed on the glass acts somewhat differently from that developed on the wax. While both attract any light body they are brought near, and one another, yet glass electricity repels glass, and wax electricity wax. To distinguish between these two kinds, we call the electricity developed on glass *positive*, and that on wax *negative*. Therefore, when we speak of positive or negative electricity, we just mean that the former is like that developed on glass, and the latter like that on wax.

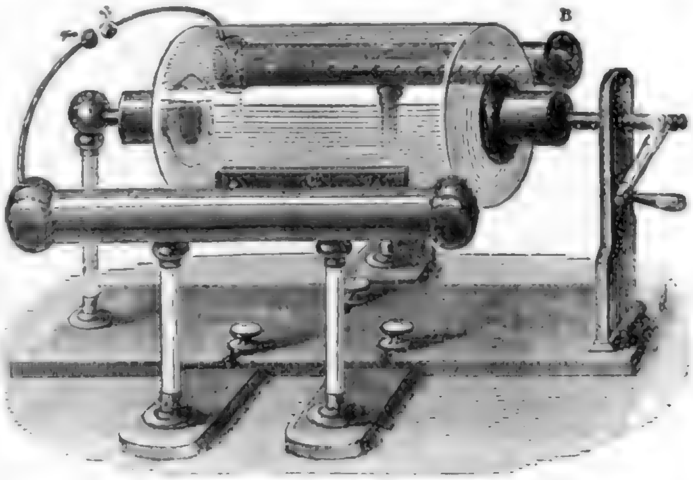


FIG. 1.—CYLINDRICAL ELECTRIC MACHINE.

Electricity can be conveyed from one body to another by contact; and this affords us the means of making a little testing apparatus to show by what kind of electricity any body is electrified.

Let us take a small pith-ball and suspend it by a silk fibre from a stand. On rubbing a glass rod with wax and bringing it near the pith-ball, the latter will be attracted like the feather, but immediately on touching the glass rod it will fly off. On bringing the excited wax, however, near it after being touched by the glass rod, the pith-ball will be attracted by the wax. If we wish, therefore, to know what electricity any body has, we just touch the pith ball with excited glass and bring it near the body; if it be attracted, the body is negative; and if repelled, positive. With instruments constructed on this principle, but of exceeding delicacy, it is found almost invariably that when two different substances are brought into contact, and especially if there be friction between them, electricity is developed—positive on the one substance and negative on the other. And the one *is never developed alone;* wherever there is positive developed, there is also an equivalent of negative, and *vice versa*. So constantly is this force developed by the least movement that the writer in using these delicate instruments has often been greatly annoyed by electricity developed on his coat by the movement of his arms or by walking, ever so carefully, across a carpet.

It has been proved also that when water holding salts in solution is in contact with the soil, electricity is always developed, the water becoming generally, though not always, positive, and the soil negative; the arrangement seeming to depend on the kind and quality of salts in solution. This last fact points to the origin of a thunderstorm; from this small beginning, which can scarcely be noticed even with the aid of the most delicate apparatus, arise such terrific storms as we have described. We know that from the surface of the sea, and all water on the surface of the earth, there ascends into the atmosphere, especially in hot weather, a constant stream of invisible particles of water, which, on condensation by cold or other causes, form clouds. Now, these particles of water carry up with them the still more invisible electricity they have acquired by contact with the earth.*

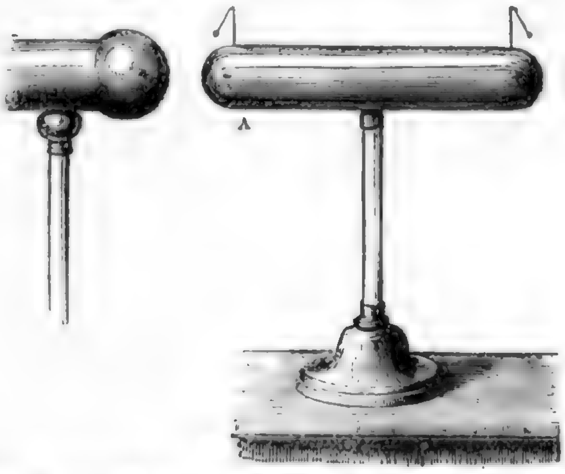


FIG. 2.—METALLIC CYLINDER BEFORE THE PRIME CONDUCTOR.

Having discovered this feeble source of electricity, we shall proceed to investigate the laws by which it increases so much energy as to produce the great effects we have observed. As we know electricity is produced in small quantity by rubbing a glass rod, we endeavor to increase the quantity or intensity on the same principle. Accordingly, we make a machine like that in Fig. 1. It is a glass cylinder (taking the place of the glass rod) mounted on brass bearings so that it can be made to revolve; C is a cushion pressed firmly against the glass cylinder, and takes the place of the wax; B is called the *prime conductor*, and is a metal cylinder, supported on a glass pillar, and having sharp points on the side next the cylinder, but not touching it. This takes off and accumulates the electricity developed by the rubbing of the glass. A piece of silk is placed on the top of the glass to prevent the electricity going off into the air.

When we turn the cylinder of this machine, and examine the prime conductor with our pith-ball, we find it is charged with positive electricity, like glass. With this machine we get clear indications of the power of electricity to produce light. While it is in operation, if we look into the space between the sharp points of the prime conductor and the revolving cylinder, we see sparks of light passing between them; or if we bring our finger within, say, half an inch of the body of the prime conductor, a bright spark passes between them, accompanied with a sharp snap, and we feel a sort of prick on the finger.

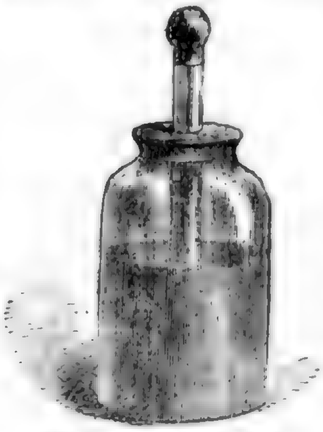


FIG. 3.—A LEYDEN JAR.

Putting our machine in motion, we shall make one or two experiments.

(1) Attach a small metallic chain to the prime conductor, B, and let it hang down and touch the ground. If we look now at the sharp points of the prime conductor, we shall see the light still passing from the glass as it revolves; but we shall not be able to get any spark from the prime conductor itself, nor will the pith-ball indicate that it is electrified. Now, clearly, the cause of this is that the chain is *conducting* all the electricity down to the earth as fast as it is produced. We therefore say the chain, or any body that acts like it, is a *conductor* of electricity; and as the electricity did not escape to the earth either by its glass support or through the air, but accumulated on the prime conductor, we say glass and air, or bodies that act like them, are *non-conductors* of electricity. We shall see that this observation is of great importance in understanding the "thunderstorm." Further, we notice that the air is not absolutely a non-conductor, for the electricity passes through it in the shape of a spark, but that to produce this spark of any size we must accumulate electricity so as to burst through, so to speak, the resistance of the non-conducting air.

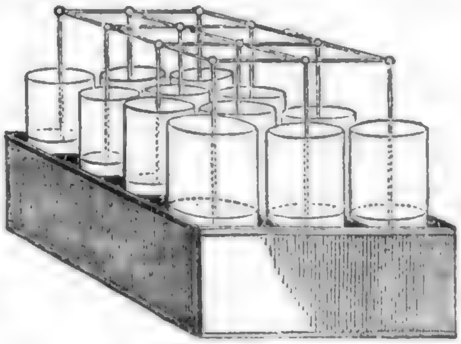


FIG. 4.—AN ELECTRIC BATTERY.

(2) Place before the prime conductor of our machine a metallic cylinder supported on a glass pillar, as in Fig. 2. On charging the prime conductor as before, by causing the glass cylinder to revolve but not causing a spark to pass, we shall find that one end of the cylinder (A) next the prime conductor, on being tested with the pith-ball, is charged with negative electricity, and the other end (B) with positive, marked in the figure — and +. On causing one spark to pass, the cylinder will return to its ordinary state, and exhibit no trace of electricity whatever until the machine is again set in motion.

(3) Let us repeat the foregoing experiment, with this alteration: Attach a metallic chain to the cylinder, and let the end of it touch the ground. On charging the prime conductor again, we shall find on testing that the cylinder has negative electricity over its whole length, which will also disappear on the passage of the spark.

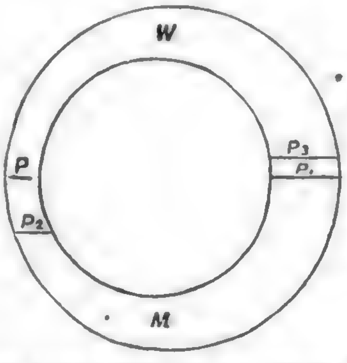


FIG. 5.—ILLUSTRATING THE PASSAGE OF A FLASH OF LIGHTNING BETWEEN A CLOUD AND THE EARTH.

These three experiments show that electricity may be generated in another way than by friction or contact. As this has been brought about by the mere presence of an electrified body (the prime conductor), it is called *induction*, because the one body has induced electricity in the other body near it. It has to be noticed also that positive electricity always induces and holds negative electricity nearest it, driving the positive as far away as possible, and holding the negative so firmly, that although there is

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* Prof. Tait has shown that friction between particles of watery vapor and the air develops electricity, and thinks this may be one of the sources of atmospheric electricity.

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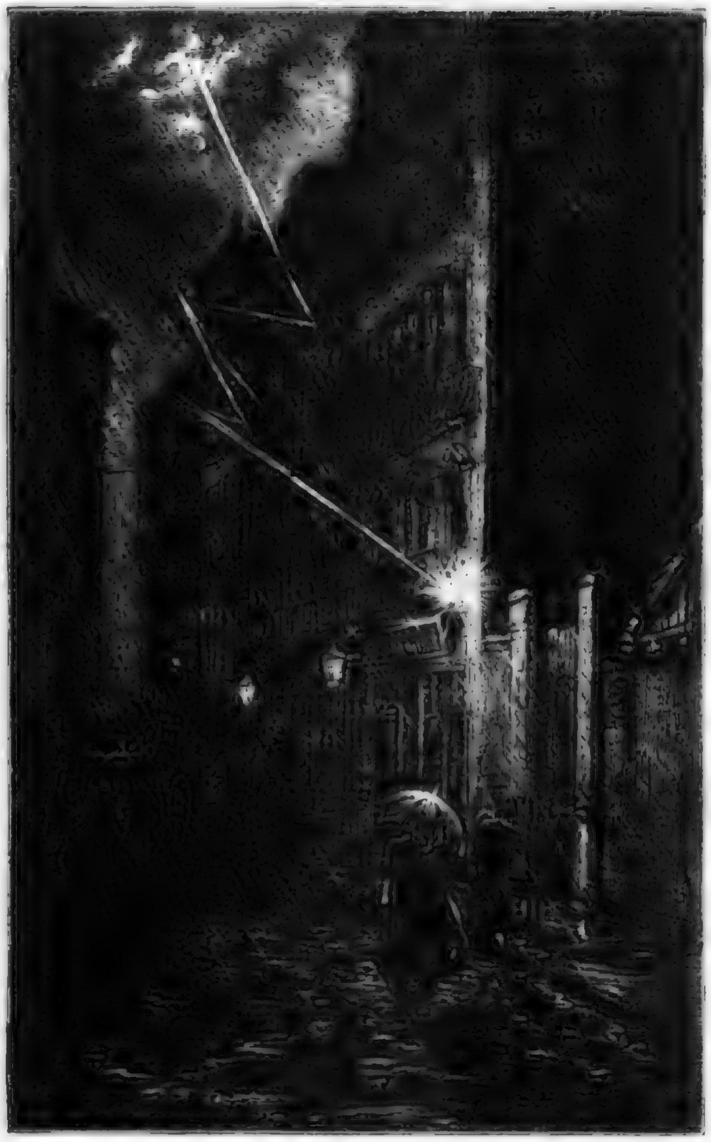


GAS-LAMP LIT BY A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

a conductor down to the ground it remains on the cylinder. Of course negative electricity induces positive. We see also that the passage of the spark reduces the whole arrangement to its natural state.

On the principle of induction we shall now construct an apparatus to enable us to increase the quantity of electricity before the spark passes. For this purpose we take a glass jar or bottle, about, say, ten inches high, and cover it inside and out to within two inches or so of the edge with tinfoil; we connect the tinfoil on the inside with a metal rod surmounted with a little ball which rises above the mouth of the jar about two inches. The arrangement is shown in Fig. 3. On connecting the brass ball with the prime conductor of our machine, and setting the latter in motion, positive electricity passes into the jar and accumulates on the tinfoil. It cannot pass to the earth, because the non-conducting glass jar prevents it; but it induces negative electricity on the tinfoil on the outside of the jar (which takes the place of the cylinder in our former experiment, being connected with the earth). By joining a number of these jars together by the little brass balls, we get that very powerful arrangement for accumulating electricity called an electric battery (Fig. 4), and when fully charged we can cause a spark of great brilliance and strength to pass, and the sound accompanying its passage is greatly augmented. With this apparatus we can imitate many of the phenomena of lightning, though of course on a much smaller scale. When one of these jars fully charged is held in one hand and the brass ball touched with the other, a violent shock is felt by the operator. A complete battery will give a shock sufficient to produce serious danger, so that it requires careful handling. With a very large battery blocks of wood can be rent in pieces, thin metal wire, gold-leaf, etc., can be melted or even dissipated in vapor. In fact, a miniature thunder-storm can be produced.

Having thus worked our way up from the elementary principles of the production of electricity by friction, contact and induction, to the production of phenomena similar to those displayed in a thunderstorm, we are in a position to trace out and explain the whole process. We learn that a thunderstorm is only the climax of unseen action that has been going on for some time; the little particles of water have been silently carrying upward their little loads of electricity acquired by contact with the earth; as they increased in size by uniting in the form of clouds, the electricity increased in intensity from the same cause, so that the cloud becomes like the inside of the electric battery, highly charged by an electric machine. Then the air acts like the glass of the *jar*, and the earth like the tinfoil on the outside, and consequently by induction gets strongly charged with negative electricity as far as the influence of the cloud extends. As positive and negative electricity mutually attract, and the cloud is movable, the latter approaches the earth. When any part of it gets sufficiently near for the electricity to burst through the intervening non-conducting air, a flash of light passes. The foregoing is in general outline an account of what goes on during a thunderstorm.

We shall now endeavor to explain some of the facts we noticed while the storm was raging, on the principles we have worked out.

(1) The uncertain movements of the smaller clouds. As stated before, water in contact with the earth is not always charged with positive electricity; it is sometimes negative; consequently we may have clouds variously charged, and there will be attraction or repulsion between them, according as a positive cloud meets a negative cloud or another positive one.

(2) The flashes of lightning in the body of the cloud itself are accounted for on the same principle. Parts of the cloud separated by some little distance and differently charged flash a spark between them as they approach. If this occurs on the side of the cloud furthest from us, we may not see the lightning clearly defined, but only as a flash lighting up the whole surface; or if the cloud is dense enough, we may only see the edges illuminated brilliantly, although no electricity is passing from them.

(3) The powerfully destructive effects of lightning are seen from our experiments to be due to the electricity bursting through a bad conductor, such as stone, wood, bricks, or even the human body. We never see any of these effects when electricity is passed through a good conductor, like a metal chain, if it is of sufficient size.

(4) The cause of lightning varying in form, being sometimes a zigzag line and sometimes forked, is supposed to be due to the intensity of the charge driving, as it were, the air before it, and consequently condensing it more or less; and the lightning seeks out the path of least resistance. At any rate, we can imitate these forms with our battery, and find that as the length and intensity of the spark varies, its form also varies.

It has been shown, however, by some very cleverly executed photographs of the electric spark, that when every trace of floating particles is removed from the air, the spark is always straight, so that the different forms of lightning may be due to the electricity darting from particle to particle that floats in the air. The globular form is not well understood, but we know that the greater or

TWO LOVERS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

less density of the air, and the charge, exercise much influence on the form and also on the color of the spark.

(5) We observed that when a flash passed from the thundercloud to the earth there was a return flash at some distance, which might be traced all through the cloud. To explain this, we must remember that when a flash takes place the action is not confined to the precise spot where it occurs. The whole thundercloud, the air between it and the earth, as well as the earth itself, are in a condition of strain; the positive electricity of the cloud is holding a like quantity or equivalent of negative on the surface of the earth near it, and every object on that surface is more or less under this strain. When the spark passes, this strain is relieved for the moment, and there is a general rush back, so to speak, of the electricities to their natural condition; and this rush back is of sufficient intensity to cause a second flash at a distance, besides sometimes causing a severe shock to men or animals subject to its influence. We may form, perhaps, a more definite idea of this state of strain by considering the following mechanical arrangement: Let us take a tubular glass ring, one side of which is of less diameter than the other, as in Fig. 5; fill its under part (M) with mercury, and the upper (W) with water, and let the surfaces where the water and mercury meet be represented by the lines P and P^1. If we now by means of a piston at P press down the level of the mercury to P^2, the whole body of the mercury will be moved, and it will rise on the other side from P^1 to P^3, but its movement will be greatest where the tube is narrowest, and least where it is widest. In this position, the mercury will be in a position of strain maintained by the pressure of the piston; on removing the piston there will be an immediate return to its first position, and the whole body of the mercury and water will partake of the movement in proportion to the diameter of the tube at each part. Now, this represents the state of matters before a flash of lightning passes between the cloud and earth. The narrowest part of the tube represents the point where the electric intensity is greatest, and the widest part where it is least. The passing of the spark represents the withdrawing of the piston, and the return movement of the mercury and water the recombining of the electricities into their natural state, causing shock or spark varying in intensity.

During our thunderstorm, we noticed that buildings having a rod of metal descending from their highest point into the earth, called "lightning-conductors," were not injured by the storm. Can we explain the reason of this? We have seen by our experiments that electricity passes away from a conductor if it is connected by a metal chain with the earth, but not if it is connected by glass. Let us now work our machine (Fig. 1) till we get a spark when we bring our finger near it. If we now take a metal rod in our hand, and hold it close to our finger, so that its end coincides with the point of the finger, and bring both near the prime conductor of our machine, we shall

ARAGO'S PARAGRELES.

find we cannot now get a spark to touch the finger; it will invariably pass to the metal rod, and if the rod be long enough to reach the ground, the electricity will not pass through our body at all, but pass straight to the earth by the metal rod. If, however, instead of a metal rod we take a glass one, and use it in the same way, the result will be very different. Now we shall not be able to get a spark to touch the glass at all; it will invariably strike the finger, and pass through our body to the ground. If, therefore, we have a metal rod standing fixed in the ground beside us during a thunderstorm, a flash of lightning coming would, like the spark from the conductor, pick out the metal rod and pass by it harmlessly to the ground, leaving us untouched. On the other hand, were a glass rod beside us, the lightning would leave the glass rod untouched, and pass through our bodies to the ground, most likely depriving us of life in its passage. This is the whole principle of lightning-conductors. We express it by saying that electricity always passes by the best conductors. Knowing, as we do, that metals are better conductors than stone, wood, etc., of which our buildings are composed, we protect them by fixing a rod of metal connected with the ground to their highest point. It is found by experience that a rod erected in this way protects a space all round it equal to twice its height. Thus, a rod fifty feet high protects a space of 100 feet on every side of it. From the knowledge of the principles of lightning-conductors, we may know the positions of safety.

The French *paragrêles* are also other forms of lightning-rods. They are small conductors, set up by means of poles in the vineyards of France, to draw off the electricity from the atmosphere over them, and thus prevent the accumulations which, when they occurred, were found to generate hail-storms. Arago proposed that these conductors should be raised and supported by small batteries, connected by means of slender wires or chains with the ground. This plan, like some other ingenious applications of electricity, was found to act perfectly well in theory, but proved impracticable, owing to the great expense of setting up and maintaining such a system over any great extent of country.

Cases have been known in which a gold pin in a girl's hair has been fused by lightning, or a bracelet melted off a lady's wrist, without the wearer's suffering any actual injury. Sportsmen, owing to the iron of their weapons, are apt to be struck by lightning. Hence, some philosopher—half in jest, half in earnest—has proposed that a portable lightning-rod in connection with an umbrella should be provided for people liable to be caught in thunderstorms. Such a *parapluie*, if the ferrule were provided with a pointed metallic rod projecting into the air, and connected with a detachable chain or wire to drag on the ground behind, could bring the bearer and his paraphernalia of destruction safely through the electric tempest, even though the lightning should play all around him. We must keep away from bad or non conductors, and near to good ones, if they are connected with the ground. A man clad in the steel armor of the Middle Ages would be almost perfectly safe, especially if he had steel points on his boots to stick into the ground, as he would have a capital conductor all around him. For the same reason, a man in an iron bed will be safe, especially if the bed be connected by metal to the gas-pipe, so as to make complete contact with the earth. Standing near a high body like a tree is dangerous, because electricity always rushes to the highest points; and unless the body is a better conductor than a man or woman, the electricity will strike out toward the man or woman.

We have lastly to notice the thunder. It is, of course, just the snap we hear from our electric machine greatly intensified, and is no doubt caused by the violent commotion in the air by the rush of electricity through it. As light travels enormously faster than sound, we see the flash before we hear the sound, the interval depending on the distance of the lightning. As sound travels in air about 1,120 feet in a second, we can always know the distance in feet by counting the number of seconds that elapse between the flash and the thunder, and multiplying by 1,120. The various kinds of thunder are supposed to be caused by the varying distances from which the sound comes.

Hitherto we have made no attempt to explain the nature of this wonderful agent, electricity. We have rigorously confined our attention to facts, and the plainest inferences from them. The reason of our doing so is just this: we are in absolute ignorance of what electricity really is. Some suppose it to be a fluid, and others a mixture of two fluids—and it may be neither. Until, therefore, something more definite is known, it may be better to refrain altogether from theory, and to be very careful to avoid the use of expressions which are apt to mislead, and which may impart not knowledge, but fancies, which have to be unlearnt again as science advances.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

CHANGES ON THE SURFACE OF THE MOON.—Since the very first days when astronomical observations were commenced, our satellite, as being the nearest and most conspicuous of the heavenly bodies, has received the largest share of attention. From its proximity to the earth, its considerable diameter, and its feeble brilliancy, the unaided eye can distinguish differences of light and shadow distributed at various points of the surface, and their alterations were naturally the first subject of investigation when telescopes were invented. The researches undertaken established clearly the fact that the disk of the moon contained hills, craters, mountain-chains, valleys and seas; but the question arose as to whether they were primeval, or, like the similar features of the earth, subject to constant change. The question of changes in the surface of the moon has been warmly debated by astronomers of all ages, but without much light having been thrown on the subject. M. Schmidt, of the Athens Observatory, after a long series of comparisons spreading over thirty-two years, comes to the conclusion that remarkable alterations in the shape of the craters of the moon have taken place; and he has prepared a chart which will enable future astronomers to study these phenomena with more accuracy.

TEXTILE MATERIAL FOUND AT POMPEII.—Professor De Luca, of Naples, describes certain filamentous matters found in an almost carbonized state in the long-buried city of Pompeii. The substance has the shiny aspect of coal, and is composed of numerous threads of variable thickness. Analysis showed the composition to differ materially from that of the fibres of hemp or flax of the present day; but Prof. De Luca attributes the variation to a spontaneous alteration experienced by the matter examined having been buried eighteen hundred years, and subjected to the action of various natural agents, such as the gases of the soil, and the infiltration of water, which, in its gradual evaporation, left behind it the matter it held in solution. This action is precisely the same as that which occurs in the natural production of peat and lignite. Under the microscope the fibres present the aspect of twisted threads, each of which is composed of some twenty thin vegetable filaments, and it is believed to have been a lint for dressing wounds; particularly as in the same vicinity were found pots containing ointment, some rough surgical instruments, and other appliances for medical treatment.

THE WIDE DISTRIBUTION OF LITHIUM.—Lithium belongs to the group of potassium and sodium, and, like those substances, is white. It is the lightest metal known, its specific gravity being only 0.59. M. Dieulafait, Professor of Geology at Marseilles, has recently made a systematic search for it in many directions, particularly in the rocks of primitive formation. In his experiments he examined 139 specimens of rocks procured from Egypt, Algeria, Canada, and all parts of Europe. He found the metal in all of them, accompanying sodium and potassium, and as widely distributed as these bases. The waters of the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean, the Chinese and Australian Seas, and the Pacific, contain it in such proportion that it can be recognized in a single cubic centimetre. In the mud of salt marshes it becomes concentrated to such an extent that it can be detected in the thousandth part of a cubic centimetre. Most mineral springs contain it in such exceptional proportions that its presence can be detected in a single drop. It is very widely distributed.

XUM

The Growth of Sea-weed.—Some time since a German botanist, Kutzing, announced that he had observed that, under special circumstances, certain *algæ* (sea-weeds) produce minute bodies which are endowed with the power of very rapid movement during a period, longer or shorter, and that the motion greatly resembles that of the animalcules. In fact, the similarity is so striking that, in some cases, it is difficult to distinguish between the two. The announcement of such a discovery was received with great hesitation, for to admit that vegetables, or any part of them, could at any period of their existence be endowed with the power of independent motion, hitherto considered as the most distinctive characteristic of the animal kingdom, was looked upon as a scientific heresy. And yet the fact is now clearly established. Some of the *algæ*, and even certain *fungi*, produce at regular seasons minute bodies, excellent swimmers, which for a time lead a wandering life, and ultimately fix themselves in some spot or other to reproduce a new specimen of their kind. They are, in reality, the seeds of the plant, furnished by nature with the means of locomotion, in order to distribute the production of the vegetable over an extended surface, and, to an ordinary observer, would appear to be provided not only with a power of very rapid movement, but also with a certain degree of will. Many of the plants which inhabit ponds and other stagnant waters are now known to possess similar means of reproducing their species.

Subterranean Telegraph.—The system of subterranean telegraph-wires designed by the Postmaster-General of the German Empire will be completed, it seems, according to present arrangements, in a year and a half. Two lines will then traverse the empire diagonally: the one running from northeast to southwest, from Konigsberg to Strasburg; the other from northwest to southeast, from Hamburg to Ratibor, a town in the extreme south of Silesia. These two main lines will cross one another in Berlin. In the west of the empire a subterranean telegraph will run in a curve from Strasburg through Cologne to Hamburg; in the east, another line will connect Konigsberg with Ratibor; and finally, a cable will traverse southern Germany, running generally east and west, though apparently the exact route for this last telegraph has not yet been definitely decided upon. When the proposed system is completed, therefore, all the fortresses and commercial towns of any importance in Germany will be connected with one another by subterranean wires. The cable first laid down, that from Berlin to Halle, has been subjected to the severest scientific tests, and the results have been most satisfactory.

Warning to Pisciculturists.—Sir Rose Price warns pisciculturists against the danger of introducing Californian salmon into English waters. He says they already possess in Great Britain the finest salmon in the world, only too anxious to live if the rivers be made habitable, while he calls the California salmon a very poor fish indeed—"perhaps the worst specimen of his genus to be found anywhere"—and, moreover, subject to a disease resembling a fearful form of leprosy. Introducing inferior kinds of trout where absolutely perfect fish exist already, is like bringing roe-deer in padded boxes from Scotland to Sherwood, where the pasturage is too rich for these poor relations of the fallow buck; or like importing into Australia sparrows to eat up the fruit, and rabbits to devour every green thing. These enterprising people will acclimatize the Colorado potato-bug if they are not prevented.

Poisonous Wall-papers.—Mr. Jabez Hogg has collected a number of cases of poisoning induced by the arsenic in wall-papers. He shows that many diseases of the eye are distinctly traceable to this source. Chronic bronchitis, general debility, and many unaccountable illnesses have been also proved to have been occasioned by the setting free of arsenic from the coloring matters on the walls. It used to be thought that green papers only contained arsenic, but it is now shown that gray, fawn, and, in fact, many different colored papers evolve deleterious vapors, and give off unwholesome dust. The only remedy appears to be a little legislative interference.

The End of the World.—According to Professor Dubois-Raymond, of the University of Berlin, there are no physical reasons for apprehending the dissolution of our planetary system just yet, though how long this world may remain worth living in seems to have been left an open question. In a lecture which he gave recently in Bremen, on "The End of the World," the learned professor came to the conclusion that, according to the law of the conservation of force, the sun can continue to shine only for 17,000,000 years longer. By the expiration of that time the surface of the earth will have been gradually covered with glaciers.

Uniform Time in Paris.—The Municipal Council of Paris has decided that a number of clocks shall be regulated by electricity, so as to obtain uniform time in all quarters of the city. A telegraphic network, starting from the Observatory, where an ordinary clock is placed, will regulate twelve clocks, marking the seconds; from these twelve centres are to start wires in connection with the clocks of fourteen other points, making twenty-six clocks in all, scattered over the whole city, to be regulated from the Observatory. The agency of electricity is used merely as a regulating, and not as a motive, force.

Artificial Inland Sea in California.—General Fremont, Governor of Arizona, proposes that the waters of the Gulf of California should be diverted to their original bed, in the southern part of the State. In this way an artificial inland sea would be created 200 miles long, 50 wide and 300 feet in depth. He believes that the project is perfectly feasible, and that such a navigable sea would be of great commercial value, while it would also promote the health of the whole country.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Full of good points.—A paper of needles.

A long face is apt to cover a long countenance

The poetry of motion.—Skating with a pretty girl.

Every bird pleases us with its lay—especially the hen.

The earth is exceedingly dirty, but the sea is very tidy.

If a man marry a shrew, are we to suppose he is shrewd?

Love at first sight often leads to marriage with the eyes shut.

The *shrouds* of a ship are not to inclose the persons deceased.

To form an estimate of the beauty of a bonnet, put a face in it.

Why is the windy orator like a whale? Because he often rises to *spout*.

Your wife cannot have been too dearly won, if you and she are dearly one.

The grocer who is dishonest in the use of his scales, lies in weight to deceive.

We are told to "take care," but it comes soon enough, whether we want it or not.

"Six into four you can't," as the shoemaker mildly suggested to a lady customer.

When a girl hunts a husband, the engagement-ring, to be in keeping, should be "chased."

Two blacks can't make a white, but one white brick can make two black eyes and a red nose.

Old maids like one kind of fruit—namely, pairs; but they certainly do not appear to like dates.

Little girls believe in a man in the moon—young ladies believe in a man in the honey-moon.

Whatever promises a man may make before marriage, the marriage license is a receipt in full.

Constant motion is a great law of nature, nothing being stationery—except pen, ink and paper.

"I can't drink whisky with impunity," said Gubbins. "Then drink it with water," rejoined the general.

Some of our acquaintances are like unboiled lobsters—in shaking hands, they never know when to let go.

If the husband makes an inordinate use of tobacco, the wife should constitute herself a tobacco-stopper.

A married editor rarely writes about woman. He dares not try to make her his subject, since he is hers.

The prettiest and most becoming face trimming for a young lady is interwoven of amiability and refinement.

If a woman does not speak her secrets with her lips, she is sure to tell them in her letters. Her pen is certain to split.

There is a good reason why a little man should never marry a bouncing widow. He might be called "the widow's mite."

When rain falls, if she gets the bigger half of the umbrella, they are lovers; if he takes the bigger half, they are married.

"What is baptism, John?" asked a Scotch clergyman of the kirk beadle. "It's saxpence to me and fifteen pence to the precentor."

An ingenious quack is trying to prove that Absalom must have used some of his "restorative," else he could not have had such long hair.

When a man tries to borrow money from a friend, that is experimental philosophy; when the friend refuses, that's natural philosophy.

Before marriage, a girl frequently calls her intended "her treasure"; but when he becomes her husband, she looks upon him as "her treasurer."

"Dost thou clean thy furniture, fair handmaiden?" asked Broadbrim of his pretty servant, who was polishing his escritoire. "I *dust*," replied the maiden.

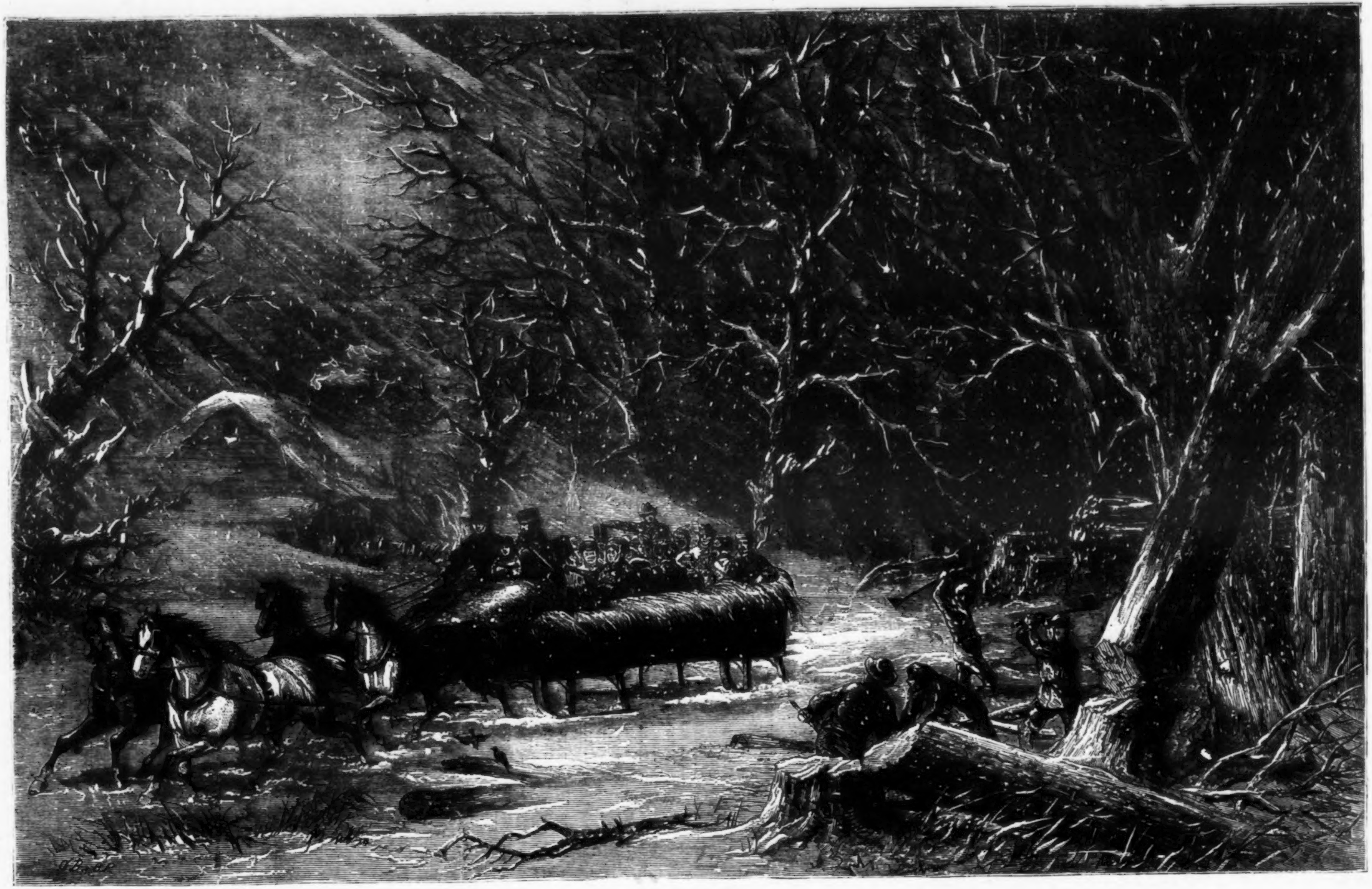
An exchange says, "Matrimony is a holy institution. Not only does it unite man to his best friend, but it finds a good living for thousands of divorce lawyers."

When Jemima went to school, she was asked why the noun "bachelor" was singular. "Because," she replied, "it is very singular that they don't get married."

A Japanese student in New Haven went to spend the evening with a young lady. On coming away she invited him to call again soon. He called again in about an hour.

An advertisement appears in one of our exchanges, which reads as follows: "Ran away—a hired man named John; his nose turned up five feet eight inches high, and had on a pair of ordinary pants much worn."

XUM



THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

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